

Lucky Pervert-koji [Indefinite Hiatus]

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**Lucky Pervert-koji [Indefinite
Hiatus]**

Lucky Pervert-koji [Indefinite Hiatus]

by MrCluckYou (MrCluckYou)

On Hiatus, likely won't update again besides a slim chance of a random omake once every few months. COTE, but your best boy is a lucky pervert like most other Harem protagonists. He still has a similar mindset though but in his eyes, he does not believe he is lucky, more like cursed. Tries to hide ability and presence but decides to come out early on for reasons. This is my first time writing anything like this at all, never wrote a fanfic until this one. I'm always open to constructive criticism to help make this better in the future and when I move on to do other fics. ● involved at times, if you don't like lemons, there will be a summary of the events in the next chapter. I also edit pictures of different moments with characters in this fic. Discord Server!: <https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa> Disclaimer: I do not own the COTE characters or main plot, it was made by Shogo Kinugusa

Reads: 226885 | Votes: 6539 | Comments: 5599

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Prologue - The Accidental Accident

Reads: 20270 | Votes: 338 | Comments: 54

"HURRY IT UP NOW! ," the female instructor yelled loud enough with a megaphone to nigh reflexively make me cover my ears and fall off the 30-foot-high pull-up bar.

Looking down, I could probably fall from this height and be somewhat fine. It might shock my body for a moment, the hole in the floor also being padded and bringing me to a different room.

It's not like all the other people I've seen fall died, despite the ear-popping screams.

Yes, they are fine. If anything, they all later experienced mental breakdowns that left them mentally impaired and had to live with such.

Not sure which is worse.

Ahem, the entirety of what she said is false though since I initiated my 500 pull-up session 3 minutes ago but either way, I nodded in response.

If the white room teacher wasn't so loud and overbearing, I might have taken a liking to her.

Outside of the fact that she was predictable and a possible tool in my book.

She has long black hair with a busty and curvy body. She typically has a stone-cold face yet all the other times has a blush on her face. However, whether it's one or another, her tone and mannerisms

seem to always make her appear angry.



Due to my knowledge, her blush is routed from either beings always drunk, a medical condition, overheating or she holds some attraction to me. Most likely the latter, I don't smell any alcohol, she doesn't always have a blush on and... this room is breezy cool for the best workout efficiency.

I've read a book where people acted similar to her but it was taken away with one of the professors looking at another professor in shock.

I'd like to think that the "Tsundere-chan" manga which was english translated, was not intended to be there, Professor Higuruma

Naomi.

I also saw a strange code on the cover, and tried cracking it but for some reason, there was nothing to do with it.

A random "432267", what's that supposed to mean?

Nonetheless, I could partially understand the reason as I am a member of the opposite sex who is baring my skin, and maybe the animal instinct to breed is kicking in.

A partially narcissistic thought crossed my mind out of the blue and left me thinking in concern...

If I tried to analysis any further, some homosexual oriented thoughts would cross my mind, so I dropped it.

I finished my pull-up exercises with a few minutes to spare, the hour deadline looking daunting towards the end.

A platform extended out the nearby wall leading towards the instructor. I spun horizontally and stuck my landing perfectly- is what I wanted to say, yet my target landing happened to be 4 feet off somehow.

As I began to stand, I felt a squishy marshmallow like consistency object in both hands, one that I am quite familiar with at this point. I also smelt a flowery perfume which confirmed my suspicions. I let out a exasperated sigh and at the same time I heard a sound.

"Mnnnh~"

I crashed into the teacher...

Again.

~Author's Notes~

First fic and it's exactly what it sounds like. Ayanokoji constantly gets into situations like the usual harem protagonist. For example, Rito from To Love Ru.

Somehow, girls who are sexually assaulted accidentally or accidentally assault Ayanokoji will fall for him eventually, despite most seeking his demise first.

That's just how it works in the anime world.

He'll keep a somewhat similar outlook on life, but might be ooc at times due to my inexperience. He'll try and do his best in some cases, but won't lead the class in this fanfic (I have a small mental capacity yep yep).

This is a harem, I'm not going to go down a singular heroine route and there are lemons here and there 0w0.

(Chapter edited as of 21/6/24)

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

White Room Shenanigans

Reads: 11869 | Votes: 323 | Comments: 118

It's happened multiple times in multiple ways so I have no clue why she would act like this still. The white room produces adaptable subjects but the teachers are lacking in that regard and that is exactly how I ended up in my current predicament.

As a punishment, I was made to do an hour plank with the professor on my back as she lectured me.

At least this will replace my plank session later and she certainly is lighter than the 100 kilograms.

As for the lecture, it's not my fault, blame the weird god who made me like this. This is eating into the time I could be spending sleeping later tonight by 30 minutes too...

Although, something about this feels more like a reward than a punishment.

Typically, these 'occurrences' happen multiple times a day, it being only 8:57 A.M now. If the teacher is so "against" it, swapping out with a straight male would work too.

On that matter, the only upside to this power is that it allows me to be able to tell sexuality and to some others possibly, lets me have an excuse to touch somebody. Also, it only works for people who could possibly be attracted to me. Lesbians don't count, but sadly, gay people do.

One time around 2 years ago, I nearly grabbed a middle-aged man's sexual organ when I fell. If I didn't put all my effort into avoiding it, I would surely be more traumatized than I am already.

I jumped away somewhat fearful for the first time as I saw a perverted grin on his face. Disturbing, to say the least.

I'm a minor right now, at the age of 15, but back then I was 13... what the hell?



(know where he is from anyone? he not that bad in reality though)

Now that I think about it again, I'd much rather have a female teacher. Moving on, I proceeded through the daily schedule that goes like so:

Wake up: 5:30 am

Hygienic Activities: 5:30-5:35 am

Breakfast slop: 5:45-6:00 am

Digestive period and Japanese, English, Cantonese, Spanish, Portuguese, French, and many other lessons : 6:00- 7:25 am

5 Minute Warm-up

1000 push-ups: 7:30- 8:00 am

500 Pull-ups: 8:05- 9:00 am

1000 Sit-ups: 8:20- 9:00 am

Brief Physical Rest Period along with Mathematic (Past University Level) Lessons: 9:00-10:30 am

5 Minute Warm-up

500 25 kg (~55 lbs) Weighted Squats: 10:35-11:15 am

Plank with 136 kg (~300 lbs) on back : 11:15- 12:00 pm

500 Jumping Lunges, 1000 Mountain Climbers: 12:00- 1:15 pm

Lunch Break: 1:15- 1:30 pm

Lessons for World History: 1:30- 3:00 pm

Lessons for Sciences (Neurology, Robotics, Psychology and more): 3:00- 6:00 pm

Lessons for Adaptability, Survival, and Manipulation: 6:00- 6:30 pm

Swimming for 80 laps in 50m pool: 6:30- 7:45 pm

15 Minute Break

Running 5 miles: 8:00-8:45 pm

Shower and Cooldown: 8:45- 9:00 pm

*1 Hour Mandatory Reading Session, At least 25000 words required:
9:00 - 10:00 pm*

SLEEP: 10:00 pm - 5:30 am

REPEAT

If Hell did exist, this is the closest place to it. And everyone was wondering how the other kids fell along the way. I am only able to complete this outrageous routine because I zone out while doing exercise and try to ignore the soreness and pain. The academic lessons are a lot easier as I know nearly all there is to know about each subject.

I get extra breaks from the accidental groping sessions I have but I

get extra tasks on top of that.

Shower time approached and I walked into the stand-up stall. I unrobed myself and cleaned myself as quickly as I could while still being thorough. I feel an extra presence besides the camera that monitors my approach.

Through the shower door which was just opened by said presence, I saw an unfamiliar woman in the nude. She shrieked as I unconsciously scanned her from head to toe. I feel the dire need to turn away. It's not like I'm nervous or anything, but the last thing I want to do in a situation like this is for my manhood to rise. Just because I have buried my emotions, does not mean my natural animal instincts followed. I played out 5 scenarios simultaneously in my head that followed as such:

Scenario 1: "Nice body Ma'am," as I give a thumbs up with a smile. SCRAPPED. Can't smile and most likely to get smacked. However, could possibly make her leave fast out of embarrassment so it is a quite plausible option.

Scenario 2 : Ignore her. Could leave by herself, leaving me happy. Could think I am rude, judgemental and lead to a punishment.

Scenario 3 : Silence her for good but I am not in the mood to get blood on me while showering and I think there are cameras even in the bathroom here.

Scenario 4: "You walked in, not my fault, but I'll still apologize if you leave now," which would most likely lead to a punishment.

Scenario 5: "Spread your le-," wait why did I just...

The best would probably be 1 so I did just that.

"Nice body Ma'am, you're looking rather scrumptious today," I spoke hesitantly still unsure. While speaking, I maximized the compliment as if I'm gonna try it, might as well go home. I somewhat regretted my decision as I said it, and watched her intently for the reaction.

"T-t-t-thanks, I guess," she muttered. I was in utter shock that almost

even my poker face broke. Then she came back to earth with a gasp threw her shampoo bottle at me and ran out the stall. I took it to my face as I detected no danger, even though it was well deserved.

As it fell, shampoo squirted out releasing everywhere, even directly in front of the accelerating woman. She slipped backward onto me as I felt her push against my manhood with her back against my body sitting in my lap. Thank god I still wasn't erect. This all happened within a second.

She looked back and up at me and let out a small squeal as she fainted. I sat there questioning my existence and put her off to the side to finish my shower.

After, I brought her to the hallway and guards were already approaching to take her elsewhere most likely to her room in this place. I guess cameras are a plus in this case.

Thinking about it now, why the heck was she here in the first place? Each White Room Generation has its own bathroom and that goes for instructors too. That is one of the luxuries of being all alone, by myself, for all these years.

I went to reading and instructor-sensei surprisingly came in with a smile. Unfortunately for me, one that was sadistic in nature. I was assigned an extra half hour of reading that day for the reason of 'molesting' her younger sister. I retorted, "Is that jealousy I hear?" She frowned while looking away and I ended up smacked with another hour.

I went to sleep soon after.

Damn, she was soft...

???

~Author's Notes~

White Room release the next part peeps~!

(Chapter edited as of 21/6/24)

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Whiteroom.exe has stopped working

Reads: 10135 | Votes: 293 | Comments: 285

Ah, what a beautiful day. The birds are singing, flowers are blooming and Ayanokoji is groping. Not intentionally, he just does it.

A couple of months have passed since the White Room started to get investigated for suspicious activity. All the children/subjects spread out throughout the country to continue their training and torture. Ayanokoji was in the same situation, at least it was significantly easier than the White Room.

~1st POV~

I was enjoying the passing scenery as a man named Matsuo drove from the mountains to the place I would be staying temporarily. I never knew somebody could be so kind, well actually I did, but never knew I would see somebody like him. He was very elegant to say the least.



At the mansion, the food was the same as usual, some white colored porridge or something. However there was something amazing that I was never able to use until now. Internet-kun. My new best friend, even above tool level. He was reliable and had tips on how to make friends and such.

Most importantly, there were many types of entertainment you could use there as well. Matsuo guided me to some anime which I found intriguing. There is a genre called 'harem' where the main character repeatedly goes through strange events such as accidental falls or awkward moments. Very relatable if I say so myself.

It reminded me of the terrible luck I had in the past and what harm

I could have in the future. I wish I could just be free like nearly everyone else, yet I would undoubtedly make enemies of many females. Nobody likes to be sexually assaulted in the middle of the street, even if it was a complete accident. I should wear a puffy inflatable T-Rex costume, I would never have to worry about by the mischance I trip. The white room would never allow that though, it would be a large hindrance to the progress I make.



(praise my skills)

The internet was not able to teach me emotions however. I searched how they would feel and got nothing of the sort. I searched What is Love and got baby don't hurt me. I searched equality and got a simple definition. My endless curiosity burns to have this information and I know I never will if I go back to *that place*.

Suddenly, aloud yet gentle knock filled the room. I imagined Edgar Allan Poe's Poem, The Raven, as I heard the banging.

*"While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—"*

I spoke in my head

"Kiyotaka-sama, are you in there," Matuso's voice soon followed. I walked near the door and opened it with a nod.

"I would like to have a brief conversation with you if you will," Matsuo then mentioned a hint at what it could be, "It could possibly get you out of your current predicament." He turned to the stairway and headed in the direction of the dining room. I followed after him, curious and formulating in my head what he could be talking about.

Matsuo, with closed eyes, stood near the table which had a cup of tea place in the center, assumedly for me. I sat down and faced him urging him to say what he could be thinking.

Matsuo started with, "There is a high school you could go to." His eyelids then flew open as he moved on. "The specific school which could be extremely beneficial to you is called Advanced Nurturing High School or ANHS. It is solely run by the Japan Government and the best part is that contact to inside from outside and vice versa is forbidden."

I widened my eyes slightly, which I mean by a nanometer, shocked at this development. He is practically begging me to escape from *that man* by serving this information on a silver platter. Due to the fact of it being a school, I could also learn true friendship, besides internet-kun, and love along with the many other things the outside

world has to offer. Most importantly, I could have freedom. The school is protected by the Government so even if my 'father' tried, he would have major difficulty bringing me back.

One thing did concern me though. I asked, "Why would you tell me this? Do you have anything to gain from telling me such information? Either way, I am still relatively grateful for this key to freedom."

He stood there and made a simple smile as he dramatically exclaimed, "I just want to let you see the world for yourself, even if it costs my life. The white room is cruel and terrible and who knows, at some point, you might be able to put a stop to it. The endless experiments run on young children like guinea pigs and the way they discard them like one would a piece of junk mail. I absolutely would be heartbroken if you went back there hence why I gave you this option."

What a chad.

"Great. I really appreciate this gesture, Matsuo," I said with my poker face. "How do I apply?"

He explained for me in thorough detail after I asked him this question. An entrance exam would be taken and I would be later sent confirmation for acceptance, like most schools. The question is should I score high or average. I personally would rather not be the center of attention, and there is a possibility that the results would be shown or announced. Scoring average seems acceptable.



Much to my dismay, my curse that hadn't activated in near a year, activated once again. The teacher in front me passed by me after later falling backwards with her plump rear in a sitting position on my lap. She looked at me relieved that she was saved only to quickly get up from her seat. With a quick apology and a semi-red face, she walked away quickly with her hips swaying back and forth.

Everyone in the class was looking at me shocked, and I picked up on some mutters that were:

"wish it was me."

"LUCKY BASTARD."

"How was her ass?"

and many more questionable remarks. I also heard insults that I was gloomy and all but I paid them no heed.

It was nice and firm though.

what.

~Author's Notes~

Insanity, those comments...

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Bust Ride

Reads: 10303 | Votes: 302 | Comments: 181

The entrance ceremony.

I was going to school on the bus, which shook every time it passed over a bumpy area of the road.

As I watched the landscape change from area to area, the passengers on the bus increased gradually. I noticed some with unhappy frowns which in all likelihood was caused by the erratic driver who missed multiple stops and had to go back. Good thing I got on the early ride, otherwise I might have ended up late on the first day.

The vast majority of the passengers were wearing ANHS school uniforms, our new school.

I scanned the bus, curious as it is my first ride on one also with the intent to look for possible key figures in my new school. Three uniformed students caught my eye, I'll make sure to listen out for their actions to an extent.

I noticed an old woman standing in front of me, standing precariously on her unsteady feet, looking as if she would fall over at any time.

I made a mistake by taking the bus.

There are countless mishaps that can happen on a bumpy vehicle with sudden stops. Hence why I am glad I was able to secure a semi-decent seat. The cold wind was blowing towards me and the whole bus was crowded so it certainly wasn't the best seat but I at least felt secure in it.

That poor old woman will have to wait until the bus arrives at her destination.

The cloudless sky and clear weather is refreshing... I think I might fall asleep.

My tranquility and peace was suddenly interrupted.

"Don't you think you should give up your seat?"

For a moment, I opened my eyes that were about to close.

Eh, by any chance, were you scolding me? ----- (*scold me more*)

That's what I thought at first, but apparently the person in front of me was being warned.

A young, well-built, blonde-haired man with a smirk was sitting down in the priority seat. I mean high school student. He was big and fit enough that you could imagine him in the Olympics. Moving on, the old lady was standing next to him as well as an office lady.

"You there, can't you see the old woman having trouble?"

The office lady seemed to want him to hand over the priority seat to the old woman. What a kind soul, I think. She was in her early 20's from what it seems and she was a beauty, with long black hair and blue eyes.



I saw a guy with a creepy smile in a uniform much like mine with hearts in his eyes with just a glimpse at her.

Note, do not associate with that guy if I want to live inconspicuously.

In the quiet bus, her voice got louder and attracted more attention of other people.

"That's a really crazy question, lady."

The boy might have been angry, ignorant, or perhaps brutally honest, but he just smiled and recrossed his legs.

"Why should I give this seat to an old woman? There's absolutely no

reason for me to give it up."

"Isn't it natural to hand over the priority seat to the elderly?" the lady raised her eyebrows.

"I don't understand. Priority seats are just priority seats, and there is no legal obligation for me to move. Whether or not I move should be decided by me, who is currently sitting in this seat. Will you give up your seat because I am a young man? Hahaha, that's a stupid way of thinking."

It's a manner of speaking that one wouldn't expect from a high school student and he has some unexpected traits for one.

"I am a healthy young man. Certainly, I don't feel that standing up would inconvenience me. However, it is obvious standing up will consume more physical strength than sitting down will. I don't want to do such a useless thing. Or maybe, are you telling me to be more lively and energetic?"

"What kind of attitude is that towards your elders?" she questioned, probably wondering where in the world this narcissist came from and why he couldn't just end it there.

"It's fine, it's fine..."

The office lady who was getting slightly mad now was stopped by the old woman who didn't want to make the situation worse. She tried to calm her down with hand gestures, but the office lady continued to attempt getting the high school student get up off the priority bench.

Her effort remained unawarded as after showing a uselessly refreshing smile, he put headphones in his ears and began to listen to loud music. The office lady who spoke up was clenching her teeth in bitterness.

His self-important attitude annoyed her as she tried to argue with him.

Personally, I didn't want to get myself involved because I agreed, at least in part, with the boy.

Once the moral problem is solved, the obligation to give up a seat disappears.

She eventually was forced to stop as she realized she wouldn't get through his stubbornness.

"Sorry....."

The office lady tried to hold back her tears while apologizing to the old woman.

A little incident happened on the bus. I don't necessarily care for things like giving up my seat to the elderly or stubbornly refusing to move from my seat. I do like my quiet times however, it doesn't matter what needs to be sacrificed. In this world, relaxation is everything. As long as I feel comfortable with myself in the end...That's all that matters.

The disturbance ended with the boy who won with his big ego. I produced an inaudible sigh in relief as I began to close my eyes once again.

"Um... I also think that the lady is right."



Damn it, another hindrance to my date with sleep-chan.

My brown eyes fluttered open as I observed the teen who lent a unexpected helping hand. The owner of the voice stood next the office lady and bravely spoke her opinion to the boy. She wore the same school uniform as mine.

"This time it's another pretty girl, apparently I have luck with women today."

"Won't you give up your seat? It may be none of your concern, but I think it will contribute to society. The lady here would be cozier if she sat in this awfully hot weather." The beige haired girl said and soon after peered at him with an inquisitive look, hoping for a positive response.

With a "pachin", the boy snapped his fingers.

"Social contribution? I see, that's an interesting way to put it. Giving seats to the elderly may be a way of contributing to society. Unfortunately, I am not interested in contributing to society, I really only think about my own satisfaction. Oh, and also. In this crowded bus, you're asking me, who's sitting in the priority seat, to give up my seat, but can't you ask the other people who are staying silent and leave me alone? If someone truly cares for the elderly, I think that 'priority seat here, priority seat there' would be a trivial concern."

The girl's intentions didn't reach the boy, and the boy's brazen attitude didn't change. Both the office lady and the old woman couldn't say anything and stood there with a bitter smile.

But the girl who stood up to the boy didn't crumble and called out for all on the bus to hear.

"Everyone. Please listen to me for at least a little bit. Can anyone give their seat for the old woman? Please, anyone!" she bowed, adding more emphasis to her speech just now.

How is there so much compassion, courage, and determination in those few words? It's rare to see such genuine intentions.

With her remark, the girl may have seemed like an bother. But she seriously appealed to the passengers without fear.

I was not in a priority seat but I was sitting near the old woman.

By raising a hand and saying "here you go", this situation would be settled.

The elderly would also calm down.

Unlike everyone else in the bus, I stood and I raised my hand. I sensed it, no one else felt it was necessary to move, and nobody would for at least a minute.

The attitude and behavior of the boy had caught on with some of the passengers and they convinced themselves that the boy was right. I was not in the mood to sit in this atmosphere, even it didn't bother me all too much.

"You can take my seat," I announced with my monotone face.

"Thank you!" she exclaimed, excited and full of sincerity

I nod at the thanks and stood by the old lady as I guided her to the seat. She gave us a kind gaze and multiple thanks to the office lady, the energetic girl, and me.

I remained standing between the woman and teen, looking forward

to my new free life at this new school around 5 minutes away. I feel somewhat awkward but the woman next to me fully threw the atmosphere out the window.

"Hello, I appreciate you two for helping me back there! I am Yuka Kuwahara, nice to meet you." she said with a beautiful smile.

"Hi! My name is Kikyo Kushida. It's nice to meet you as well Kuwahara-san! I am going to attend ANHS in Class D!" she shouted in a lower voice then turned to ask me, "How about you?" This indirectly persuaded me to continue and either way, no harm would be done by telling my name. It's not like I am a tsundere in animes that I've watched or anything.

"Kiyotaka Ayanokoji. What a coincidence, I'm in the same class as you. Pleasure to meet you Kushida and Kuwahara." I said not even trying to grin. Even if I tried, my face wouldn't even flicker anyways.

"Yup! Also, that's great Ayanokoji-kun. You're right, coincidences can be freaky."

As soon as she said that a shiver went down my spine as I felt a disturbance in the air. I discreetly checked around me and I never found the source as I was interrupted by a sudden jolt.

Damn it, I let my guard down and slipped right in the middle of the bus.

I'm guessing the bus driver once again made a oopsie.

My back hit the floor with a thud and vision soon turned black as my upper and lower body felt added pressure.

I nearly thought I blacked out if I didn't smell a sweet spring perfume pervade my nose. I sniffed it as it was a somewhat pleasant smell. Just as I did that, it was paired with a muffled "Ahn~!" above me.

I was somewhat aware of my situation at this point, and it was absolutely horrifying. The smooth squishy thing was most likely Kushida, sitting on my face as I felt the ruffles of a skirt by my neck.

I heard and felt something rub against my T-rex and almost heard a swaying sound effect. I also noticed my pants crotch was slightly wet. There is absolutely no way I released any sort of fluid at all. I am certain of that. To make matters worse, I heard a surprised yelp by my legs.

Kuwahara most likely face planted into my junior and accidentally had her mouth open, probably to scream, and some saliva dropped from her mouth right on it.

If I didn't have balls of steel, I probably would have been groaning in pain, unable to resolve this series of unfortunate events.

The soft feeling must've been her large rack hitting me as she attempted to stand.

Finally, Kushida regained her senses and stood up abruptly, and so my vision was now slightly free. I could still see white panties right above me though. I quickly closed my eyes and jumped up from the ground.

In my view, I saw Kuwahara as a blushing mess and Kushida red as a tomato. I noticed a slight glare from behind those always ecstatic eyes which quite puzzled me quite a bit. Is she putting up a front?

Anywho, I should really solve this instantly.

I lowered my head, and noticed Kuwahara and Kushida do the same in my peripheral vision and shouted, "I'M SORRY" in the loudest and most sincere voice I could, which still most likely still sounded like a robot. I heard two voices overlap mine, and looked up slight and saw two cute faces inches away as we stared at each other's eyes. We all jumped back slightly, realising we were way too close. I peered over at Kuwahara and Kushida again with alternating glances and notice the wide eyed crowd as well as some laughing.

"Hooo, I see. That was quite the scene you three. You managed to catch this perfect person's attention for 8.73 seconds. Bravo." as the narcissist clapped after spitting mostly nonsense out. The door of the bus folded open, and there was the one and only Koudo Ikusei High School.



A loud clang came from the front of the bus and the bus driver ran from the front and sincerely apologized to everybody for the sudden stop. He peeked at us, definitely confused by the awkward aura emanating around the Kushida, Kuwahara and me. He walked to the front soon after.

I really hope this guy gets fired. Does he even have a license?

We all sighed and Kushida stuttered, "I-it's alright, can we all forget this? Nobody was at fault."

Kuwahara and I nodded vigorously, glad that this situation was already closed up. Kushida and I bid farewell to Kuwahara as we wished each other the best of luck. She pulled me aside real quick before I left and she slipped me a sheet of paper.

"Call me once you get out of school (☎), number is 778-330-2389." Kuwahara put on a seductive smile and Kushida and I stepped out of the bus, leaving the still shocked audience with their jaws dropped.

I regret giving my seat to the old lady now, all though I did end up getting my first girl's phone number for it so that's a plus.

As I exited the bus, I stared ahead of me now at the place that I will attend starting from today.

I stopped, took a deep breath and recollected myself, Kushida beside me doing more or less of the same.

Ok, let's go!

Author's note:

I made the office lady slightly more likeable as I found a great picture that could fit for her. Yuka Kuwahara is a random name I gave her.

Ayanokoji did not meet Horikita yet.

He offered his seat that kept him safe and comfy for the reason of seeing how he would feel after.

It's a lot easier to write when I have a guide and story already lol. Hope you enjoyed the chapter :)

I uploaded this at 2:27 am 😞

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Chaotic Ceremony and Questionable Introductions

Reads: 10318 | Votes: 311 | Comments: 383

I didn't like the entrance ceremony. A lot of first years thought the same way.

I disliked it for a different reason.

Sitting in a auditorium next to a large amount of people makes it hard for my disability not to act up.

The staff directed us to different sections of the room into groups categorized by classes.

I walked slowly, making sure of not to make a slip up, and I actually succeeded. I felt somewhat happy for the first time in years. That is until a strawberry blonde passed by, about to full on crash into me.



I contemplated whether standing still, acting undeterred would garner more attention or falling would. Showcasing my abilities is a absolute no if I want to lead a normal teenage life. The former would do the opposite of what I want, most people would be wary or amazed by me, even if that sounds dumb because I just planted my feet. The latter has the potential to be awkward but won't show anything about me, I mentally decided to just fall without putting up much of a resistance.

After collision, she landed right above my chest with a "boing". Seriously, what is wrong with these sound effects. Her gorgeous face was mere inches from my apathetic one and her long eyelashes opened quickly. She stared at me, blinking rapidly as a blush filled her expression. To onlookers, it would be a very bold pose she was in, possibly looking like she intentionally did a yukadon.



(Your welcome :))

This was significantly embarrassing, even if I didn't show it. I felt like my dignity flew out the window just now.

She abruptly stood up and said, "I am so sorry! I didn't mean to knock you down like that." Her blush helped with her apology in my opinion though it was unwanted by the speaker as she covered her face. Cute.

"It's alright, I'm used to it by now," I said accepting her expression of regret.

Crap, I was too distracted and made a slight blunder. I said more than I needed too. She tilted her head, probably wondering why this was a frequent occurrence to me. Somehow sensing I felt uncomfortable, she proceeded forward from the topic and introduced herself as Ichinose Honami of class B.

"Er, uh, I am Ayanokoji Kiyotaka of class D. Nice to meet you Ichinose."

I really need to get better at this socializing and friend making thing. I made two acquaintances at this school so far, that itself could be seen as a great start, but it hurts deep down when I realized both are the "friends with everyone" type.

We said our goodbyes for now and headed to our class sections.

As I sat down, a brunette with sky blue eyes sat down in front of me and waved. I slowly lifted my hand and waved back slowly like a dork.



The entrance ceremony began a few moments later and god, it was tiring.

The principal and the students are all thanking each other

annoyingly, there's way too much people, and it's a pain in the butt because there are too many troublesome things.

But that's not all I want to say.

The entrance ceremony for the elementary, middle, and high school marks the start of one major trial for students.

For the first few days after the entrance ceremony, students must make friends in order to enjoy the rest of their school life.

If someone fails at this task, it is said that a miserable three years awaits them.

Following my principle of avoiding trouble, I think it would be best to make some friends and establish decent human relationships.

I tossed the idea in my brain and quickly stopped as I heard a large creaking sound in front of me, and saw a chair snap off the floor, bolts flying. A "pomph" soon spread to the room right after the shrill sound of metal scratching on the stone floor.

The girl who greeted me before was looking up at me, head in my lap with a look of shock. The chairman stopped mid speech and directed his gaze towards the sudden sound. Staff members rushed over to see if everything was alright, nobody was hurt, except my peaceful life-chan.

Some boys screamed in jealousy, others saying "LASER DEATH BEAM". Whatever that meant. A lot of girls screamed "Kyaaa~" quite loudly and smiled at the scene with a grin. My previous thought now seemed like a far off dream now. No offense to her, but I think I would've rather her fall on the floor near me at this point. Matsushita Chiaki, she said her name, was grateful and courteous so I withdrew my previous comment in my head.

A minute later, the ceremony continued and I still felt lingering gazes on my throughout it. I really want to crawl in a hole right about now.

In Front of Classroom Door

The day before, I tried to practice making friends because I was clearly inexperienced.

First scenario was bursting into the classroom and then talking excitedly. Honestly, I probably would if I could.

Second scenario was secretly passing a note with my email address on it, then become friends afterwards.

Both were terrible.

In my case, I had to practice because this is a completely different environment than I had been used for my whole life. I am completely alone.

I entered the fierce battleground all by myself.

Overlooking the classroom, I walked over to the seat with my nameplate on it.

A seat towards the back of the room and near the window. Generally a good spot to get.

The classroom was only about half full.

Students were either looking at their class materials by themselves or were talking to acquaintances and friends.

Now, what should I do? Should I get to know people during this free time? Sitting a few seats in front of me, a chubby boy seemed lonely all by himself (my selfish imagination). He randomly muttered, "protagonist eh?" to himself, whatever that means.

He gave off an aura of that screamed, "Someone talk to me and be my friend!" (again, my selfish imagination)

However... if you suddenly walked up to someone and talked to them they would probably feel bothered.

Do you wait for the right time then? No, by then, he would

probably be surrounded by enemies, and there's a high chance I'll become friendless.

As I expected, I should talk...

Wait, wait, don't be hasty.

If I carelessly jump in and talk to the unknown student, I might be beaten by someone else. Who knows, he might be gay and I might fall for him. Er, I mean fall on him. I am 100% sure I am straight.

This is useless, a negative spiral...

In the end, I couldn't talk to anybody, and with the way things were going, I would soon be left all alone.

Is he still alone? Do I hear laughter? I must be hearing things.

I wonder what friends are. Where on earth do friends come from? Do people become friends after they eat with each other? Or do you become friends after going to the bathroom together? The last one might be more than friends though if it is a girl. If you're not in a relationship with them, is it just friends with benefits? I have no clue what that means but internet-sensei mentioned it falls in the middle between a friend and a couple. I kinda hope I'll have one someday.

The more I think about it, the more I don't understand it. Is it something deep? I should think about it more.

Trying to make new friends is really troublesome and tiring. In the first place, should I be trying to make friends like this? Furthermore, don't friendships form naturally over time? My mind is in complete disarray like a chaotic summer festival.

While my mind is still hazy and confused, the classroom quickly fills up as other students enter the classroom.

Oh well, I have no choice but to try.

After a long internal struggle, I started to get up from my seat. However...

As I got up, I noticed that the chubby boy wearing glasses was talking to another classmate.

With a bitter smile, I realized that there was no friendship to be made here.

Good for you, glasses-kun...

You made your first friend...

Involuntary, I let out a deep sigh from the bottom of my lungs. My high school life seems very bleak.

I noticed that the classroom was nearly full, and then I heard someone putting down their bag on the seat next to me.

"That's a heavy sigh, even though the school semester hasn't even started yet. I feel like sighing after meeting you as well. Quite a skit you pulled there on the bus and auditorium."

The person who sat next to me was the girl I noted as a possible important figure during the bus ride. I hope she'll live up to my expectations.

"... So we were in the same class, huh." After all, there are only 4 first-year classes. It's not like it's probabilistically impossible that we were put in the same class.

"I am Ayanokouji Kiyotaka. Nice to meet you."

"A sudden self-introduction?"

"Even if you call it sudden, it's our first time talking to each other. Isn't an introduction fine? Most commonly, people introduce themselves before they start speaking."

Anyway, I previously had no way to introduce myself to anyone. Only a little bit of practice with those four unfortunate girls who fell victim to my curse. Actually, they might have enjoyed it, everybody has their kinks. Probably even this cheeky girl. Although, in order to become familiar with the class, I wanted to learn my neighbor's name at least.

"Do you mind if I reject your greeting?"

"I think it would be awkward if we didn't know each other's names, even though we sit next to each other."

"I think it would be perfectly fine."

After glancing at me, she put her bag on the desk. It seems like she won't even tell me her name.

The girl showed no interest in the rest of the classroom, and sat down in her seat like a model.

"Is your friend in another class? Or are you coming to this high school alone?"

"You're a curious one, aren't you. You shouldn't talk to me, since you won't find me interesting anyway."

"If I'm being a bother to you, just tell me to shut up."

I thought that the conversation was over, but after a sudden change of heart, she sighed and looked at me.

"My name is Horikita Suzune."



Well that was surprising, I didn't expect to receive an answer, but she... no, Horikita, introduced herself.

For the first time I saw her face.

... Yeah, ain't you cute.

I mean, she's a beauty.

Even though she was in the same grade, she could probably pass as a second or third year student. She looked like a mature woman.

"Let me start off by telling you a bit about myself. I have no particular hobbies, but I have an interest in everything. I don't have too many friends, but I think it would be good to have some friends. Well, that's the kind of person I am."

"Sounds like a reply from someone who avoids troublesome situations. I don't think I'll ever like someone who thinks like that."

"It feels like my whole existence has been denied in a single second..."

"I pray that no more misfortune befalls me." You and me both.

"I sympathize with you, but I don't think that'll come true." Absolutely impossible with this stupid luck of mine.

I pointed at the door to the classroom. The one standing there was the boy who argued with Kushida and Kuwahara on the bus.

"..... I see. This certainly is bad luck."

It seems like not only us, but that self-loving problem child is also in the D class.

Without noticing us at all, he sat down at the seat marked "Koenji". I wonder if he knows what the term "friendship" means. Let's try observing him for a bit.

Koenji then propped his legs onto the desk, took out a pair of nail clippers, and started doing maintenance on his fingernails. He acted

as if he was the only one there and ignored all of his surroundings. I wished him bad luck, hoping my curse would transfer to him. Who knows, he might enjoy it or he might lose his narcissistic attitude when he finds out the situations I've gone through are almost always unavoidable.

In less than ten seconds, more than half the class backed away from Koenji. Even here, his self-important attitude penetrated the classroom.

Looking next to me, I noticed that Horikita was looking down at her desk, reading one of her own books.

Oops, I forgot that talking back and forth was one of the basics of holding a conversation.

One of my chances to become friends with Horikita was crushed.

Peeking at the title of the book, I saw that she was reading "Crime and Punishment".

That's interesting. Whether there is any reason to kill a person or not, it advocates killing. Maybe Horikita's hobbies are similar to the ones in the book. Terrifying.

Anyways, after a few minutes the first bell rang.

Almost at the same time, a woman wearing a suit walked into the classroom. She was the entrance exam administrator who sat on my lap mid fall.

On second impression, she seems like a teacher who finds strict classroom discipline important. She looks about 28 years old. Her long hair was tied back into a ponytail, just like how it was that day.

"Ahem, good morning new students. My name Chabashira Sae and I am in charge of class D this year. I teach Japanese history. This school doesn't rearrange the classes every year, so over the next three years, I hope I get to know all of you. Best regards. Although the entrance ceremony will be one hour from now in the gym, I will now distribute the list of special rules of this school and the

matriculation guide."

SKIP S-SYSTEM EXPLANATION, pretty sure everybody who is here already knows it.

Quite interesting, some things she said pique my interest but I decided to ponder it later.

After the teacher left the room, the students who received the large amount of money were restless.

"Everyone, can you guys listen to me for a bit?"

A student who had the air of a pacifist kind ikemen raised his hand and spoke.

His hair is not dyed and looked like an honors student. He didn't look like a delinquent either unlike a certain red-hair across the room.

"Starting from today, we will be in the same class for the next three years. So, it would be great if all of us could introduce ourselves and become friends. We still have time until the entrance ceremony, so what do you think?"

Oh... he said something amazing. A majority of the students couldn't find words to say.

"I agree! After all, we don't know each other names, let alone anything about each other."

After the first person agreed, the previously hesitant students subsequently voiced their support.

"My name is Hirata Yousuke. Because I was often called by my first name, Yousuke, in middle school, feel free to use my first name. Although I like all sports, I like soccer in particular, and also plan to play soccer at this school. Please take care of me."

The young man who proposed that the class introduce themselves smoothly and impeccably did his self introduction.

You really have a lot of guts. And you even talked about soccer. After talking about soccer with that refreshing expression, his popularity multiplied by 2 times, no, 4 times. Look, look, all the girls near Hirata have hearts in their eyes. His smile sent a shiver down my spine, and I am sure it was not my sexuality changing. Feels familiar...

Anyhow, like this, Hirata became the central figure of the class, and would probably draw everyone's attention until we graduated.

And then he would probably go out with the cutest girl in the class That's probably how things will end up.

"Well, if that was satisfactory... then, can we start self introductions from the beginning?"

Being smooth to the very end, Hirata asked for confirmation.

Although the first girl was perplexed and nervous, she soon made up her mind and stood up.



In other words, she was flustered by Hirata's words.

"M-my name Inogashira K-ko—"

As she tried to introduce herself, her words stopped in her mouth.

Whether her mind went blank or she couldn't collect her thoughts fully, she was unable to speak clearly. When words no longer came out, her face became pale in embarrassment. It's rare seeing someone get so nervous.

"Doing it slowly is fine, don't rush through it."

Although her words were similar to "Do your best~" and "It's ok if you don't rush," the meaning her words held was completely different.

Kushida's words told her to go at her own pace, and felt more reassuring.

After regaining a bit of her composure, she breathed in and out to calm herself down.

Then after a little while...

"My name is, Inogashira... Kokoro. Um, my hobby is sewing and I'm good at knitting. P-please take care of me."

From the first word, she said all she wanted to say without stopping.

With a relieved, delighted, and slightly embarrassed expression, Inogashira sit down.

Thanks to the help, Inogashira's introduction finished without any trouble. Other self-introductions followed.

"I'm Yamauchi Haruki. In elementary school, I played table tennis at the national level, then was the baseball club's ace in middle school—I had uniform number 4. But since I got an injury during Inter High recently, so I am currently in rehab. Nice to meet ya."

I don't think the number 4 has any meaning to it...

And Inter High is a sports tournament for high schools... You can't compete as a middle schooler.

Or was he trying to tell a joke? I got the impression that he was a frivolous and loose-mouthed type of person. He was also that boy I saw ogling Kuwahara earlier on the bus, so I think he's also quite a pervert, probably lying to get popular with the girls. Not going to work though, as snickering sounds filled the entire room except for his ears.

"Then I'm next, right?"

The cheerful girl who stood up next was the one who told Inogashira to introduce herself at her own pace.

And the girl that helped the old woman on the bus with me that morning.

"My name is Kushida Kikyō, and since none of my friends from middle school came to this school, I want to get to know everyone and become friends!"

Most students finished their greetings after a few words, but Kushida continued to talk.

"First of all, I want to become friends with everyone here. After all of you are done with your introductions, please exchange contact information with me!"

Her words weren't just words. I could tell once again that she was the type of girl to open up her heart immediately.

Her words to Inogashira weren't just encouragement that seemed appropriate for the situation, but were her true feelings.

"Then, during vacations or after school, I want to make memories with many people, so please invite me to many events. I've been talking for a while, so I'll end my self-introduction here."

She'd definitely get along with all the boys and girls in the class.

... Of course, it's not like I'm critiquing other people's self-introductions.

I'm feeling a bit restless for some reason.

What I should say in my introduction... should I try to tell a joke too?

Or should I bring out laughs by creating high tension during my speech?

No, but I wonder. High tension would probably just ruin the mood. To begin with, I'm not that kind of character.

While I was lost in my own worries, the self-introductions continued.

"Then, the next one is□□□"

Red hair delinquent has left the room, along with other extras. Surprisingly, Horikita stayed.

"Hirata-kun did nothing bad. Let's just leave those people alone." A girl who most likely fallen for him already said.

Even though some people left after not wanting to do self-introductions, the remaining students continued to go around and introduce themselves

"I'm Ike Kanji. The things I like are girls, and the things I hate are ikemen. I'm looking for a girlfriend at any time, so nice to meet you! Of course, you better be cute or beautiful!"

It's hard to tell if he said that as a joke or if it his true thoughts, but he earned the ire of the females, if his reputation did somehow go up, it would plummet down due to his personality. Very similar to that Yama... guchi? dead? uchi? Oh yeah, Yamauchi Hornyuki.

"Wow, cool~. Ike-kun, you're so smooth", said one of the girls with a completely emotionless voice.

Damn, these girls are feisty, I do not want to get on their bad side, although it might sadly be inevitable.

Of course, it was obvious that it was 1000% a lie. The sarcasm was so obvious.

"Really, really? Wow, I thought I wasn't bad, but... hehe."

Apparently Ike thought it was true and became a bit embarrassed.

Suddenly all the girls laughed.

"Wow, everyone, he's cute. He's recruiting girlfriends!"

No you're being teased.

Ike waved his hand cheerfully while being teased. It doesn't seem like he's a bad person though. He might prove to be a good friend, at least better than the other idiot.

Then, the stubborn boy who fought on the bus, Koenji, was up next.

After checking his bangs with a hand-mirror, he used a comb to arrange his hair.

"Um, can you introduce yourself"

"Fufufu~. Ok." Weird laugh but ok.

While smiling like a young antagonistic prince, he showed glimpses of his impudent behavior.

I thought he would stand up, but Koenji kept his feet on the desk, and started his self-introduction while sitting like that.

"My name is Koenji Rokusuke. Being the only heir of the Koenji conglomerate, I am a man who will be responsible for Japanese society in the near future. Pleased to meet you, ladies."

It was an introduction for the women, as opposed to the whole class.

Some girls looked at Koenji with glittering eyes after hearing he was rich, while the others looked at him like he was crazy. ... That's natural, at least I would hope so.

"From now on, I will relentlessly punish anything that makes me feel uncomfortable. Be careful in that respect."

"Eh... Koenji-kun. What do you mean by 'anything that makes me uncomfortable'?"

Feeling uneasy at his words, Hirata asked him again.

"Exactly as I said. But if I were to give an example□□□I hate unattractive things. If I saw something ugly, I would do as I said." I swear I saw him glance at Yamauchi, but it might have been my imagination.

He combed his hair upwards.

"Oh, thank you. I will make sure to be careful."

Red hair, Horikita, Koenji. Then Yamauchi and Ike. Apparently all the odd students were gathered in this class. During this short time, I was able to see a glimpse of the various students in my class.

I also have a an odd quirk□□□that stupid luck of mine. Other than that, I am pretty much average.

"Um... the next person□□□please introduce yourself."

"Eh?"

My turn had come while I was still lost in my delusions. A lot of the students were waiting for me to give my introduction. Oi oi, don't look at me with that much anticipation, I might be a stuttering mess.

Oh well, I'll go all out for for this self-introduction.

Alright! Get up and start.

"Well Um, my name is Ayanokouji Kiyotaka. The, er... there's nothing particular interesting about me. I will do my best to get along with everyone, uh, nice to meet you."

After finishing my greeting, I quickly sat back down.

Fu... Did everyone see it? My self introduction.

... failed!

I buried my face in my hands.

I was too busy lost in my delusions, so I couldn't come up with the proper words in advance.

I lied about being average okay! My social ability is far below the norm.

It was such a boring, lame introduction that no one will remember later.

"Nice to meet you Ayanokouji-kun. I also want to get alone with

everyone, so let's do our best."

Hirata said with a refreshing smile.

Everyone clapped. I feel like everyone clapped after seeing through my mistake.

At the same time, I felt strangely hurt from their pity. Kushida gave me a thumbs up but I felt even more dead on the inside with that.

I was still happy, though. I think.

I glanced to my right and it was my seatmate's turn. She stood without a cue from Hirata, and began speaking confidently. "I am Horikita."

The class was filled with silence, expecting more words. Nothing came except after an estimated 15 seconds, the bell sound echoed throughout the class. She immediately went towards the door only to trip on her chair. As much as I don't want to, I reached out and caught her wrist. Based on her trajectory and position she fell, she could've very much ended up with a concussion or worse as her face was aimed right towards the corner of the desk.

That would not only affect her, taking a hit to her superiority complex and well being, but the class too. Nobody wants to see someone fall harshly on the first day, scratch that. Nobody would want to see someone fall harshly any day, unless they hated them. I did not see any signs of that when she introduced herself but there is a slight chance that somebody is two-faced *if* they wanted to see Horikita fall.

I pulled her towards me as she pulled herself towards me with a look of relief seeing as she just escaped a precarious situation. However, this caused me to become unbalanced because I did not think she would pull back. I fell on the floor and saw black.

Not black because of fainting or anything, but black panties right beneath my nose. I felt the tip sink into a crevice ever so slightly.

"mmnh~ ♥□"

I'm dead.

Horikita regained herself and shot a glare thick with killing intent towards me.

She grabbed my head and pushed it deeper into her crotch as her head and back arched backwards in satisfaction.

"Ahn!"

"MORE mhn~"

"I'm haaaa~ close"

She started moaning harder, the class was slack jawed as they saw their serious classmate who looked like they wouldn't have one friend for their entire school life, forcefully make her neighbor pleasure her with his face.

"I'M CUMMING~! ♥□" She screamed as she reached climax and sat there while panting. Her juice squirted all over Ayanokoji's face, drenching his hair.

They all thought one thing, even Koenji who stole a peek.

"That's kinda kinky"

(Ignore that last part)

She grabbed my head and forcefully pushed it away and even kicked herself farther, using my head like Mario does a Goomba. She stood up and blushed like crazy and stormed out of the room. I was left face first on the floor with my classmates staring at me.

"Is he okay?"

"That pervert deserved it."

"No no no, Karuizawa-san. He tried saving her, it was an accident."

"Yeah yeah, Satou's right. He lost balance, but if he didn't grab her wrist when he did, she might not have come out unscathed."

The girls finished and left the conversation and the boys picked up and started screaming at me

"lUcKy BaStArD!"

"It could've been me!"

Nope Ike, you wouldn't even have been able to move fast enough.

"WHAT COLOR, WHAT SCENT?!"

Okay, I'm thru with these perverts.

I resurrected from the dead and stood up in place.

"Sorry about the trouble," I stated to the gawking class to which they responded, "YOU GOOD?!"

I nodded at that and shed a fake tear as I began to walk out of the classroom to escape from these countless pairs of eyes. I was stopped with a hand on my shoulder, and my senses screamed danger. I fell backwards and landed in the arms of the person behind me. I turned quickly and saw...

The classes' ikemen, Hirata's face millimeters away from mine, our noses almost touching.



"KYAAAAAA~!" all the rotten girls toppled over with nosebleeds.

"HIRATA-KUN" all the hiratards toppled over with jealousy.

"BRING THE BLEACH!" all the boys toppled over while holding their eyes while others vomited their breakfast.

"..." Koenji fled the room as fast as possible hoping his perfectness was not contaminated by the unholy scene he just saw.

So.

Hirata's gay? I thought doubting everything that just happened even though it was reality.

At this point, no matter how hard I try, I won't blend in how I wanted too.

I might as well go all out at this point instead of running a fool's errand.

The situation was later resolved although it took thirty minutes to calm down the class.

Author's Notes:

I made Hirata gay canon in this story. Yw (๖ಠ_ಠ)๖ ♥

Also, Horikita stayed, and one part was my wild imagination so don't pay that any heed please :)

Hope you appreciated my two semi cursed photos i edited.

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Store Trip on the Way Home

Reads: 8196 | Votes: 276 | Comments: 126

I left the cursed classroom the minute the misunderstanding was cleared up. Neither I or Hirata enjoyed that tragedy. Me, because it was troublesome and uncomfortable, and Hirata because he was homosexual. He still passed it off as an accident, pretending to play straight still. Based on his personality, he is never going to come clean about it, at least during his time at the school.

On my way to a local convenience store to pick up my living needs, I full on decided to try, at the very least more than I have for the first part of the day. If I didn't do something that helped the class, I, the white room masterpiece, most definitely would've been branded as a pervert, perhaps even lower than Yamauchi. I much rather stand out, which was an outcome most probable either way, than be scolded and bullied by my peers. I am no masochist, I would despise that outcome.

Approximately 75% of the students seemed to start heading for the dorms. The rest of the students formed small groups and walked towards the cafes and the karaoke rooms. How envious.

Of course I was alone. I knew no one else who would want to walk with me.

"... What an unpleasant coincidence."

Once I entered the convenience store, I immediately ran into Horikita again, to which she ran away.

"Don't be so jumpy. I sincerely ask for your forgiveness about the situation before. Horikita, it was unintentional, I tried catching you

yet ended somehow falling myself. Can you forgive me?"

She looked away with a red-filled expression, and muttered, "Yea, just a bit. Not entirely though, it was extremely infuriating and mortifying."

She then stared at my face with new found determination, "Not only could it be considered public indecency but also sexual assault. You're lucky I am willing to let this fly."

Wow, what a stone cold front. Some of her mannerisms told me she felt nervous on the inside to which I took advantage of.

I bowed at a perfect 90 degrees and screamed, "That is enough for me, I am extremely grateful for letting me off scott-free after I touched your private area!"

Time froze.

The customers waiting in line halted immediately and dropped their bags in pure confusion.

The cashier who was scanning items stopped abruptly, surprised.

'What the hell is wrong with kids these days?! It's the first day damn it!' his face expressed.

The room was completely silent until the automatic sliding door opened snapped everyone out of their trance-like state.

"W-w-what are you doing idiot!" Horikita approached me and spoke in a hushed whisper. The way her composure crumbled worked exactly as planned.

I further went on with, "It just so happened to be an accident when my eraser landed on your desk, I apologize once again. I was unaware of the time that you considered it your territory."

This effectively let the passer byers begin moving again realizing it was just a misunderstanding. Little did they know, the first part was exactly what they imagined, even worse.

This once again made humiliated Horikita and broke down her steel defensive walls allowing easier persuasion and more convenient character development.

She stood there looking down, smoke coming off from her head, too anxious to even let out a squeak.

I leaned closer to her and whispered into her ear while intentionally blowing more air than necessary. "Let's start off with a clean slate Horikita. What do you say about being friends?"

I stepped back and let her soon to happen response be higher in volume.

"s-sure, that can work..." I was 'unable' to hear her so I asked, "what was that?"

"I said its fine!" she repeated regaining some of her attitude.

Now, I fully made huge progress in solving Horikita's largest defect. Her isolation from others.

It is fundamentally difficult to become somebody who could be called a friend by a cold, curt girl with a superiority complex.

I made a friend. It's totally just a side accomplishment though, it's not like I have regained a lot of confidence again or anything.

MIssion successful, I thought, grinning internally.

Oops, I have to continue those conversation or I could very well let her slip from my reach another time.

"Thank you Horikita, I really appreciate this."

She nodded and started looking up and began to walk towards a shelf and grabbed a shampoo bottle, examining it. Horikita was clearing her mind from what it seemed. Still cold but her aura seems far more approachable now than it did before. In comparison, it felt like a grizzly bear turned chihuahua or something.

"Anyways, what are you shopping for?" I quickly asked.

She quickly put the shampoo and other daily necessities into her partially filled basket. I thought she would go for good quality items, but she only went for the cheapest one available. She really was smarter compared to the rest, who most likely right now are browsing expensive outfits or buying video game consoles, blowing through all their money away.

"I thought girls paid more attention to what kind of shampoo they used."

"That depends on the type person, no? I personally do not mind such a slight difference in quality," she stated. Good, she really seemed more open then earlier. It probably would have taken at least 3 months to get to this stage if I did not control the situation.

I'm glad Horikita had participated in the introductions, she would most definitely be popular in the class now. Her introduction and scene shortly after would undeniably be unforgettable for most. A lot more people would now attempt to make friends with her compared to the alternative. I can clearly see her becoming an important piece to the class, much faster than first hypothesized.

"I just wanted to say nice job introducing yourself, there's a high probability that you would get along with everyone." I complimented, mentally questioning how 3 confident words beat my failure of a introduction.

"Where'd you get that probability from? Let's just say that the probability is high. Did you get along with anyone?"

"Uu..."

She looked at me while talking.

... I see. Surprisingly, she's right. I was not expecting to receive a critical wound to my mental well-being after being insulted

Actually, I was unable to exchange contacts with anybody.

It couldn't be used as evidence to prove that there was a high probability of getting along since she did introduce herself though. I averted my gaze at Horikita's words.

"Sorry about that Ayanokoji-kun, I didn't mean to be so rude to you while saying."

Horikita continued with a partial mischievous smile on her face.

At least she can joke and understand her actions more clearly. Still, I nearly fell on my knees just from emotional pain right there.

Even though her personality is a bit uptight, it didn't feel uncomfortable walking together.

"Wow~. They even have all the different kinds of cup noodles, this school's really convenient~"

In front of the instant food section, two boys were being noisy. After throwing a bunch of cup noodles into their basket, the two of them went to the register. They also had lots of snacks and drinks that filled up the whole basket. Since there are a lot of points that may be left over, it's only natural that they try to spend it somehow.

"Cup noodles... so they had that kind of section too, huh." I voiced out loud

Learning this kind of stuff was one of my goals in going to the convenience store.

"Huh? I don't think it's really good for the body, you have to take care of yourself properly."

Says the one who bought the cheapest hygienic supplies, nice to see her face express worry though. Her character development felt almost rushed for some reason.

"Eh, I was just considering if I should buy it."

I picked up a cup noodles bowl and looked at the price.

It said it was 156 yen, but I wasn't sure whether that was high or low for a bowl of cup noodles.

Even though the school calls it "points," the prices are all written in yen.

"Hey, what do you think of these prices? Do they look cheap or expensive?"

"Hmm... I can't really tell, but did you find something with a strange price?"

"No, that's not what I meant. I just wanted to ask."

The prices on the goods in the store seemed to be about right.

Also, it really does seem like 1 point is equal to 1 yen.

Given that the average high school student's allowance is about 5,000 yen, our monthly allowance is 20 times bigger.

Sensing my suspicious behavior, Horikita looked at me strangely with a inquisitive look.

I took the closest bowl of cup noodles to throw off her suspicions.

"Wow, this is really big. It's a G cup!"

It looks like it stands for "giga cup," but for some reason it makes me feel full just looking at it.

On an unrelated note, Horikita's breasts aren't small, but aren't large either. They are just the perfect size. Crap, what the hell and I thinking?

"Ayanokouji-kun. Did you just think of something inappropriate?"

"... No, of course not."

"You were acting peculiar though..."

With just a glance, she was able to tell that I was thinking of strange things. She's sharp. Is this what internet-sensei called 'Woman's Intuition'?

"I was thinking about what I should buy. Which one looks better?"

"If it's just that, then it's fine. You should stop buying those unhealthy foods. The school has a lot of better food options, so

don't make a habit out it."

As she said, there's no need to stick to instant fast food.

However, I had an irrepressible urge to buy a few more, so I took a regular sized instant noodle bowl and put it in my basket.

Horikita drew her attention away from the food section and started to look at the necessities section of the store, while looking left and right rapidly.

I once again took notice, Horikita can really be cute at times.



"Hey. What are these for?"

As I looked for things to talk about, I saw something unusual.

In the corner of the convenience store, I saw individual portions of food and supplies.

At first glance, they looked the same as everything else, but with

one major difference.

"Free... ?"

Also feeling interested, Horikita picked up one of the items.

Daily necessities such as toothbrushes and bandages were put in a bin labeled "free of charge". The bin also had the words, "3 items per month" written on it, and it was obvious that these were different from the other goods.

"I wonder if this is emergency relief for those who have used up all their points. What a surprisingly lenient school."

I wonder if they're only thorough with these kind of services, though. It would be a health risk if a student had no hygienic product to use if they ran out of point. A pretty well thought out system but I feel bad for the person who monitors this,

"Hey, just wait a bit! I'm looking for it now!"

Interrupting the peaceful background music was a loud voice from the middle of the store.

"Hurry up! Everyone's waiting!"

"Oh, really!? Tell them to complain directly to me!"

It sounded like there was trouble.. Two boys were glaring at each other as they started to quarrel. The one with a disgruntled face was the all too familiar red hair guy. He was clutching cup noodles in one of his hands.

"Sorry Horikita, I'll be right back," I stated, walking towards the scene.

"What's happening here?"

"Oh? Who're you?"

I meant to talk amicably, but red hair mistook me for another enemy and shot me a glare.

"I'm Ayanokouji from the same class. I spoke up because I thought there was trouble here."

After explaining, red hair lowered his voice after understanding the situation.

"Oh... I remember you. I forgot my student card. Forgot that that thing is practically money from now on."

After seeing his empty hands, he started to head for the dorms. He probably forgot it there.

To be honest, it didn't fully sink in yet that the cards were needed for every payment.

"If it's fine with you, I can pay for it now. It'd be troublesome to go back to get it—I don't mind if you use my points.

"... That's true. It's annoying. Good thing you're here, thanks."

The distance to the dorm isn't a big deal. But by the time he would've gotten back, the line would probably get long since it'd be lunch time.

"... I'm Sudou. I owe you one."

"Nice to meet you, Sudou."

This guy really does not seem as bad as I originally imagined. When he's not egged on, he can be surprisingly docile. I guess he is the textbook definition of don't judge a book by its cover. I felt like I jinxed him now.

I took the cup noodles from Sudou then walked over to the hot water dispenser. Horikita was amazed after seeing that short exchange.

"You're trying to make more friends, loner-kun?" Horikita jabbed playfully at me, what a hypocrite.

"Rather than making friends, I was just trying to help. Nothing else." I felt like she wouldn't take it well if I teased her back at this point in time.

"You don't seem to be scared at his appearance either."

"Scared? Why would I be scared? Because he looks like a delinquent?"

"A normal person would probably stay away from that kind of person."

"Nah, he doesn't even look like a bad person anyway. Also, you don't look scared either."

"Only people without any method of protecting themselves stay away from those types. If he seemed violent, I'd repel him away from me. That's why I'm not really afraid."

Whenever Horikita says something, it's always something unusual. First of all, when she says "repel," what does she mean? Is she carrying around some kind of anti-molester spray?

"Let's finish shopping. It'd bother other students if we loitered around too long."

We finished up our shopping. After presenting the student ID card to the machine, the transaction was quickly completed. It was even faster because there was no small change involved.

"It's really usable as money... "

The receipt showed the prices of each good and the leftover amount of points. The payment went off without a hitch. While waiting for Horikita, I put hot water into the cup noodles. I thought it'd be more difficult to open the lid and pour in the hot water, but it was surprisingly easy. I probably looked like I was mentally challenged when making this, or maybe not due to unchanging facial structure.

At any rate, this is a really weird school.

What kind of merit does each individual student have that warrants that big of an allowance?

Since my grade has about 160 people in it, by simple calculation, the high school should have about 480 people total. Even in a month that's already 48 million yen. In an year, 560 million.

Even if it's backed by the country, it still seems like overkill.

I understood multiple things from Chabashira-sensei's explanation. Points could be used for anything, and possible deductions due to misbehavior. The question is why would they have system in place for deductions?

By talking about money, the students might be motivated to work harder yet I feel as if there is more to it. Why give a fluctuating amount monthly when they could give a steady lower amount throughout, like 30,000 yen, should be more manageable for the government.

But, without any visible conditions attached, 100,000 yen was handed out to everyone.

"It's not something I can really tell you to do, but it's probably better to save your money. Bad habits are difficult to fix. Once humans get used to a comfortable life, it's hard to let it go. The mental shock would certainly be pretty big," Horikita spoke up. Aw, she tried to help me.

"I'll take that to heart."

I never intended to throw away my money on random expenses originally, but she made a valid point.

After finishing the transaction, Sudou was waiting in front of the convenience store.

Seeing me come out, Sudou waved his hand at me. When I also

waved to return his feeling, I felt a bit embarrassed yet happy at the same time.

"... Are you actually trying to eat here?"

"Of course I am. It's common sense, where else would I eat?"

When Sudou answered like that, I was surprised and Horikita let out an exasperated sigh.

"I'm going to go home. It feels like my dignity is slowly degrading away here.

"What dignity are you talking about? You're just a normal high school student. Or are you some kind of ojousama?"

Even though Sudou snapped at Horikita, she didn't even bat an eye.

Feeling irritated, Sudou put down his cup noodles and stood up.

"Ah? Listen to people when they speak. Hey!"

"What's up with him? Suddenly getting angry."

Horikita continued to ignore Sudou and talked to me.

Having been pushed over the edge, Sudou shouted in anger.

"Come over here! I'll beat you up!"

A little while ago, he also fought at the register—it seems like he has a low boiling point for his anger.

"I'll admit Horikita's attitude was bad. She should try to be more open in my opinion but how she is now is part of her charm. Your behavior isn't very good either. A fight could cause some serious problems, especially when there are multiple cameras watching," I said as I pointed around.

Sudou's calmed down significantly from the logical explanation and was occupied looking at the monitoring device.

Horikita reddened slightly as she strolled back in the direction of

the dorms.

"Hey, are you a first year? That's our spot."

Ah, here we go again.

As I watched Sudou slurp up his noodles, a group of three boys walked out of the convenience store carrying similar bowls.

"Who are you guys? We're using this spot right now. You're blocking the way. Fuck off."

"Didn't you hear him? Scram. Some cheeky first year brat."

The three laughed at Sudou. Sudou stood up and threw his cup noodles on the ground. Soup and noodles splattered onto the ground.

"The first year's trying to fight, ha— what!?"

... That's not it. Sudou has a low tolerance for anger. He's the type of person to try to intimidate the other party. I literally just said there are cameras!

"These second years are saying some bullshit things. We're already sitting here."

The second year senpais put down their stuff right there too. And then they began to laugh.

"Yup, we're here too. So scram, this is our spot."

"You guys have some nerve, you shits."

Sudou didn't falter from the difference in numbers. Looks like a fistfight will start anytime soon now. I, of course, didn't count myself in those numbers.

"Wow—— so scary. What class are you guys in. Oh wait, never mind. Let me guess... you're in class D right?"

"So what!?"

After Sudou said that, all the upperclassmen looked at each other, and laughed at the same time.

"Did you hear? He's in the D class! It was really obvious!"

"Oh? What do you mean by that, huh?"

As Sudou was getting heated, the boys took a step back.

"Because you guys are so pitiful I'll let you stay there for today. Let's go."

"You guys running away!?"

"The dog's barking! Anyway, you guys will face hell soon enough anyway."

Face hell?

They clearly looked calm and composed. I wonder what they meant by "face hell".

What does that have to do with anything... And all the pieces clicked in. There is a class competition. The points given each month probably decide the standing of the class.

Competition is a realistic scenario between companies in society which could be the reason this school is laid out like this. Usually something is gained from coming out on top so I weirdly believe the 100% employment rate would only be rewarded to Class A. The school cannot just wave a free path to success the moment you get accepted. It has to be earned and whichever class is the most competent would come on top.

Face hell would probably be revealed when the school informs us of this situation, causing panic and depression.

Another meaning behind the senpai's words led me to deduct that the most troublesome were mixed in Class D, Class A having the most useful.

"Dammit, if it were girls or nice second-years it would've been fine, but we got that stupid bunch."

Sudou shoved his hands in his pockets and headed back without even cleaning up the noodles.

I looked at the outside of the convenience store. Two surveillance cameras had been placed there.

"There'll probably be problems later, huh."

Reluctantly, I reached down and starting cleaning up the mess.

What I told Sudou before the senpais even came, completely flew in one ear and out the other.

sigh, well this is problematic.

I headed back to the dorms, hoping to call it a day.

As I entered the lobby, Horikita was standing near the entrance, seemingly waiting for someone. She rotated her head and upon seeing me, she ran over to me while talking to me.

"Ayanokoji-kun, can we have a chat for a litt-AHH," she ended up being cut off, tripping on the randomly wrinkled carpet. She went flying towards me, knocking me down like a bowling ball a pin and struck a landing right on my body. She was pressed close to me, our faces close enough for it to look like a kiss. Which is exactly what it was.

Horikita's glossy pink lips were pressed against mine and a hint of mint entered my mouth. This happened with Horikita's eyes open, so she was well aware of what she just did.

That was my first kiss.

I hugged her closer, seeing her panic even more and quietly said, "I

didn't know you fell for me already, Suzune."



She, the mentally strong, kuudere, fainted on the spot, right on top of me.

Crap. Did I go too far?

~Author's Notes~

nothing much this time ;3

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Unnormal Night and Left Behind Second Day

Reads: 7039 | Votes: 270 | Comments: 97

Horikita was fully unconscious.

I tried a light slap as well as a shake yet there was no response at all. She wouldn't wake up.

I am glad the lobby was deserted as the vast majority of people were exploring outside or situating themselves in the dorms. The scene with a girl sleeping on a guy right in the dead center of the lobby floor would surely be a topic of gossip.

With a sigh, I picked her slim figure up in a princess carry and headed towards my new room where I'll be living, 401.

Just before entering the elevator, I saw Ichinose standing inside.



She began to wave and not so surprisingly halted as she looked at Horikita with a frown.

"Is she okay?!" she spoke with a seriously worried tone. How could Ichinose even be that concerned when she and Horikita haven't met yet? Maybe it's a me problem and my lack of emotions can't let me understand it.

"Oh it's nothing, I was a little too rough with her so she fainted mid-talk. I am taking up to my room so we can continue our session," I responded to her question.

"EHHHH!" she suddenly shouted, near rupturing my eardrum. Horikita didn't even stir in her sleep at all, which in itself was confusing.

The elevator nearly left so I jumped inside with a, "See you later Ichinose," leaving her frozen.

Why did she act like that, was it something I said? Eh, no matter, let's just wait for arrival on the second floor.

As I began to enter my room with my key card, the room I saw before me was rather spacious. It was about 8 tatami mats big. This is my house starting from today. It's also my first time living alone. Until graduation, I would have to live without contacting anyone outside of school.

Unintentionally, I let out a smile.

But once again, I still can't smile.

I set Horikita down on the bed.

I contemplated if I should take off her uniform so she is more comfortable sleeping but quickly decided against it. If she woke up half naked, chaos would be sure to come soon after. I tucked her in gently and she let a small smile on her face. Nice, she's still alive.

I sat down on the cushion in the preset living and picked up a manual on the table and initiated an intense speed reading session for a 30 seconds.

While flipping through the manual, I saw the time and day for the garbage disposal and a warning to not make too much noise. It mentioned the rooms being sound proof but a noise high enough in volume can still spread through. The manual also stated not to waste water and electricity as much as possible.

"They don't actually have limits on gas and electricity usage, huh... "

I thought that they would subtract from our points automatically.

This school really went through great lengths for the sake of the

students.

I was surprised that they implemented coed dorms though. For a school that prohibits relationships between students, the coed dorms felt out of character. In other words, sex was a no-no.

Well, obviously.

'Only if your caught that is.'

I widened my eyes, slightly startled and wondered what that sound in my head was just now.

'Who are you?' I questioned nothing and as expected got nothing back.

Anyways, I should get ready for bed after taking a quick shower. I am still relatively satisfied from lunch so I don't mind skipping a meal, not like I have food either way.

I walked towards the still sleeping Horikita and slept next to her.

On the floor that is.

Luckily, the floor is rather cushioned and my training really helped with my adaptability. I fell asleep almost as soon as I laid down, it was a long day for sure.

I woke up the next morning due to a sudden shake. I saw Horikita with a shade of red which adorned her already beautiful face at my side moving me. "Ayanokoji-kun, wake up. What happened?" she asked, still shaking me.

I sat up groggily and looked in her direction as I said, "You don't remember? You fainted during our chat. I may have gone a little rough on you, sorry."

She stared at me blankly and her red face brightened up into a whole new tint. "W-wait, that actually happened!" she said, probably confused that was reality.



Looks like I'll have to give her a rundown.

We hurriedly got ready to go to school for the second day. Horikita was already dressed and I suggested she take a shower.

She responded back with an "obviously" while trying, but failing miserably, to wear a cold glare.

Horikita also said no peeking but that much is clear. First of all, there's a lock on the door for a reason. Secondly, I am not that moronic, although I could imagine another boy in my class doing just that.

After getting fully prepared, we voiced our farewells as she left 5 minutes before me. Seeing a boy and girl come out of the room together will start unwanted rumors hence for our timed departure. Leaving somewhat soon after her, I walked to school, admiring the locations and buildings I passed by on my way.

I arrived in the classroom, gave a slight wave to Horikita and sat down.

On the second day of school, even though it was technically the first day of classes, the majority of the day was spent going over policies and rules. Many of the students had their expectations completely blown away by how nice and friendly the teachers were. Having

already made a big commotion the other day, Sudou was left alone as he slept like a log during class. The teachers noticed him sleeping, but no one made an indication as to stop him. I could almost hear our points disappearing.

After all, deciding to listen to the lesson or not is our choice, so the teacher wasn't concerned. Is this how teachers interact with students that are no longer part of compulsory education?

In this relaxed atmosphere, it soon became lunchtime. Getting up from their seats, the students started to go out to eat lunch with their acquaintances. I couldn't help but look in envy towards the others. Sadly, I wasn't able to make any close friends with my classmates, besides maybe Horikita. Kushida was there too but she felt like more of an acquaintance, maybe a friend. I think at least.

"I want someone to invite me. I want to eat lunch with somebody.' Your thoughts are really obvious." Horikita voiced her take on my thoughts, which was astonishingly accurate.

"You're also by yourself. Don't you feel the same way? Or do you plan on staying alone for the next three years?"

"Yes. I like being alone."

She replied quickly, without any hesitation. It seems like I was the extremely rare exception.

"If you'd like, how about we have lun-," I soon began to ask which she shut me down mid-sentence.

"Instead of worrying about me, go worry about yourself."

"Well... "

'I'll follow you forever Horikita-sama! You worried for me and put my own needs in front of yours. You're such a goddess!'

What the hell is with this M voice in my mind?

Moving on, it was indeed nice of her to give me an opportunity to make more friends. I can't proudly say that I couldn't make friends with at least 2 people.

To be honest, it seems like the near future will be troubling because I could hardly make any friends. It's only the second day though so I still should be fine. I think.

Thinking about it, being alone also stands out. If I became the object of bullying, I would certainly be conspicuous. I don't mind too much anymore though. I'll ace all my exams and do my best in physical activities for the class. I will not lead though, that would make me extremely uncomfortable. If I am asked though, I wouldn't mind giving tips.

Not even a minute after the bell rang, half the class became empty.

The people who are left either want to go but are alone just like me, are sleeping and not paying attention, or like being alone like Horikita.

"I was thinking of going to eat, does anyone want to come with me?"

Hirata said as he stood up.

With that kind of thinking, he looks like a real riajuu.

I'd been waiting for my savior to come all along—it's a perfect chance for me.

Hirata, I'm coming now. I don't mind if you are gay, just don't chose me as your love interest.

Steeling my nerves, I slowly raised my hand...

"I'm going too~!" "Me too, me too!"

When I saw Hirata surrounded by girls, I put my hand back down.

Why did those girls take my spot? That was my chance to be friends with him... Just because he's an ikemen doesn't mean that you guys can thoughtlessly go to the cafeteria with him.

Feeling a bit lonely from the lack of other boys, Hirata looked around the room.

When he spotted me, our eyes met.

It's here! Hirata noticed me! A man who wants you to invite him is here!

After meeting eyes, his gaze locked onto me.

As expected from the riajuu, he understood my troubles!

"Umm, Ayanoko□□□"

Hirata tried to call out my name, but at that moment,

"Hirata-kun, hurry up!"

The girls took a hold of Hirata's arms without noticing me at all.

Ahh... Hirata's gaze was stolen by the girls. Afterwards, he and the girls exited the classroom. The only thing that remained was my outstretched arm.

Feeling embarrassed, I pretended I stretched my arm to scratch my head.

"Well then."

Sending me one last look of pity, Horikita left the classroom by herself.

"That was useless... "

Reluctantly, I stood up by myself and decided to go to the cafeteria all alone.

If I don't feel like eating alone, I'll just go buy something at the convenience store.

"Ayanokouji-kun! Can I talk to you?"

On my way towards the cafeteria, I was suddenly stopped by a beautiful girl, Kushida, one of my classmates and hopefully friend.



Even though it wasn't the first time I looked at her from the front, my heart probably went doki doki.

Straight, short, brown hair that reached the top of the shoulders. It wasn't crude by any means, but the school recently approved shorter skirts, so it was obvious that her uniform was a newer one.

In her hand was a pouch with a lot of keyholders on it—I couldn't tell if she was carrying a pouch or if she was carrying a lot of keyholders.

"Sure, I guess I can. What do you need from Kushida?"

"Actually... I would like to ask you something. It's a short question, but Ayanokouji-kun, by any chance, are you on good terms with Horikita-san?"

"We're friends. Did she do something?"

Her facial expression changed ever so slightly into confusion. It seems that when her goal was to ask about Horikita. I feel a bit sad.

"Oh, I see. Weren't you two somewhat distant on the first day of school though? It's great that you two made up!" She said while giving a thumbs up. She continued with, "Unfortunately, I was asking everyone one by one for their contact info, but... Horikita refused to tell me."

That girl, what is she doing? If she was asked for her contact by an assertive girl like her, she could've helped me out and shared it with me. Afterwards, I might have have gotten familiar with the class.

"What kind of personality does Horikita have? Is she the type to only speak her mind to her close friends?"

Even though she wants to get to know Horikita, I can only listen to her questions but not answer any of them too in depth.

"I think she's not very good at interacting with others. Why do you want to know about Horikita?"

"It looked like she didn't talk to anybody, so I was worried about her. It's amazing to hear that she has you as a friend. I still want to befriend her too!" she smiled innocently.

She did say that she wanted to get along with everyone in her introduction.

"I understand, but I only met her yesterday, so I can't really help."

"Fuun~... so that's how it was. Sorry for asking you a weird question out of the blue!"

"No, it's fine. Don't worry about it Kushida."

Now that I think about it, Kushida listened to my lame self-introduction.

For some reason, I felt really insecure just from thinking about it.

"Thanks and once again, let's continue to get along well, Ayanokouji-kun!"

Although I felt a bit perplexed by her outstretched hand, I wiped my hands on my pants and then shook her hand.

"Do that we shall," I said in a monotone voice

Today was a lucky day. Even though there were some bad moments, there were also good ones.

And since humans think conveniently, I quickly forgot about the bad moments of the day.

Until I got bumped in the back by a passer byer in the hallway and wall slammed Kushida.

She look shocked, It was extremely unexpected, even for the one doing it. From another perspective it could definitely look like kissing. I saw Ike behind me screaming insults, not minding the time and place for such a thing.

I quickly backed away the Blushida and apologized to her as I headed to the cafeteria. Glad it wasn't too serious this time. Ike rushed over to Kushida asking if she was okay, and like the simp he is, tried eating lunch with her with under the reason of checking to definitively say she was alright.

~Author's Note~

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Crappy Club UnFair

Reads: 7151 | Votes: 267 | Comments: 257

Eventually, after peeking through the cafeteria door, I decided to go to the convenience store, bought some Melon bread, and returned to the classroom. It looked surprisingly good and was considerably cheap. Also, I did not avoid the cafeteria because all the people there intimidated me, it's just your imagination.

A group of friends were eating with their desks next to each other, while there were various students quietly eating alone. The only thing common was that nearly everyone had a bento from either the convenience store or the cafeteria. Is it normal to make friends this fast?

I was going to start eating when I saw that Horikita had already returned to her seat.

She had on her desk a sandwich that looked delicious.



I returned to my seat and took a bite out of her sandwich without saying anything.

Not actually though, she'd kill me.

When I was about to take my first bite of my bread, music started to play out of the speakers.

"Today, at 5pm in gymnasium number 1, there will be a club fair. For those of you with an interest in clubs, please come to gymnasium number 1. I repeat, today□□"

A girl with a cute voice made an announcement over the PA.

Clubs, huh. I've never been in a club before.

"Hey Horikita, want to go check it out with me?" I asked and waited for a response. Approximately 15 seconds flew by and she still hasn't answered, just staring at me spaced out.

"Hey Horiki-"

"I heard you the first time, just wondering what the point of going would be. I'm not particularly interested in clubs." she responded briskly.

Well, I more or less held the same opinion. I just thought it'd be good chance to make more friends. I also suspect there would be an added benefit to joining one, but quickly put aside the thought as Chabashira-sensei most likely would've told us already.

"I can see your point. I'm not all too interested either just wanted to scout what this school has to offer." I said showing I sympathized with her earlier statement. I really would rather going with someone else instead of alone in that battlefield.

"Well, I suppose it would not hurt to go. It's not like I'll enjoy it or anything! It could be nice see how advanced some clubs are." Tsunderekita said. She's acting just like a cliché anime character with a phrase like that. Is she doing it purposefully or is it full coincidence that people like that exist?

Either way, she accepted my offer so I leaped for joy in my head. Wait, that's kinda creepy. Imagine a clown jumping at you with an apathetic face. Is this a horror movie?

"Wow, it's bigger than I thought it'd be."

I heard some snickers in the background and mutters all closely related to, "That's what she said." I didn't understand their nonsense one bit so I just decided to ignore them.

Horikita and I met after school to go to the gymnasium.

Almost everyone there were first years; around 100 people were waiting nearby.

Waiting around the back, we were waiting for the club fair to start.

As we entered the gym, pamphlets with details about club activities were passed out. It seems we can join a maximum of 3 clubs. Wouldn't club schedules conflict? There may be different groups made just for that with popular clubs.

"I wonder if this school has a particularly famous club. For example... something like a karate club?" Horikita suddenly thought out loud, it seemed she enjoyed Karate as she mentioned it out of all the other possible ones.

"A lot of clubs here seem to be high-leveled. There are a lot of members in a lot of clubs that are nationally known, like basketball, soccer and such." I said.

Even though this school isn't particularly known for their sports like baseball or volleyball, it isn't like the club activities are at the "hobbyist" level. Most people probably went into these clubs for professional reasons, unlike the average student at another school who might join for entertainment.

"The facilities are also high quality. Look, they even have oxygen capsules. All the equipment put pro's equipment to shame. This school is pretty serious for clubs it seems. Ah, but it looks like they don't have a karate club."

"... I see." She lowered her head slightly while saying this. Statistics show that most people who sign up for clubs in school typically are quite well versed in the area and register confidently hoping to learn more. That is if they take it seriously. Knowing Horikita's personality, I could deduct she was at least blue belt, possibly even in the first Dan Black belt stage.

"Why, are you interested in karate?" I said, trying to gauge her reaction for information. Being a good fighter could be beneficial. After all, you never know with a school that has competitions between classes.

"No, not particularly." She looked away when answering, so it could be true she is proficient in Karate, nice.

"But you know, it looks like an inexperienced person will have a hard time joining a sports club. Even if someone made their high school debut, they would be a substitute for an eternity. I don't think it would be fun." I explained part of my earlier thinking out-loud.

Everything around here seems too orderly and tidy.

"It could also be dependent on the effort they put in. After 1 to 2 years of training, anyone can become good," I spoke voicing both sides of the argument.

Training... I don't think I need to put in much effort. Not as much as I have already in the past.

"I didn't think that the word 'training' existed for people who avoid trouble like you."

"What does avoiding trouble have to do anything with this?"

"Doesn't someone who avoids trouble also avoid any sort of manual labor? If you've declared that you avoid trouble, you should stick to your word until the very end."

"I don't take it that far..."

"If you're always noncommittal like that, you're never going to make anymore friends."

"Your words wound my heart. I am removing that idea more and more due to various reasons." I won't help lead but I'll guide as it may be beneficial to me in the long run. I also refuse to be considered a pervert. I won't say that openly though, she probably already considers me one.

It seems she caught on to how I felt and did not pry, that's helpful.

I sensed something amiss in the air and turned for the eyes I felt on me.

"Hello Ayanokoji-kun and Horikita-san," Hirata said with a genuine smile as he waved. Behind him was Karuizawa, Satou, Matsushita

and Shinohara.







(Ignore Ike's leg)



(I forgot who was in her group, I felt like it was those three. I think □. Also, I have these photos for editing purposes.)

"Hi Hirata/Hirata-kun," Horikita and I said simultaneously.

"Are you two also checking out for clubs? Did you find anything

that interests you?" he inquired.

"Yes, we came just to see what the school offers. Both of us aren't too interested in joining any of them though. What about you Hirata?" I said.

"Oh ok, that's nice too. I am planning to join the soccer club, want to come check it out with us?" Homorata offered.

"Sure, I don't see why not. Horikita, is that fine with you?" I sensed no ulterior motives from him, so it was fine with me. I asked Horikita as it would be rude to just go without permission from her since I was the one who called her here. Hopefully she replies positively, I don't want to cut our hangout short.

"I don't mind as long as it doesn't become irritating," she said with a glare towards some of the girls in the back. I forgot that she was this prickly with unfamiliar people, even though she was like this just yesterday morning to me.

When it was confirmed we headed in the direction of the soccer club which was flooded with plenty of applicants. It's not a popular national sport for nothing.

As Hirata got in line to sign up, I stayed back with the girls. It's extremely nerve wracking, I haven't even talked to 60% of this group. I don't mean to be rude but the three I haven't talked to, Karuizawa, Satou and Shinohara, have this hard to approach aura around them, especially the first. Karuizawa was even bold enough to use her phone. I decided against initiating a conversation with them, and I tried starting one with Matsushita instead.

"Hey Mats-" yet I once again was interrupted, why does this always happen?

"Hey Ayanokoji-kun," Satou said while stepping closer and grabbing my arm, "Is there anything you're good at?"

...

I wasn't sure if that was an insult or if she genuinely wanted to know more about me. I'll go with the later in order to maintain my mental

health.

"I'm better than average in most things or at least I believe I am." No need to hide, I need to stand out, even if I don't want to.

"Wow, is that so~. It's nice that you are talented as well," she exclaimed and muttered the next part that even my trained ear struggled to pick it up, "makes you even more attractive."

"What was that?" I questioned, actually curious.

"Eh, i-it's nothing!" She said, still clinging to my arm. She seems embarrassed so I would've thought she would let go already.

"Hehe Satou-san, why are you so nervous?" Matsushita said teasingly. Good question indeed, why?

I don't necessarily fit the look of an ikeman and attractiveness flies out the window due to my demeanor right? Hirata, who was by my side, let out a wry smile at this conversation and I saw some nearby girls swooning already. He fit them, not me.

They just have to hope he is bi since he certainly isn't straight.

"Yeah Satou-san, why?" Shinohara joined in with a smirk.

Karuizawa was still typing away on her phone, ignoring the current events while Horikita stood at the side looking more angry than usual. She began walking. Yikes, she's approaching, and fast.

"Satou-san, I advise you let go. You may be making Ayanokoji-kun uncomfortable," she stated bluntly while attempting to separate Satou from me. Satou then refused while sticking out her tongue. Horikita ended pushing with her words a bit hard and just before her she stepped in a weird way, her ankle twisting, a sweet voice, the same one that was on announcements earlier today, rung throughout the auditorium.

"Hello, I am Tachibana Akane, member of the studen.."



I heard somebody on stage. But my attention was certainly elsewhere.

Horikita went tumbling down and took Satou out of picture who just so happened to be holding me, toppling me over as well.

Matsushita dashed over and tried rescuing us but ended up being dragged down.

'If she was going down', she thought to herself, 'might as well take shinohara with me' which is exactly what she did.

Shinohara who got suddenly pulled downwards reached for support and grabbed Karuizawa who dropped her phone from the force.

A pile of 6 people miraculously formed, 5 girls, and 1 guy. It's not like they were stacked directly on top of each other though.

Horikita fell on her back, facing upwards.

Satou fell face first, sliding a little once she hit the floor. Sheesh, that looked painful.

The back of my head landed on Horikita's breasts, quite the pleasant cushion and my hand landed on Satou's perfectly plump rear. Multiple small groaning noises filled the room, gathering unwanted attention.

Matsushita slipped and went down, kissing me in the process. My second kiss was also taken by accident. It was most likely her first, which I felt bad for her being dragged into my curse.

Shinohara fell facedown on my free hand, which lead to Satou's butt in one hand and Shinohara's boobs in the other.

"Aahhhhhnn~♥□"

...

Shinohara definitely moaned the loudest.

Oh no, I'm actually getting stimulated in this situation. My T-Rex started waking up.

Karuizawa, who's phone disappeared, put her hand in front of her to protect herself from the fall. Her hands spanked Matsushita's butt with a 'plap' and a 'Mnngh~♥□' followed soon after. My manhood

which threatened to break free poked Matsushita's nether regions, leading to further moans.

And chaos...

When Karuizawa landed, she was sitting on my crotch with a long rod between her legs, hopefully she wouldn't notice.

She did.



(*proud author noises*)

And thus that's how it played out.

The entirety of the room which numbered near 150, watched slack jawed at the spectacle that just flew in their eyes. Multiple males started screaming in uproar.

"ARE THEY DOING IT IN PUBLIC?"

WHY IS THERE ONLY ONE GUY?"

"Is this what sex looks like.. wait, I meant group sex. Of course I already know what the other looks like."

"DIE RIAJU, DIE!"

"STOP THAT!"

Everybody went silent once again.

The small senpai with purple hair tied on two buns screamed silencing everyone in the room.

In the background I somewhat heard somebody like her speaking on stage but I was too distracted to notice what the contents were. She seemed mad enough to win a fight with a Shaq despite their huge difference in stature.

"WHY ARE THE SIX OF YOU FLIRTING SO OBSCENELY IN PUBLIC! IT'S INDECENT!" She yelled with a blush. "SEPARATE NOW PLEASE!"

The six of us got up quickly, trying to untangle ourselves. More groans unintentionally came out of the girls as some sensitive spots were hit again while moving.

They all had a beet red face. My apathetic expression was either breaking slightly or my face made it look like I had no regrets about what I just did. That's honestly even worse.

People were still gawking at us but most looked away due to second

hand embarrassment.

And then, I started taking off my blazer.

Man, its getting hot in here.

Let's play catch as a distraction?

"Think fast," I said, throwing my blazer at Karuizawa's face before walking towards her, getting closer and closer, which made her back up more and more with a frightened expression. Her friends behind her were also mildly confused by what was happening.

Why is she frozen though?

Turning away from her now, looking at the stage again, I put my hands in my pockets and it was then I heard the moving of fabric behind me.

It was all a little sudden, the senpai on stage genuinely tweaking from my antics just now, but it was for the best.

'Hiding those thighs was for the best?'

Yes.

Yes it was.

Karuizawa isn't as strong as she makes herself look, those scared eyes as I walked towards her made it even clearer. Her past probably isn't the most colorful, although I'm one to talk.

I stared at the ripped skirt that was on the floor nearby and exhaled.

It seems she was safe now so I took a few steps forward , not boxing her in anymore and paid more attention to the stage

"Ahem, thank you for waiting first year students. Sorry about that disturbance." Dang, I felt a pain in my chest. I didn't know being called a disturbance would hurt like that.

"A representative from each club will explain their activities and how to join. I am Tachibana, the secretary of the student council and the chairman responsible for this club fair. Nice to meet you."

After the greeting from Tachibana, the club representatives lined up on the stage of the gym.

For your information, everybody had dispersed, except for Horikita. We all did the apology routine I was used to by now, and the she, who was the most at fault, apologized more after that. I didn't think Horikita would go far enough to bow. Karuizawa never apologized but she looked more dazed than spiteful at that moment...

Anyways, there were various representatives, ranging from those wearing judo uniforms to beautiful kimonos.

"Hey, if you ever change your mind, try joining a sports club. Doesn't that judo club look good? That senpai looks nice and encouraging."

"What part of him looks nice and encouraging? That gorilla looks like he could kill someone at any time."

"He'd probably preach to you that judo is an easy sport."

"Stop..."

I thought that the conversation was really going somewhere, but she was just being rude and messing with me again. The smirk she just let out confirmed it. She was also trying to forget what just happened by breaking the silence.

"Tsu... !"

As the club representatives introduced their clubs one by one, Horikita suddenly tensed up. She was looking towards the stage, her face pale.

"What's wrong?"

In her tensed state, she looks as if she didn't hear me.

I also looked towards the stage, but I didn't see anything in particular.

The baseball club representative was giving his introduction while wearing a uniform.

Did she fall in love at first sight with him? Doesn't seem like it.

Surprise? Disgust? Or maybe joy? To be honest, her expression is complex, making it hard to read her face.

"Horikita. What's wrong?"

"..."

Can she really not hear me? She just stared at the stage.

I'll stop talking and wait for an explanation.

The baseball club didn't seem particularly more interesting than the others.

No matter how well they welcome beginners, or how appealing their meeting location and times are, it's just another normal introduction. It wasn't just the baseball club, all the clubs seemed ordinary. If I learned anything interesting from these explanations, it was that minor clubs like tea ceremony and calligraphy clubs existed, and that the minimum number of people needed for a new club is 3. However, I wonder how a tea ceremony club exists and not a Karate one.

Every time a new club starts their explanation, the first-years chat amongst their friends about the previous club.

The gym had a lively atmosphere to it. The club representatives, and not to mention the supervising teacher, continued their explanations with displeased looks. They must be frantic to get as many new members as possible.

As the senpais finished their explanations, they got off the stage and walked over to some tables. They're probably setting up a reception area so they can talk to people one-on-one and sign them up.

Eventually, all the people on stage walked off until one person was left. Everyone's gaze was centered on the stage. I realized that Horikita had been staring at that one person the whole time.

The person was about 170cm in height, which wasn't that tall.

A slender body, sleek black hair.

Sharp glasses, and a calculating gaze.

The student standing in front of the microphone looked over the first-years with a calm look.



What kind of club is he from, and what explanation will he give? My interest has been piqued.

However, my interest vanished the next second. He was completely silent.

Maybe his mind went blank. Maybe he felt nervous and his voice didn't come out.

"Do your best~"

"Did you forget to bring your notecards~?"

"Ahahaha!"

The first years threw those words at the person. However, the upper class man on stage didn't waver at all. Neither the laughter nor the encouragement seemed to reach him.

Even when the laughter started dying down, his apathetic face didn't change.

The students started wondering "What is this senpai doing?" and the gym got noisy.

Even then, the boy didn't stir. He just stood there quietly, scanning at the first-years.

His gaze went to me for nearly 10 seconds, and after that time passed, a small grin sprouted up on his face, then disappeared as soon as it came.

What made him gaze so passionately at me?

I could tell he wasn't homosexual, I sensed no feelings of attraction at all. Just interest, just pure interest.

Horikita also stared at the boy with an intense gaze.

The relaxed atmosphere gradually shifted in an unexpected direction. It was an electrifying change in mood.

Eventually, the whole gym was enveloped in a tense and quiet atmosphere.

There were no instructions given out, no one dared to talk—it was a dreadful silence.

No one could open their mouths to talk. This silence has been going on for 30 seconds already...

The student on stage started talking.

"My name is Horikita Manabu, and I am the student council president.

Horikita? I looked at Horikita next to me...

Coincidences can be freaky...

I suppose it could be nice having a sibling attend the same school at such a place this but judging by her expression, they were not really close. She hasn't seen him for just about 2 years too if that was all.

"The student council is also looking for first-years to replace the graduating third-years. There are no strict requirements to apply for the position, but those who are interested should not be affiliated with any other clubs. Generally, we do not accept any candidate involved in other clubs."

His tone was soft, but the mood was still tense. He alone silenced the whole gym.

Of course, it wasn't his position as the student council president that gave him that power. Horikita Manabu also carried a powerful aura. His presence dominated the whole gym.

"Also, we, the student council, are not looking for anyone that has a naive way of thinking. Not only will that kind of person fail to get elected, they will inevitably become a stain to this school. The student council is only responsible for regulating the students, but the school expects much more. Those of you that understand can become potential candidates."

After that unwavering speech, he walked off the stage and exited the building.

Because no one dared to speak, none of the students spoke up when he left the gym. The students didn't know what would happen if they tried to talk. Everyone felt that way.

"Everyone, thank you for coming. With that, the club fair is over. We will now open the reception area for anyone interested in joining. The reception area will only be open until the end of April, so anyone interested after then can bring applications directly to the club."

With the help of the chairman, the tense atmosphere slowly disappeared.

Afterwards, the club representatives opened the reception area.

"..."

Horikita still didn't move at all.

"Oi, what's wrong?"

Horikita didn't answer. My words didn't reach her.

"Oh, Ayanokouji. What was with that ruckus earlier?"

A voice called out. It's Sudou. My classmates Ike and Yamauchi were with him.

"What is this, three people? Seems like you guys are getting along."

Feeling jealous, I called out to Sudou.

"Are you also thinking of joining a club?"

"No, I was just looking. Does that mean you were thinking of joining a club then?"

"Yea. I've been playing basketball since elementary school. I think I'll continue here too."

I always thought he did some kind of exercise with that kind of body—guess it was basketball. He seems pretty into it too.

"How about you two?"

"We just came because it seemed fun and exciting. I also hoped some kind of fateful encounter would happen."

"What do you mean by a fateful encounter?"

I prompted Ike again after hearing that questionable goal, and he answered proudly after crossing his arms.

"My first objective is to make a girlfriend. So, I was hoping that a fateful encounter would happen here."

He then placed his hands on my shoulders and his face suddenly got dark, even when this room was extremely bright.

"Hey Ayanokoji, sharing is caring. You know that right?" He said. What the hell does he mean by that?

"Yea, yea. Also, I made a male group chat yesterday." Yamauchi said and for once was useful by helping me get out of the strange conversation with Ike.

Yamauchi took out his phone.

"Do you want to join too? It's pretty convenient."

"Eh, is that fine?"

"Of course. We're all a part of class D after all."

I didn't expect that. I'm glad to have been invited to a group chat.

A perfect chance to make some more friends finally came.

As I started to take out my phone to exchange numbers, I saw Horikita disappear into the crowd.

Feeling worried about her, I unintentionally stopped moving.

"What's wrong?"

"No... it's nothing. Let's exchange numbers."

Regaining my senses, I shared my contact info with the others.

Horikita has the freedom to do whatever and go wherever she wants, and I have no right to stop her. She looks as if she needed some time alone too.

I felt like following her for a moment, but I decided not to.

Authors notes:

Satou is interested to Ayanokoji earlier on. At first, she thought he was handsome but too gloomy, but after the sincere apology on the first day after the Horikita Incident, she realized he probably just had trouble expressing himself.

Manabu is not gay, he's a bro. One of the only guys I would allow to have a pic of in this fic besides Ryuuen, Albert, and maybe a few others.

Hope you enjoyed the chapter.

Peace  

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Swimming Exposure

Reads: 7982 | Votes: 288 | Comments: 370

One week since the entrance ceremony, I walked into the classroom and was met with something abnormal.

"Good morning Yamauchi!"

"Good morning Ike!"

While arriving at school, Ike called out to Yamauchi with a smile on his face.

It's very unusual for those two to get to school early. Ike and Yamauchi have always arrived at school right before the bell, sometimes even after.

"Wow~ the lesson is so fun that I can't sleep~"

"Yup, this school's the best—swimming will start soon! I say swimming, but girls are the important part! And by girls, I mean swimsuits!"

Certainly, swimming is taught to both boys and girls. In other words, Horikita, Kushida, and all the other girls are wearing swimsuits... and their skin would be clearly visible.

The girls in the room hurriedly backed away from Ike and Yamauchi's excitement. While I share similar thoughts, they are not in the sheer magnitude of theirs. I also don't voice them out loud for all to hear.

On the other hand, I was still sitting in my chair, all alone. I have to be proactive in joining a group of friends. Fortunately, their conversation was paused, so I stood up. However...

"Oi, Professor. Come over here."

"Hihihi, did you call me?"

A chubby boy, who apparently has the nickname "Professor", walked towards the ones that called him. I think his name was Sotomura or something. I know all my classmates names, they all have name plates after all. I didn't memorize it because I was desperate, it just stuck in my head unintentionally.

"Professor, can you record the girls wearing swimsuits?"

"Leave it to me. I'll pretend to be sick and skip class to observe them."

"Record? What are you planning to do?"

"Professor is going to rank the sizes of the girl's boobs. If there's a chance, he'll try to take a picture for our collection!"

"... Oi oi."

Sudou draws back from Ike's plan. It really is nice to see him back off from their schemes. After all, if the girls find out, it'll be a bloodbath. The pool might literally turn red. However, regardless of what they're talking about, I'm envious of their conversation. Must be good to have a lot friends. I want some more friends too.

"Sad."

"...You were here too, Horikita?"

"A few minutes ago. I walked in while you were looking at those boys. You wouldn't be thinking of trying to be friends with them, would you?"

"Be quiet. It's difficult for me to make friends anyway."

"The way I see it, you don't seem to have a communication disorder."

"I have a lot of circumstances. Ha... even now I can only hold a conversation with you and a few others."

Even if I can text with Ike and the others, conversation is still hard.

"Hey... I wish you luck, but absolutely not with them. There might be a group in the class known as the four idiots if you hang out with them too much."

She looked at me with a worried face, like a mom sending her son off to school for the first time. Now I kind of wished I have a proper parent so I could feel maternal love from somebody.

"Oi Ayanokoji."

Suddenly, Ike called out to me. When I looked up, I saw his smiling face beckoning me over.

"Wha- what is it?"

I slightly stammered as I got up. Horikita facepalmed and already turned her attention to a romance novel. That's different, I didn't peg her as the type to read such stuff.

Anyways, my chance to make a group of friends has come. I walked towards Ike.

"To tell you the truth, we were going to bet on the the girl's chest sizes."

"We even have a table for the betting odds. Everyone puts in 1,000 points in."

Professor took out a tablet and opened an Excel sheet.

All the names of the girls in the class were listed. Bets were also attached. I'm not interested in betting, but I won't let this chance to make friends get away.

"Hmm... Should I join?"

"Yea! Do it, do it!"

Right now, the contender for the biggest breasts on the sheet is Hasebe. Her odds are 1 for 8. Almost everybody voted her except

one person.

"This is more detailed than I thought it would be... aren't you guys observing too much?"

"That's because we're male. We've only got ass and tits constantly in our minds!" That's absolutely false no matter how you look at it. I might actually believe it for Ike and Yamauchi though.

Even if that's true, they have no restraint at all.

Near the bottom of the odds, there was Horikita's name. It was about 30th.

Well, in terms of breast size, it's obvious who wins and who loses. She has a pretty low chance of winning. They should probably make a vote for the smallest size wins as well to make the bet more interesting.

There is no way I'm going to suggest that.

"So, what are you going to do? It's 1,000 points to join."

"I see..."

I only really know everyone's names and faces by a brief glance. I didn't pay attention to breast size, so it's hard to join.

The only people I talk to who have a decently large size are Kushida and Satou.

Every other girl has the premium medium size or smaller.

Kushida certainly has big breasts, but it's hard to say that she'd take first place with only that much information.

"It's fine, we're only playing. There's a lot of people to pick from too."

"I'll do it!"

"Me too, me too!"

"I've scouted boob sizes before too!"

Keep it down idiots. Are all the boys really that stupid?

While I was thinking about it, all the males gathered and got excited over breasts. All the girls in the classroom looked over with disgusted expressions. I was also a target of that disgust and I unknowingly shrunk a little.

"I'll join too. My bet's on Sakura." No no no. Not the shy girl! Look at her, she's cowering in fear in the corner of the room now.

Yamauchi cut in and gave his bet. Sakura is a seemingly quick to scare person who wore glasses. I don't really talk to her, so I wouldn't really know exactly.

Pondering about something, Yamauchi took Ike and Professor's shoulders and started whispering something.

"I'm only saying this to you guys, but I actually confessed to Sakura."

"..."

"..."

"..."

I call BS.

Even if he had the confidence, he most likely would've been rejected. The only way I could think of him getting her to accept is to blackmail her, or put her in a uncomfortable position which makes her blurt out "yes" to get out of it,

"Ha!? What, really!?"

Ike was the most surprised and impatient. Did someone beat him to achieving his goal?

"Yea, yea. But this is only between us, ok? I thought she was really ordinary at first. And then I saw her clothes. Those things are huge."

"Stupid, you're asking her because she's big and not because she's cute?"

"I wouldn't date anyone unless they're at the same level as Kushida and Hasebe. I don't have any interest in ordinary girls." And that's why you'll probably never get a girlfriend.

Wait, why are my thoughts being much ruder lately? Oh well, at least I know they deserve it.

(Airi is ordinary like Clark Kent with glasses but when she takes them off...)

Yamauchi was being merciless because no one else was around.

I wonder how much I can trust his words about asking her out.

In the end, I decided to place my bet on the girls with higher odds, Hasebe.

Sorry about that, I'm rooting for you I guess?

Chabashira-sensei walked into the room and announced to the class, "The school said that attendance was mandatory, even if you can't swim."

They probably would hold an event some point for swimming, but I thought whoever made it up might have made a mistake.

The boys look disheartened as their picture plan failed.

Some of the girls who planned on not going looked somewhat similar.

The other girls let out sighs of relief, as they probably overheard the plan and would rather not have their picture kept by multiple perverts.

"Wow, it's the pool!"

After lunch ended, the long-awaited swimming class Ike and the others were waiting for finally came.

Without trying to hide his lust, Ike stood up in excitement. The group faced the indoor swimming pool I also followed stealthily from the back. Or so I thought.

"Let's go together, Ayanokoji."

"Eh? Uh, s-sure."

I hesitated from Ike's invitation, but I quickly followed them to the locker rooms.

Sudou quickly started changing his clothes. His well-forged body from years of playing basketball was visible. Especially if you compared him to the others in the class, his body looks strong.

The students wrapped themselves with bath towels, but Sudou stood there in only his underwear. In that semi-nude state, he took out his swimsuit from his bag. I unintentionally spoke up at the sight.

"Sudou, don't you feel embarrassed?"

"No, I try to change as quickly as possible. If you try to hide yourself, you become the center of attention."

You can say that again. Someone who tries to change stealthily in a locker room would probably be made fun of.

"Also Ayanokoji," he called out to me this time. "HOW THE HELL ARE YOU SO RIPPED? I didn't take you as the athletic type."

I have been maintaining my physique I got from the white room through every day exercise. While I won't get stronger, I definitely won't get weaker.

"Eh, I just do simple simple exercise."

"Do you even know the definition of simple?" Akito, the usually quiet guy, retorted.

"You're quite well built yourself Akito." I answered. His arm muscles seem more developed and his back muscle, specifically the Latissimus Dorsi, seem pretty developed as well. Guessing he did a sport like archery in junior high.

"Thanks, I guess." I successfully avoided the topic.

"Alright, let's go." Sudou left the locker rooms, probably realizing no answer will come from me. I also finished changing.

"This school's really the best! It's even better than a city pool!"

Ike, who came out wearing swimming trunks, shouted after seeing the 50 meter pool.

The water looked crystal-clear, and wasn't disturbed because it was an indoor pool. What an excellent facility. This must cost hundred of thousands yen to maintain yearly.

"Where are the girls? Are they not here yet?"

Ike looked for the girls, sniffing the air like a dog. If I had telepathy,

I would probably warn them not to get close to this pervert. They probably already know that.

"They take a while to change after all."

"Hey, what would happen if I suddenly jumped into the girl's locker room?"

"They'd beat you up and file charges against you."

"... Don't ruin my fantasies with such a real answer."

He was shivering at that reply.

"If you stare at the girl's swimsuits too much, they'll probably hate you."

"Are there any boys that wouldn't stare!? ... What will I do if I get a boner..." If that happened, Ike would probably be hated until we graduate.

Oh wait, let's make a new bet. I bet 10,000 points that it wouldn't be visible anyways. Also, what's with his line of thought?

Wait, what? I'm somehow naturally talking to Ike and his group.

Even though I didn't want to and couldn't join his group, it looks like I was pulled into the group. This must be the moment that I finally make some friends. I don't feel particularly proud though, but I was lacking male friends.

"Wow~ This pool doesn't even compare to my middle school one~"

A few minutes after the boys finished changing, a girl's voice could be heard.

"Did, did they finally come!?"

Ike was on guard, waiting. If you're that obvious, it's obvious they'd hate you.

Even so, I was also a bit curious. About Hasebe, Kushida, and more or less, about Horikita too.

I was particularly interested in Hasebe—there's nothing wrong with taking one peek at her.

The 20 girls exited the locker room in tight school swimsuits. I quickly scanned them all and seemed the boys were right. Although Sakura takes a close second, Hasebe definitely takes the win.

Sakura does have a more charming figure than I imagined originally too though...

why is she wearing goggles?



(Just pretend school swimsuit)

I just realized but pretty much every girl in this school is a graduate in the beauty department. Ignoring their bodies and just looking at their faces, that much was evident.

Yikes, I'm staring too much.

Hasebe seems like a self-conscious girl. Furthermore, she's sensitive to the curiosity from the boys. I guess she wasn't amused by the boy's peeking.

"Wow, look at those huge jugs~!"

Contemplating whether he was in heaven or not, Ike shouted in joy in earshot of Hasebe.

Hasebe shot a glare at him.

Murmurs spread among the girls. Like I said, I expected the girls to hate him for being so blatant...

"Ike, this isn't a time to be so excited. There are a lot of other girls who can hear you!" Miyamoto, I think, said.

"Y-yeah. Keep it down, it's fine. You're gonna ruin your reputation along with ours! They are exotic though." Yamauchi said while drooling a lot. I quickly took a step back.

"Yeah!"

Yamauchi and Ike affirmed their friendship and clasped each other's hands.

"You two, what are you doing? Looks fun."

"Ku-ku-kushida-chan?"

(Wait, when Ryuen laughs, he say the first two letters of Kushida's name lol)

Kushida interrupted the two boys.

Wearing the school swimsuit, Kushida's curvy body line was on display.

In less than a second, all the boys stared at Kushida. Her breasts are about D or E cup. I don't know exactly but it's around that size. It's also a lot bigger than I thought. Her butt was also much bigger than expected. However, I immediately averted my eyes once again.



Ah, what beautiful weather we are having today... World peace is great.

... It's big trouble when a certain body part reacts. Who am I to be disciplining Ike and Yamauchi mentally when I am somewhat similar. Not in size though, that's for sure.

"Why do you have a weird expression?"

Horikita looked at my face, feeling suspicious.

"I'm currently having an internal battle."

I saw Horikita's figure. Not a bad view, yup, not a bad view.

I was staring too long, so I tried to calm myself down and exert self-control. It's making my problem worse now.

"..."

I felt the gazes of multiple people fall on me but I chose to ignore them. Only one approached me.

Horikita looked up and down my body, staring intensely.



"Ayanokoji-kun, do you exercise?"

"Not that much but I do a little. I'm not proud of it, but I was part of the go-home club."

"You say that, but... you clearly look like you exercise from the muscles in your arm and back."

"I inherited good genes as well I think, so it's easier to grow muscle mass."

"I don't think that's the case."

"What, do you have a muscle fetish?"

"If it's you, maybe." Horikita murmured. I didn't hear a single thing she said though.

"If you go that far to deny it, I'll believe you..." she quickly said after. I decided not to question what the previous comment was.

She looks dissatisfied but has a blush?

Looks like she also has quite the discerning eye.

"Horikita-san, are you good at swimming?"

Even though Horikita had a strange expression on her face, she quietly replied to Kushida.

"I'm not particularly good or bad."

"In middle school, I was really bad at swimming. I practiced really hard, and now I'm a lot better!"

"I see."

Horikita let out an uninterested reply and backed away from Kushida. She stopped the conversation from going any further.

"Alright, everyone gather□"

A teacher brought the students together and started class. He may be the P.E. teacher, but he looks like the type that would attract girls.

"40 people, I see. It's great you all attended, your P.E. marks would've dropped drastically for this class if you didn't. It was mandatory after all."

There clearly were students who thought about skipping class, but

were semi-relieved when they didn't.

"It's a bit sudden, but I'll be examining your abilities after you're done warming up. You guys will be swimming."

"Um sensei, I can't swim though..."

A boy raised his hand apologetically and spoke up.

"As the teacher, I'll make sure that you learn how to swim by the summer. Don't worry."

"There's no need to learn how to swim... We can't go to the beach anyway."

"That's too bad. It doesn't matter if you're bad at swimming now, but I'll make sure everyone learns. Learning how to swim will definitely be useful. I guarantee it."

Learning how to swim will be useful? Well, I guess swimming will be useful one way or another. He most likely meant it for later on in school life.

Even so, when the teacher says it like that, I feel a bit uncomfortable...

Everyone started the warm-up exercises. Ike kept repeatedly glancing at the girls to take a peak. Afterwards, we were instructed to start the 50m swim. Students who didn't know how to swim were allowed to touch the bottom of the pool with their feet. They only numbered 3.

Ever since last summer, I haven't been in a pool since. I stepped into the pool, getting quickly accustomed to the temperature-regulated pool. Then, I started to swim lightly.

After swimming the 50m, I waited for everyone else to finish up.

"Hehehe, a complete victory. Did you see? My super swimming!"

Swimming casually, Ike got out of the pool with a self-satisfied look. No, you weren't all that different from the others. If anything, you lagged behind a little

"Anyway, it looks like mostly everyone can swim."

"Sorry, Sensei. Back in middle school I was called the Flying Fish after all." Is that true? If so, fish live in water, and flying typically means in the sky. Does his swimming style resemble a fish gasping for water outside of water? Unbeknownst to him, that's more of an insult than a compliment.

"I see. Then you guys can immediately start competing against each other then. 50m freestyle, separate yourselves by gender." Even the teacher had a confused expression at Yamauchi's comment.

"C-compete!? Are you serious?"

"I'll give the first place winner a bonus: 10,000 points. On the other hand, last place will get supplementary lessons so prepare yourselves."

Those who were good at swimming were cheering, while the worse swimmers weren't thrilled at all. I thought the idea of winning 10,000 points was nice. If each Ice cream Carton costs 268 yen, I could buy 37 cartons. Sounds great to me. Either way, I'll still try my best. This just gave me a lot more motivation.

"For the girls, I'll split you into four groups of 5, the last group would have 4, and give the fastest time the overall victory. For the boys, I'll take the top 5 times and then hold a final round to make things more enjoyable."

Perhaps it's added punishment to the students who skipped class, not that there were any here. What a well-thought-out plan.

There were 18 boys and 19 girls, excluding those who didn't know how to swim. When the girls started their race, the boys sat on the sidelines and started to cheer for... no, evaluate the girls.

"Kushida-chan, Kushida-chan, Kushida-chan, Kushida-chan, Kushida-chan. Hahahaha." He sounds like a stalker would.

It seems like Kushida completely captured Ike's mind.

"You're scary, Ike—quiet down." I completely agree.

"B-but Kushida-chan is fucking cute. Her breasts are really big too."

Kushida garnered popularity from the boys in a whirlwind. Is there anyone as popular as she is right now?

If you only talked about faces, Horikita was definitely on top, but her bad personality dropped her popularity down. However, she still has a fair bit of popularity, so when she stood at the start line, there were a few cheers. She seemed athletic too, so I think she might win or at the very least place in the top three.

"Everyone, make sure to remember this sight! Today's fap material has been secured!"

"Yea!"

Somehow, the boys were getting closer to each other through swimming.

Hirata was the only exception, having averted his eyes from the girls. It makes sense now that I think about it.

The whistle blew, and the 5 girls jumped in. Horikita is in lane 2. Taking the lead in the beginning, she maintained her lead at a distance. She confidently came in first place.

"Oh! Horikita did it!"

Her time was about 28 seconds. That's pretty quick. Without even breathing heavily, Horikita slowly got out of the pool.

The boys were staring at her bouncing ass as she got out of the pool. I also unintentionally looked at Horikita. Because she's a girl, there's something there. Yea.



I feel like I should apologize for ogling her later but quickly dumped the idea due to the awkwardness of the possible scenario.

Then came the second race. Kushida was in lane 4. The boys were waving and cheering with smiles on their faces.

"Woouooooooooo!"

They're some aggressive boys. Some of them even tried to look in between the girls' legs.

During the self-introductions, Kushida declared to the whole class that she wanted get along with everybody. It seems like her wish came true. She was constantly having friendly chats with all the

boys around her. Kushida has an atmosphere that attracts other people to her.

The second race started. It was pretty one-sided. The girl known as Onodera won the race in a landslide. Her time of 26 seconds was clearly the best time. It seems she was in the swimming club too, so it was understandable. Kushida got a time of 31 seconds, which was pretty good but only got her 4th place.

I went to go talk to Horikita who had gotten out of the pool.

"That's too bad. Second place. Those swim club members look relentless."

"Not really. I don't mind whether or not I lose. Do you have confidence in yourself?"

"Obviously. I just have to be first."

"... That's quite cocky of you. You might have a chance though." she said less bluntly than usual. I don't have to worry. While Koenji does seem extremely tough, I should still be able to beat him in a race.

"I don't typically like to compete with others but points and my image is on the line."

She gave a nod then a perplexed expression appeared on her face wondering why I was worried about my image. She probably thought it was to make friends. Little did she know, that was just a side goal. It was all to avoid being branded as a pervert.

I already gave up on hiding. My only goal is to become great again. Wait, I meant protect myself.

I was put in lane 2, while Sudou was in the first lane. Sudo might get 25 seconds so I aimed for 24 seconds completion time. Keeping that in mind, I dived into the pool.

Finishing the 50m stretch with great speed, Sudou looked up from the water only to see me getting up before him. The boys and girls let out a voice of admiration.

"Is that even possible, Sudou? You finished in 25.02 seconds!"

"Wait wait wait. How did Ayanokoji complete it in 24.69 seconds! That's insane!"

(Junior world record is 21.75 sec, at least that's what I saw on the web.)

Nice, I got 1st place this round as expected. Great, I don't have to take supplementary lessons then. Those points are nearly mine.

"Ayanokoji-kun, won't you join the swimming club? If you practiced, you'd compete pretty well."

"Sorry, I don't plan on joining any club. Swimming's just for fun."

"He didn't even break a sweat from that amount of swimming..."
The audience stood there with their jaws dropped.

Sudou approached me and said, "Tch, I'll beat you in the finals, Ayanokoji." Ah, Sudou certainly is a sore loser.

Ike elbowed me, feeling jealous.

"Kya—!"

A girl let out a scream of joy directed at me. I also noticed multiple girls with blushes looking at me.

I looked down for a second and sighed in relief when I noticed my swimsuit remained. Phew, scared me for a second there.

Hirata was on the start line.

While Sudou's and my body gathered the admiration of the boys, Hirata's body gathered the admiration of the girls. I know I'm not popular with them, so I shouldn't feel this down about it.

Hirata is slender but still well-built. You can call him a slender macho man. Hearing the cheering from the girls for Hirata, Ike

made a spitting gesture. Sudou also made a displeased face and glared at Hirata. Poor Hirata doesn't deserve the hate he is getting from them.

"If you win, I'll make sure to destroy you too. I'll show you my full power." Sudou said, still glaring at Hirata.

Wasn't swimming just for fun... He seems more interested on winning than the award.

When the teacher blew the whistle, Hirata jumped in with great form. As Hirata paddled his arms, the girls on the side were cheering him on. His swimming form looks uselessly cool.

"He's surprisingly fast."

Sudou calmly commented. Anyway, Hirata is a pretty fast swimmer. The other 4 boys were quite a distance from Hirata. His lead incited the girls to cheer him on even more.

Hirata took 1st place, exceeding my expectations. The loud cheers reverberated in the big indoor pool. Akito took 2nd place near 1 second after Hirata.

"Sensei, what was the time?"

Ike impatiently asked.

"Hirata's time is... 26.13 seconds."

"Alright, let's go Sudou. If it's you, you can win! Bring down the hammer of justice!"

"Leave it to me. I'll beat him thoroughly then make his popularity drop to the ground..."

Sudou got fired up from Ike's words, but a loss from Hirata probably wouldn't cause his popularity to drop.

"Oi, what about me?" I asked, wondering why they didn't ask me, who got a better time, to beat Hirata.

"You don't matter," Ike grumbled. "You took the other half of girls Hirata didn't take."

Me taking girls? I wanted to ask him for clarification and if his eyes were alright but I simply sighed.

"Hirata-kun, you were really cool! You're not just good at soccer, but also good at swimming!"

"Is that so? Thanks."

"Hey, why are you looking at Hirata-kun with love in your eyes!"

"Ha? You're the one ogling him!?"

And so on. Hirata's popularity exceeded frustration and is a shocking thing to watch.

"Stop, you guys. Don't fight over me. I belong to everyone. I want to get along with everyone. Just because I'm good at swimming doesn't mean you should fight over me."

I don't know what he was hearing, but Koenji mistook those cheers for himself somehow.

With a refreshing smile, Koenji put his foot on the start line.

"Hey... Why is Koenji wearing those speedos..."

"W-what?"



Wearing speedos were allowed by the school, but no one else were wearing those. The girls looked away from Koenji's crotch area. I considered wearing them but just went with what the majority selected instead.

However, for the third race, Koenji was the center of attention. His posture at the start looked like an athlete's.

Not only his posture, but Koenji's figure is even better than Sudou's. The boys who were proud about their physicality, including Sudou, watched Koenji swim while gulping.

"I don't really care about winning or losing, but I don't like losing," Sudou muttered to himself. I highly doubt that, seeing how competitive you were earlier.

At the sound of the whistle, Koenji jumped into the pool with great form.

"Wow!"

Sudou let out a surprised voice at Koenji's aggressive swimming. Hirata was also looking in amazement. His speed is really impressive. Of course, Sudou is also fast. Recording the time, the teacher looked at the stopwatch once again.

"Time is... 23.22 seconds."

"As usual, my abdominal, back, and psoas major muscle are in shape. Not bad."

After getting out of the pool, Koenji smiled and brushed his hair.

Still breathing evenly, it doesn't even look like he swam.

"I'm fired up...!"

His fighting spirit burned after his time was beaten again. To be honest, only Sudou and I have any chance at winning other than Koenji. Sudou most likely still won't though. Rather than the finals, this is more like a one-on-one between me and Koenji.

"Because both Koenji-kun and Ayanokoji-kun are fast, I'm looking forward to the finals!"

"Ah, yea."

While waiting for the finals to start, Kushida spoke up.

Because a bishoujo in a swimsuit was next to me, I entered a state of emergency as my heart went doki, even if I suspected her personality was a front.

"Hmm? What is it? Your face is a bit red... By any chance, are you feeling sick?"

No way, my face went red? Blame it on the lighting.

"No, it's nothing like that..."

"Even so, something looks off... Why do we have swimming classes in April anyway?"

"That's because we have a great indoor pool. That reminds me, Kushida, you were really fast. To the point that it's impossible to imagine you being bad in middle school."

"You too, Ayanokoji—you were pretty fast."

"Thanks, but I slightly above average. I also don't like exercising

much."

"Is that so? But Ayanokoji-kun looks pretty solid. Even though you're thin, you look as well-built as Sudou. Also, your time was **way** above average," She moved her hand up above her head emphasizing way, way more.

Kushida looked at me still. I feel 5 times more nervous than when Horikita looked at me.

"There's no special reason; I was just born with it. That's the truth."

The conversation revolved around my physical health. Even though I'm nervous, I feel oddly satisfied. It was only for a short while this time, but I want to talk with Kushida more at some point.

"Ayanokoji, Sudou, Hirata, Akito, and Koenji. Finals is about to start!" The teacher called the 5 people with the best times to the pool for the last race.

"Oh, bye Kushida. Talk to you later." I said, while standing up slowly, somewhat sad the conversation ended.

'lies'

What was that?

"Ok Ayanokoji-kun, good luck!" She exclaimed.

I nodded and headed towards the first lane.

"I'll beat you this time Ayanokoji, you too narcissist!"

Sudou sure is fired up. I shook my head up and down while Koenji ignored him.

"Hey, I'm talking to you Koenji!" Sudou screamed again, to which his existence was denied again by Koenji.

Hirata and Akito stood between the two of them somewhat awkwardly.

Oh also, we were assigned our separate timers to make things more accurate. The pairings were as following:

For Koenji, Mii -chan

For Akito, Hasebe Haruka

For Hirata, Kushida Kikyo

For Sudou, Onodera Kayano

For me, Nene Mori



Our sensei, sensing the uncanny atmosphere, started the 5 second countdown.

Everybody recomposed themselves, aiming to their best. As the

teacher said "GO!" we all dove in the water in unison.

I cleared my mind, swatting the pool water with my arms and legs as I blitzed through the race.

Look alive, I can still go faster than this.

I reached the wall and pulled myself up, seeing Koenji doing the same, slightly lagging behind. Looks like I won, as expected.

It looks like Koenji beat Sudou by about 5 meters for the victory. Nene Mori, who monitored my time with a surprised expression read it out loud.

"21.42."

She then looked back at me, looked down and started bleeding from the nose as she toppled over. I just barely caught her and picked her up in a princess carry, wondering if she was ok and I felt a breeze.

Weird why do I...

I peered down and there my member dangled just below Mori for all to see. Luckily my back was facing one side of the pool. Unluckily, it happened to be the boys side. They might have seen it between my legs as they were muttering, "that ayanokoji..." or "how?"

My back was faced to the boys, but my front was clearly visible by the girls.

It seems I went a bit too fast.

Koenji looked at me, probably wondering how I beat him, then saw my exposed front and walked away with a grin.

I set Mori down on the floor and watched her run off.

Once Sudou finished, he backed away wondering why I was butt naked. He forgot to even ask for his time.

Hirata came over to cover me from everybody's sight.

While it was appreciated, why does it have to be you?

I turned my head and caught a glimpse of Akito swimming to get my swimsuit that's still at the middle of the pool.

There goes my dignity. I won but lost something else.

Nearly every girl, nose bled just like Mori upon seeing my sword. Horikita, whose face showed no blood, muttered, "Huge!"

Red blood started drilling from her nose soon after.

The guys looked at me with jealousy for having such a large rod.

Akito came back and handed me my swimsuit while panting tiredly. He did twice the distance with no break after all.

I thanked Hirata and Akito sincerely, genuinely grateful for them helping me during my shameful display. Was the time I swam before foreshadowing?

Ike came over with a mad look on his face, saying, "Why'd you that Ayanokoji!"

"What, it was an accident though? I didn't do anything."

"That's not it!"

He whispered to me while putting his arm over my shoulders.

"Try not to take all the girls! I'm aiming for Kushida-chan, so don't get in the way."

I'm not trying to get in the way, but there are things in the world that are possible and things that aren't. I don't think Kushida is the type of girl to go for someone like Ike. Furthermore, the girls most likely think of me as more of a pervert than before.

The class had 20 minutes remaining and the teacher let us use the pool for the rest of the time.

He pulled me to side, and gave me my points I won while saying,

"Do you need a therapist? Being seen like that in public is a traumatizing event for many." I shook my head and he let me go while his face still held a worried expression.

By the time I got back, all the girls had already cleaned their noses and were in the pool once again. Nice, good to see it didn't phase them too much.

--- Meanwhile, the girls thoughts ---

H-his thing was so big!

Is he human?!

B-big.

His wet body was a sight for sore eyes, but his member was even nicer.

Will that even fit!?

I wonder how nice that will feel. . .

I wouldn't mind him smothering me with that.

Ah mou, now I'm wet.

(Because of the pool, perverts)

--- Going Back ---

I went inside the pool and most of the boys comforted me, checking to make sure I'm not depressed. The others glared at me from the corner, clicking their tongues. Koenji just sat smirking on the side looking at his mirror again.

The only girl who approached me in that period of time was Kushida with a pink tint in her checks , asking if I was ok. What a goddess.

Nearly all the boys except for three were now clicking their tongue as I played with Kushida in the water.

Some of her friends got near and playfully pushed her, and that left her leaning on my chest as I caught her. She looked down and pushed off of me and swam away with only her face above the water.

Even she wasn't able to last the embarrassment long enough.

Later in class, I was then congratulated for breaking the world record, though I wasn't happy.

At least I could have peace of mind that It won't spread as everyone's phones were in the other room.

The camera person would also have to delete the footage, underage porn is a no-no.

I just hope they aren't female.

--- **The camera room** ---

"You have quite the **fine** student,"

Ahn~♥□

"Sae-chan."

~*Authors notes*~

Tee-hee



Sorry about the late upload, I fell asleep while writing last night.

Longest chapter I wrote so far too, 6.1k words.

Also

Who would you guys like to be the first 🍷 ?

Good choice peeps~

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

French Style

Reads: 7054 | Votes: 285 | Comments: 195

"Hahahahaha! You're too funny, stupid!"

During 2nd period math class, Ike was loudly chatting with Yamauchi. It had been three weeks since the entrance ceremony; in that time, those two, along with Sudou, were given the name "the three idiots". Thank god I wasn't included.

"Hey Nene, do you want to go sing some karaoke?"

"Yea, let's go—"

Nearby, a group of girls were making after school plans.

"Even though people were nervous for a while, it seems like everyone's opened up to each other quickly..." I voiced out loud.

"Ayanokouji-kun, haven't you also made more friends?"

Horikita asked me while she was writing down notes from the blackboard.

"Eh, somewhat."

Although I was anxious at first, I got to know Sudou from meeting at the convenience store, and Ike and Yamauchi from the incident at the pool. We occasionally eat lunch together too.

If I think about it, I made friends or at least acquaintances with a lot of people, especially during swimming class. I still get semi-embarrassed whenever I think back to it though. I have noticed that a lot of girls approached me lately, and when I walk down the hallway, I'm met with red blushes or a predator look from one, which honestly terrifies me.

Either way, my closest friend right now is still probably Horikita, even if she doesn't talk much.

Even though I was far from having multiple "close" friends, I was happy to have some friends.

However, human relations are mysterious things, so it isn't clear when they exactly became my friends.

"Yo."

Halfway through the class, Sudou barged through the door of the class with a bang.

Ignoring the fact that it was the middle of class, he plopped down on his seat with a big yawn. I don't believe he did this in the last school so why here? Just because their lenient? I'm not sure how nobody noticed so far, but this class doesn't really fit the definition of "Elite". Tardies, Absences, disruptions and a long list of other things are much more apparent here then what I would think from a normal school.

"Hey, Sudou. Ah, do you want to eat lunch later?"

Ike said in a loud voice from across the room.

The teacher continued the lesson without saying anything about Sudou. A piece of chalk would've been sent flying in a normal classroom, but this teacher seems to be completely tolerant of their behavior. At first, the class was much quieter and reserved, but these days everyone is overly relaxed. I really hope they get paid far more than average for being able to put on a perfect act. Kushida should get some lessons from her.

Of course, there are a few people like Horikita who diligently study and pay attention. I make it look like that as well, even if I already have everything about this and more committed to memory

My pocket vibrated, indicating that I received a text message. It's the group chat most likely, but I chose to ignore it.

"Hey Horikita. Do you want to eat lunch together?" I asked,

somewhat knowing her response.

"No thank you. The guys you hang out with are very crude."

"... Can't deny that." They are very crude indeed, neither Ike or Yamauchi have any filter.

After all, when the boys are alone, all they talk about are girls or dirty jokes. Who's cute, who's dating who, and all that stuff. It's probably bad to add girls to this kind of conversation. Now I'm glad she refused, I wouldn't want Horikita to become a target for their lust...

They might end up half dead if that happens.

Third period, history. Chabashira-sensei's class. She walked in as the bell signaling the start of class rang. The student's attitudes didn't change, though.

"Everyone, be quiet— Today's class will be more serious."



(Smooth Sae?)

"What do you mean Sae-chan-sensei~?"

She was already given a nickname by the class. I strongly believe she dislikes it based on her mannerisms, but that's just me.

"It's the end of the month. We will have a short test. Pass these to the back." Pop quiz huh.

She handed out papers to the first row. Eventually, the test reached my desk. The test had several questions from each of the 5 major

topics.

"Eh~ I didn't hear anything~. I don't wanna take it~" I hope they know that's not an option which they probably do. Why did they even ask in the first place?

"Calm down. This test is only for future reference. It will not be reflected on your report card. There's no risk, so be at ease. However, cheating is naturally prohibited."

There was a slightly strange phrase included in her words. Normally, grades are reflected only in the report card. However, Chabashira-sensei's words are a bit different. It looks like she's implying that these grades won't be reported on our report card, but will be reported in some other way. Well... maybe I'm worrying too much. Since it won't be included in the report card, there's nothing to be cautious about. Although, it could be related to class competitions.

The lowest grade might lead to lower gain for the class. It is still too early to draw conclusions though.

Once the test started, I looked through the questions. 20 questions, 4 per section, and 5 points per question for a total of a 100 points. However, the questions were extraordinarily easily, and so it felt anticlimactic.

The questions on this test are about 2 levels below the entrance exam questions. Everything here is too simple. A first year junior student might even be able to complete this.

I thought that, but about 3 questions on the test were harder than the others. The last math problem probably can't be solved without using complicated formulas. I wonder why these are here.

These are clearly not for first year high school students, they were at second or third year level.

The last three questions are of a different nature; it wouldn't be surprising if they were put on by mistake. I suspected they were questions in the first place to either make the class average lower or

so the more intelligent students are easier to identify.

Why are they measuring our ability with this test though?

Well, I'll just solve these problems the opposite way I did on the entrance exam. I see no point on scoring 50s, I think 100 would do just fine. I have to change my classmate's images of me to something better.

Chabashira-sensei was monitoring the students as she walked around the classroom. I glanced at Horikita, watching her steadily fill in the answers to the questions. Looks like she'll get perfect marks besides maybe the last three.

I finished and put my test sheet on the table for Chabashira-sensei to take. She walked over, and exactly at that time, a wooden pencil was kicked up into the sky.

Her heel stepped right on pencil and she slipped forwards. She went crashing into me, knocking me out of my chair, and I quickly grabbed her to minimize damage.

"Mnngh!♥□"

My back took the impact as I toppled on the floor. The loud noise caught the attention of everybody in the room, distracting them from their tests.

From their perspective, a male student and their one and only Sae-sensei were on the ground with his hands grasping her ass tightly. We were face to face, staring at each other deeply.



She made a sudden move, kicking the leg of my already leaning wooden chair farther, to which her shoe went sliding across the room. The chair then crashed down.

On her head.

Her face then merged with mine, our lips locking. Both of our eyes widened, is what I would say but she passed out, probably from the impact. The weight of the chair remained on her head, forcing me down too. I tried moving my upper body but she hugged me like I was a stuffed toy, wrapping her arms and legs around me. I tried moving my legs but to no avail did it work.

I could separate her forcefully, but with the magnitude of pressure she is squeezing me, I might break a limb or two and I'd rather not do that.

I came to the conclusion that It'd be best to wait for somebody to help me so I hurriedly looked around the room. Everybody had a desperate look in their eyes, doing their best to complete their tests and not run out of time.

While multiple people took a glance at me and Chabashira-sensei on

the floor kissing, no one helped. Some might have thought it was them hallucinating from using their brain too much while others thought we would detach from each other by ourselves. I could imagine the chair blocking the view for some too.

And so, for the remaining time of the period, I was left to lay while being kissed by my teacher.

After she moved a little, I thought she was finally letting go but she pressed on me even tighter, her bountiful cleavage at the peripheral of my sight.

Her tongue then started moving.

WHO MOVES THEIR TONGUE IN THEIR SLEEP?!

Does she kiss her body pillow in her sleep or something?

She unknowingly pressed against my teeth and tried forcing her way in. I denied access every time.

A few minutes have passed and at this point, I grew tired of clenching my teeth. I let her tongue explore the insides of my mouth, deepening the kiss.

I quickly moved my tongue as well, trying to maximize the pleasure felt from this situation. She might stir awake if the kiss is good enough. She was the one who initiated it, even when asleep. We've already gone this far, so it's fine if I continue.

Though it was a surprise, I wouldn't necessarily mind having a french kiss with a beautiful women like this.

My boner, which sprouted a minute ago, pushed Chabashira-sensei's waist upwards slightly and fell against my stomach soon after. Because of the movement due to the kiss. Her crotch area is slightly rubbing against mine. This is a very precarious situation. If it goes on for another 5 minutes, I might actually do something else for the first time in my life.

I kept thinking of this questionable situation until the final bell sounded.

She shook awake and widened her eyes so large, you'd think she was an anime character.

She quickly untangled her limbs from me with a yelp and grabbed the chair above her head. Chabashira-sensei then tried to stand up. One of her heels planted on the floor and her foot without the shoe, stepped on my manhood.

If I wasn't trained this might hurt. She rubbed it back and forth slightly, looking down, probably confused on what she stepped on that was more than twice the size her own foot. She realized and instantly removed her foot from the source with a extreme tint of red on her cheeks. She took a step more back for safety and placed the chair down at my desk.

As class was already dismissed, let me tell you that all eyes were on us. Even Koenji stayed in the room and pulled popcon out from god knows where.

I sat up slightly and quickly seated myself at my desk. I would've stood up, but something unwanted would've surely shown as a large bulge to the onlookers

She looked at my straight face, and cleared her throat with a *ahem*. She then apologized with, "I am sorry for tripping and falling on you. I truly do feel bad for taking your first kiss and not noticing what I was stepping on."

"It's ok, It's not everyday a beautiful woman falls for me. Also, you don't have to worry, that wasn't my first kiss, it was taken quite recently."

Oops, I blurted that out by accident.

The class remained silent, and Chabashira-sensei looked stunned.

The audience cried:

"Did he just flirt with the teacher?"

"They were there for 30 minutes! Why are they brushing it off like it was a peck!"

"Yeah yeah, it even looked like tongue action was involved!"

"Is Sensei's head ok though? It look like she was passed out for a while there."

"DIE RIAJUU."

"BETRAYER!"

"He totally felt her ass up back there! So jealou- er, I mean what a pervert!"

"From my angle, I thought I saw an unnatural gap near their lower bodies..."

"I'M SO JEALOUS! I WISH I WAS SENSEI!"

At that last statement everybody looked around the room to find who said it. To the luck of the speaker, they were never found.

"First kiss taken? By who?"

As Kushida said that, another panic flew around the room, ranging from boys saying he left them behind to Horikita and Matsushita blushing. Horikita was the first but Matsushita wasn't aware of that.

Some girls had disappointed looks on their face, I wonder why.

I heard Chabashira-sensei muttering, "B-beautiful?" in the background with a even redder tint in her cheeks. She seems so innocent right now. We should probably bring her to the nurse, I wouldn't be surprised if she had a minor concussion.

I really hope she keeps her job as this was an accident, the camera caught everything.

It is weird how nobody helped us at all though.

Moving on, I still haven't made up an excuse about the first kiss thing. I think saying it was in junior high would be a reliable cover up. There's no way Horikita would want it to be known that she kis-

"Me. I took Ayanokoji-kun's first, he took mine as well." Horikita said, ending my thoughts.



She didn't just do that right? Original Horikita, where did you go???

The class was in uproar and multiple people started screaming, "No, it was me!"

Is this a game or something?

I sighed, then resolved my current predicament. It was left as an accidental kiss with Horikita as well.

After that, I went to the dorms and retired for the day, cursing yet thanking, while cursing my curse again with curse words.

~Authors Notes~

Shorter part, made a large Sae moment, cannot go wrong with those. 2.4k words

I skipped chapter 4 for COTE as it felt bland and Horikita is more willing to accept invitations if Ayanokoji goes at this point.

She would still have some difficulty if she is asked to go by herself.

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Gathering with Friends!

Reads: 6782 | Votes: 296 | Comments: 308

"Hey, if you tell me honestly, I'll forgive you, ok?"

"What do you mean by 'honestly'?"

What is he talking about?

After finishing lunch, I chatted with Sudou and the others in front of the vending machine.

Suddenly, Ike came close. Back away please, I don't swing that way. I'm pretty sure he doesn't either due to his obsession with girls but either way, it feels uncomfortable when you get that close.

"... We're friends, right? Buddies that'll stick together for the next 3 years?"

"Uh... yeah. That's right, but..." I think I might leave this group.

"Then... you'll tell us when you get a girlfriend, right?"

Why does that matter? Not like I am going to get one anyway.

"Hah? Girlfriend? Well, if that ever happens, then sure."

Ike put his arm on my shoulder. Good grief, he's getting even more physical. Is this a normal thing for friends?

It probably is.

"You're dating Horikita, aren't you? We won't forgive you if you steal a march on us."

Why did her name come up? We are not in a relationship, there's no way she likes me.

"... Ha?" I let out a realistic confused sound.

I noticed that Sudou and Yamauchi were looking at me suspiciously.

Darn, my monotone face and expression. It definitely did not look sincere at all.

"Stupid, we're not dating. Not at all. No, seriously. All we Horikita and I are his friends"

"Then what were you guys talking about stealthily during class? It was something we're not allowed to hear about, wasn't it. It was about dates, or dates, or about a promise to go on a date, right!?" None of that happened, we were only making brief conversations about the class, that you especially should be paying attention to.

"Aahh, I'm jealous! You even got your head between her legs the first day!" That sounds so wrong, specify which please before your talk.

"That was accidental, everybody knows that."

"Yeah, but it still happened! Not to mention the fact that she was your first kiss! How'd that happen bastard!"

"That was an accident as well," I said, hoping for him to drop it.

"What about with Sae-chan-sensei during class? Was that an accident as well? You felt her up and french kissed her for 30 minutes!"

"That sounds messed up, but it truly was an accident. I couldn't move my body when she fainted. We just happened to lay in that position and if anything, it was more her than me." I said, speaking factual information.

He stared at me with a suspicious glance and dropped it as his face darkened slightly. Looks like my phrasing worked, making him

think I was just lucky.

"Lucky bastard..." he muttered. "Still, why did Horikita admit that you were her first kiss while looking proud if it was an accident? She totally likes you, you should confess." He said while smirking. This guy, he wants me to get rejected.

"No, no. Horikita isn't that kind of girl. Who said I had feelings for her too?" I might have a crush on her, but the same goes for Kushida and nearly every other girl at this school.

At that point, is it even considered a crush? I'm not well-versed in the love department at all.

"I don't know that. We've never had the chance to talk anyway. If it wasn't for Kushida and her being a beauty, we might not even remember her name. She has no presence and doesn't talk at all. You talk to her all the time too, it'd be surprising if you didn't like her."

Is that so? Well, I've also never seen her talk to anyone other than me or Kushida. Well, I guess she did talk to Karuizawa's group, albeit very briefly.

"She's my seatmate and you do not even know her name, that's cruel." I retorted.

"Then do you know all of your classmate's names?"

... I really did. Saying that out loud though might make me creepy and also desperate looking.

"..."

"Her face is cute though, right? So we were paying attention to her."

You don't have a chance with her either. I thought of a weird image of Yamauchi with Horikita and it gave me the shivers



(I did NOT edit this one by the way, not sure who did.)

They were nodding their heads.

"Her personality is difficult, though. I don't like that kind of girl."

Sudou said after drinking his coffee.

"Yea, her personality is—how should I put it—harsh and snappy? I'd like to date someone who I can hold a good conversation with. Of course, someone cute. Someone like Kushida-chan."

Of course, Ike's favorite is still Kushida. And hey, Horikita's not that bad when you get to know her. She can be somewhat cute at times too...

"Ah~ Date Kushida-chan—then do ecchi things!"

In your dreams Yamauchi.

"Stupid, you think you can date Kushida-chan? Fantasies are also prohibited!"

"You also dream about dating her, don't you Ike? In my dreams, I'm already sleeping with Kushida-chan!" Too far, too far. He just admitted to my previous thought and I get the picture, but saying it out in the open? A girl with purple hair walked by with a look of

disgust on her face!

"What! She's doing a sexy pose in cosplay in my dreams!"

The two fought over their delusions. Hey, hey. You can fantasize whatever you want as a human being, but that's just being disrespectful to Kushida.

"Sudou, who are you aiming for? Are there any rumors of cute girls in the basketball club?"

"Huh? Oh, there's no one. There isn't much room for girls in the club anyway."

"Really... ? You better not be hiding that you're dating someone, absolutely not!"

"Yea, yea."

He just nodded his head at his disgusting words. Talking about girlfriends, I remembered Hirata.

"Hey, isn't Hirata dating Karuizawa now?"

"Oh, right. The other day Hondou saw the two of them holding hands."

"Damn, those two really are dating. Walking with shoulders touching."

"So they were, huh. I wonder if they did lewd things already?" Why do you always go there Yamauchi?

"Of course they did. Ah, I'm so jealous~!"

It feels unbelievable that first year high school students are already being highly intimate. But I guess it's true.

... I feel embarrassed for thinking the same way as these guys.

"Hey, you better listen to what I'm about to say—I'm the most experienced in that sort of thing."

Yamauchi sprawled on the ground and started to talk.

"Let's hear it from Hirata instead."

"Do you even think Hirata will tell us truthfully when we ask, 'How are her breasts, is she a virgin, or did you like that?'—did you really think he'd answer?"

What kind of experiences did you want to hear about...

I'll bet all my points, that they haven't done anything of the sort. Even if Hirata was attracted to her, relationships, at least on internet sensei, take 3 months to get to that stage, not 3 weeks. Hirata is also what you would call a herbivore I think.

I went to the nearby vending machine to buy a drink. Yamauchi called out with a request.

"Get me cocoa—"

"Don't push that onto me. Buy that yourself."

"No, I've almost used up all my points. I have about 2,000 left."

What.

"... How the hell did you use up more than 90,000 points in 3 weeks?"

"That's because I bought what I wanted to. Here, look. Isn't it great?"

Yamauchi took out a handheld gaming device.

"I went to go buy this with Ike. It's a Nintendo Switch, a 2nd generation one. It's amazing that the school sells these things too."

"How much are they?"

"About 20k points. With all options included, about 25k."

A fifth to a quarter of your allowance in an instant.

Hey, don't spend your points that quickly...

"Usually I don't play games, but since we now live in the dorms, I can play with others. Also, you know that guy Miyamoto in our class, right? He's really good at games."

Miyamoto is the slightly chubby boy in our class. I've never talked to him, but he seems like the guy to talk about games and anime all the time.

"You should also buy one and join us. Sudou said he'll be buying one as soon as he gets next month's allowance."

They started to gang up on me. Yamauchi handed me his game console to try it out. It's a lot lighter than I thought it would be. On the monitor, a soldier was carrying a big katana while fighting a mutated pig. What a weird world...

"Eh, to be honest, I'm not interested."

"Have you never heard of Hunter Watch? It's sold 4.8 million copies around the world! Ever since I was young, I've always had really good game sense, so I've been scouted by pros overseas. Well, I've refused those offers though."

I pressed X in doubt repeatedly in my mind because of that last statement.

I'm not sure whether 4.8 million is something amazing or not too. There are about 7 billion people in the world.

In other words, the people who have bought this game account for less than 0.1% of the population.

"Also, why is that dainty girl wearing all that heavy equipment? Is that stuff made of plastic? If it was made of iron, even Sudou would have trouble with it."

"... Ayanokouji, you seem to want a realistic aspect to your games. Are you a foreigner? Then, are you ok with automatic life regen? Do you like those Western games where you shoot someone, hide somewhere, and instantly get your stamina back? Those games are

even more unrealistic."

I could not understand anything Yamauchi was saying.

"People say that seeing is believing, right? Buy it and play with us. Ok? Ok? When you start playing, we'll farm for materials with you. Collecting honey is hard too, you know? So, you can buy me a cocoa in advance~"

"Good grief..."

I don't really need the honey or whatever, but I just bought the cocoa to appease him.

"This is what friendship is for! Thanks~!"

I didn't wish for this kind of friendship. Throwing the bottle at him, Yamauchi caught it with his belly.

Well then, what should I drink? As I was hesitating, I noticed a button.

"Oh, so this is here too."

There was an option for mineral water, free of charge.

"Anything wrong?"

"Ah, no. Hey, does the cafeteria offer any set meals that are free?"

"Are you talking about the vegetable set? Those are free. Ah, I don't want a school life just eating veggies and drinking water~"

While drinking his cocoa, Yamauchi laughed.

Having used up all his points, he had no choice but to eat vegetables and drink water every day.

However, it's a situation that's easily avoidable if you're careful. If you don't spend all your money like Yamauchi.

"... Hey, there are quite a few people that eat the free meal."

Since I went to the cafeteria often, I remember seeing a lot of students eating vegetables.

"It's probably because it's the end of the month."

"If that was the case, it would be fine..."

Feeling slightly anxious, I decided to get milk. I took the bottle from the slot. Ah, so sweet. I want an endless supply of it.

It does make ice cream after all.

"Why can't it become next month any faster, I want my dream-like school life back!"

The three of them shouted in frustration. You already get 100,000 points 'monthly'. Relax a little. Pretty sure you'll be shocked when next to nothing shows up in your account...

~Next day~

"Hey, we're hanging out with Kushida-chan and her friends later, you wanna go too?"

After the second to last afternoon class, I was absent-mindedly staring out the window when Ike and Yamauchi walked up to me.

Oh... Is this what they call a youthful student life? This is my first

time being invited somewhere after school by friends.

I didn't have any reason whatsoever to refuse, but there is one thing I'm curious about.

"Sounds good, but it depends on the specific people going..."

If there were a lot of people I don't know, I probably wouldn't go. It'd be somewhat awkward. I guess I could only hope for the best.

"Of course, me, Yamauchi, and Kushida are going! Then, including you, three other people.

People I didn't particularly know all that well. If it's that much, then I guess it's fine. I replied, saying I would go.

"Also, Kushida-chan's mine, so don't get in the way!" You're not even dating yet.

"No, no, Kushida-chan is my target, so you back off." Yamauchi denied Ike.

Wasn't Yamauchi targeting Sakura a little while ago?

"Haa? You're saying you're also aiming for her? Are you trying to pick a fight with me? – Ike"

I wish they'd got along, but rather they started fighting over Kushida. I don't necessarily blame them though. If I was looking to get into a relationship at this moment, I might have also argued back playfully. Just not sure about that other side of Kushida that peeks through at unnoticeable times.

I think hanging out after school would be fun, but now it seems like a bother.

Honestly, I'm surprised they even managed to hang out with the girls in the first place. Kushida might have let them, out of pity for the two.

When class ended, I left school with Ike and Yamauchi.

Because the campus is so big, I still haven't explored much of the school grounds.

"We're in the same class, but we couldn't go together with Kushida..." Ike said with a gloomy expression. You're already hanging out with her in a little bit, calm down.

"She had to talk with one of her friends in another class. Kushida-chan's a popular person, after all."

"Perhaps... she's talking to a boy?"

"It's ok, Ike, it was confirmed. She's talking to a girl."

"Good, good." Do they have their own group chat dedicated to stalking Kushida? Creepy. It also seems they are not the only members. In times like these, I'm really glad I'm not female.

"Are you guys seriously going for Kushida?" I asked, still thinking they had zero chance.

"Of course. She's honestly my heart's desire."

Yamauchi must have had the same opinion since he kept nodding his head in agreement.

"Well, you're going for Horikita, right? She's beautiful, I'll give you that."

"No, nothing is happening there. Seriously."

"Really? During class, didn't you guys glance at each other and casually hold hands? That kind of bittersweet, irritating event?"

We were doing nothing of the sort.

As Ike pressed me for answers, I saw Kushida running over.

"Sorry for being late. Thanks for waiting!"

"Oh, we were waiting Kushida-chan! Wait, why is Hirata here!?"

Ike, who was excitedly jumping up and down, suddenly took a step back and exaggeratedly fell down. What a strange guy, he wears his emotions on his sleeve.

"Oh, he joined us on the way. He asked me if they could come. Is there something wrong?"

Kushida brought along Hirata, his girlfriend from rumors, Karuizawa. There were two other girls, Matsushita and Mori, who always hung out with Karuizawa. I had strange situations with all of them. Matsushita probably got affected by it the worst. Well, I princess carried Mori while I was fully naked so I honestly have no clue which is considered worse.

"Hey, is there no method to refuse Hirata and send him back?"

Ike put his arms around my shoulder and obnoxiously whispered into my ear.

"I don't think there's any reason to send him away."

He's being too dramatic.

"If that ikemen's there too, our existences will be thin! What are you going to do in the unlucky event that Kushida-chan falls in love with Hirata? If we make the ikemen stay away from her, there's no way the event can happen!"

"No, I wouldn't know... Also, isn't Hirata dating Karuizawa? Don't worry."

"Just because you have a girlfriend doesn't guarantee anything. If you compare a used, dirty, and gaudy girl like Karuizawa with the pretty angel Kushida-chan, anyone would pick Kushida-chan!"

As he kept fervently speaking, his spit got into my ear—feels

disgusting. There are some disgusting words coming from his mouth too.

Certainly, Karuizawa looks gaudy, but she's still cute.

"Hey, that's a bit far. You shouldn't make assumptions like that yet, you're dissing Karuizawa way too much." I said defensively. I don't know her that well, but I can clearly tell she is not entirely like that.

Ike straight up ignored me and Yamauchi began to talk with an anxious tone.

"But Ike... you know that there's no guarantee that a cute girl like Kushida-chan is still a virgin, right?"

"Uu, that's... that might be true... n-no, Kushida-chan must be a virgin! She cannot look so pure if she's not!"

The boys continued to do as they pleased as they indulged in their fantasies. I wonder if you could call this discrimination against women. If possible, I'd rather not be involved in this conversation. Ike is still holding me in a headlock lock though.

"Um, if we're intruding, we can go as a separate group."

Hirata said to Ike and the others in a reserved tone. He noticed our whispering.

"N-no, it's all right! Right, Yamauchi?"

"Y-yea. Let's hang out together. The more the merrier. Right?"

What they said just now contradicted their whole conversation just now. They couldn't do anything, though, because if they tried to kick Hirata and his group out, Kushida may also be disappointed with them.

"Wow, that's a pretty normal answer. Why are you three whispering stealthily by yourselves?"

Karuizawa's words were reasonable, but I was shocked that she grouped me in with them. I even defended you...

...

I just got an idea for the future.

"Ok, here it is. I was thinking like this. If we exclude Hirata and Karuizawa, the number of boys and girls is the same. In other words, this looks like a triple date. Ayanokouji, this is your chance too, you know?"

"Yamauchi, you're fine with Matsushita, right? I'm going to talk with Kushida-chan." Selfish.

"Hey, is that a joke? I'm aiming for her! We're going to get married and give our vows under a big sakura tree! It's fate waiting to happen!" Matsushita's not that bad at all in the looks department, they're just too obsessed with Kushida.

"Lies! I've thought this for a while, but all you say are lies!"

"Ha? It's all true!"

If you believed everything that Yamauchi Haruki said, he would be a very good gamer, having been scouted internationally by pros, a national-level ping pong player in elementary school, the ace of his baseball team in middle school and unmistakably a potential future pro. What a very high-spec man.

There's been no proof for any of his claims, so it's all up in the air.

"Hey guys, stop it. What if I want to steal her from both of you?" I said normally with a hint of mischief. I could change the pitch of my voice perfectly, just too tiring to do it normally and it doesn't feel natural.

They both stopped and stared at me as I continued walking.

"She's mine!" Ike screamed.

"No, mine!" Yamauchi said louder.

Hirata and the girls stared at us, obviously hearing what they said, and ignored them.

"Teehee. Sorry, just kidding. Not like I could anyways." I hit my head and stuck out my tongue. It usually worked in anime so I wanted to try it. Everybody stared at me and Kushida began to speak.



(This took me a while lol. Can you guess where the original pic is from?)

"Etto, uh, Ayanokoji-kun?" She looked at me worried. "Never do that again, okay?"

I fell to my knees holding my heart, in my head, wondering how it was so terrible that even Kushida insulted me.

"Ok..."

I felt dejected and didn't know where we were going, so I stayed in the back and followed quietly.

Ike and Yamauchi were snickering at me and then became too engrossed in their fantasies about girls, while Hirata was surrounded on both sides.

"Let me ask frankly, Hirata. Are you dating Karuizawa?"

To see if Hirata was his rival, Ike asked without beating around the bush.

"Eh... Where'd you hear that?"

Hirata looked surprised and confused at the same time.

"Oh, looks like the word got out. We are dating."

Before Hirata could even respond, Karuizawa came and hugged Hirata's arm.

Giving up, Hirata scratched his cheek with his finger in embarrassment, admitting the truth about their relationship. No way, so it was true. Hirata is probably helping Karuizawa to become popular for whatever reason. Maybe she is trying to escape from something so he is protecting her?

"Seriously? I'm so envious that you get to date a cute girl like Karuizawa!" Ike falsely exclaimed.

Says one of them who was trash-talking her before with fake envy in his voice. Lying without being conscious of it is surprisingly hard.

"Kushida-chan, do you have a boyfriend?"

While on that topic, Ike shifted the topic over to Kushida. Clever for once.

"Me? No, I'm not dating anyone."

Ike and Yamauchi were rejoicing in their minds, and their expressions lifted. Your delight is leaking out...

She might be keeping a secret, but for the most part, Kushida was confirmed as single.

"Oh no, I'm crying...!"

"Don't cry, Yamauchi! Our hope is right in front of our eyes now!"

It's no longer an insurmountable mountain, but rather a steep road... Dramatic much.

Hirata, Karuizawa, Ike, and Yamauchi all walked together,

surrounding Kushida. Matsushita and Mori weren't with the rest of the group.

They were walking behind them. I walked even further behind, all alone.

"Hey Ike, where are you going?"

A voice called out, asking about the destination. Ike looked back and brusquely replied.

"Since not a lot of time has passed since the entrance ceremony, we're just checking out the facilities."

There's no clear destination. In other words, this awkward feeling will probably continue for a while...

My expectations were broken in an unexpected way.

"Hey, Matsushita-san, Mori-san. Do you two have anything you want to see?"

While Ike and Yamauchi were happily talking to each other, Kushida fell back and talked to the two girls.

"Eh? Oh, um, I've always wanted to go to the movie theater at least once."

"Yea. Since school is over, I also want to go."

"Oh, that's right! I've always wanted to go but didn't yet. Karuizawa-san, how about you guys? Anywhere you want to go?"

Kushida started to organize the three groups. As expected of her. I probably couldn't do the same thing even if I tried. Also, she would occasionally turn around and smile brightly at me. I didn't see that coming, how nice. Now and then, when looking at me, she would glance down. Is my shoe untied? Nope. I have no clue as to why she did.

Even though I tried to ignore her, I felt troubled because she kept looking at me. I tried to convey to her that I wasn't trying to ignore

her, but that it was how my personality and way of thinking were. If Kushida couldn't read the atmosphere, and she just liked being in the center of things, she wouldn't be able to receive my message.

However, there is also the type of people that go, "What, can't you read the atmosphere?" after you refuse their invitation to sing at a karaoke even though you only went without ever intending to sing.

After all, egotistic people who think that singing is fun means everyone should like singing are stupid. They can't understand that there are people who simply don't like to sing. I don't like to sing myself.

While I was lost in my bitter internal monologue, the surroundings got loud and busy.

Somehow, we were next to a clothes shop... we seem to have arrived at a stylish boutique.

Everyone seemed to have been here already once or twice, so I also went in without hesitation. I only went outside during the weekdays for school and stayed in my dorm for the weekend, so I never needed to buy any casual clothes.

There were a lot of students inside, though only a few of them were upperclassmen and the rest were first-years. Maybe it's because it's my first time, but I felt inexperienced and out of place inside. Very crowded indeed.

After checking out a few clothes, the group walked to the nearby cafe.

Hirata was holding Karuizawa's purchases from the store. The clothes were 30,000 points, I winced when I heard the price.

"Are you guys familiar with the school yet?" Nope, not really.

"At first I was really confused, but I'm used to it now. This is the school of my dreams, I never want to graduate~"

"Ahaha, it looks like Ike-kun is thoroughly enjoying his school life, huh."

"I wish we would get more points. About 200,000... 300,000 points? After buying clothes and cosmetics, my points run out quickly." 100,000 yen for a high schooler's monthly allowance is abnormal itself, but you want 2 or 3 times that!

"Wouldn't it be strange for a high school student to get 300,000 points a month for their allowance?"

"If you say it like that, then 100,000 sounds reasonable. I'm a bit scared. If my school life continues like this, I'm worried about how I would live after graduating."

"Are you talking about losing your sense of money? That really does sound scary." Now that's a more realistic line of thinking. It would be easy to have your norms thrown out and could lead to a larger struggle once leaving the school. I think the school will discontinue that soon though.

The students all seem to have different opinions about our 100,000-point allowance. Karuizawa and Ike want more points, while Hirata and Kushida are scared for their life after their luxurious school experience ends.

"How about you, Ayanokoji-kun? Do you think 100,000 is too much? Too little?"

Although I was only listening at first, Kushida included me in the conversation by asking a question.

"Hmm... I don't think I really have a good grasp of it yet. I don't really know."

"What kind of answer is that?" Ike retorted to my response

"You know, I can understand what Ayanokoji-kun's saying. This is far from a normal student's school life. It's impossible for me to know without a good point of comparison."

"Well, it's useless to be concerned over it. It's seriously a good thing that I got in. I can buy whatever I want. Even yesterday, I just bought myself some new clothes."

Ike's living a positive life, never looking back even once. Could be considered good, but you have to think more looking forward too. Not just charge into things blindly.

"Oh right, Kushida-chan, and Hirata both got in, right? How'd you get in? Aren't you guys pretty stupid?" Yamauchi directed that insult at Ike, Karuizawa, and I.

...

"Yamauchi, you don't look smart either," Karuizawa said back with a glare.

"Ha? I got 900 points on the APEC before." Yamauchi said another clear lie.

"What's APEC?" She said with a confused look.

"You don't even know what that is? It's a really difficult English test."

"Uh, isn't that TOEIC, not APEC?"

Kushida inserted a small tsukkomi, exposing his lie to all indirectly.

By the way, APEC is the Asian-Pacific Economic Cooperation.

"T-they're related things."

I don't think they're related at all...

"Well, this school's goal is to nurture the youth with potential, so they probably don't pick people solely on test scores. Honestly, if they only judged by scores, I wouldn't have applied."

"That. The 'youth with potential' part. Those words describe us exactly."

Ike crossed his arms and nodded his head.

Despite being the preeminent school in Japan with a great employment rate, their admissions aren't based only on test scores.

But how on earth does the school see potential in these people?

The question suddenly popped into my head.

It had to be by physically talented individuals, mentally smart people, honor student behavior, and past experiences. Right?

Before we headed back to the dorms, we all decided to go to a karaoke room. I should say most, I wanted to go elsewhere too, but it was already set in stone before I even got the chance to speak up.

We bought the room for 1 hour and a half and got ourselves situated. I sat down first, not sure what else to do, and the seats began to fill. To my left was Mori and to my right was Kushida, both gorgeous girls. This is making me feel very antsy. Let's pray that nothing happens tonight.

Everybody was singing, Ike sang a romance song and pointed to Kushida every now and then. I feel really bad for her and he is so obvious. My ears were ringing a bit too. We all clapped for him, some out of pity, others for the good effort he put in. Kushida and Inogashira did a duet. There were around 30 minutes left before time ran out and Kushida spoke to me.

"Ayanokoji-kun, would you like to sing? I think it'll be nice and fun!" she exclaimed energetically.

"Uh, no thank you. I'd rather not sing right now." I said, feeling kind of bad I turned her down.

"You sure?" She asked, peering up at me. Cute + request + upturned eyes = fatal if I don't accept since the others would try to kill me.

"I'll sing then..."

I have no idea what to sing though, should I ask?

"Hey Kushida, do you have any song recommendations? I don't really know what to pick." I said, hoping she had one for me.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Ike and Yamauchi glaring at me,

probably since I initiated a conversation with their crush.

"Sure Ayanokoji-kun! I recommend this one." She pointed her finger towards a song called, "Night Dancer by Imase".

I've never seen this song before.

"Thanks," I said to which she nodded.

I stood at the center of the room, and the music began to play. Yamauchi was laughing with Ike in the background probably knowing I would fail.

I began singing the song perfectly and followed the rhythm. I heard gasps and saw everyone wide-eyed, shocked at my performance. Once the song ended, I got 50 points out of 100 and sat back down.

I couldn't change my pitch much at all, I'm baffled I even got half points. Even Yamauchi got 60...

"T- That was great Ayanokoji-kun! Are you secretly a p-professional or something?" Kushida asked while stuttering slightly.

"That was great Kiyotaka-kun!" Mori shouted. Who gave you permission to call me by my first name, not that I mind.

Ike went to me and shook me back and forth rapidly. Ah, the world was spinning.

"Y-y-yeah! T-T-That was amazing Ayanokoji! Why didn't you tell us you could sing huh?" Ike said while he kept shaking me with a frown. Was he agreeing with them...?

"Heh, pretty good. I'll beat you next time though Ayanokoji. I was just holding back." Yamauchi said confidently.

'I doubt that' everybody in the room thought simultaneously.

Is this what they call glazing though...?

I felt hurt in a new way...

Once Ike finished moving me, the next moment I was looking up at Mori's face and the two mounds slightly blocking it.

What is this soft squishy feeling behind my head? Is this her lap? It's very comfortable.

She started patting my head and muttered, "There, there Kiyotaka-kun."

"Kyaaaa, your so bold Nene-san!" One of the girls in the room shouted.

It felt like she did the whole thing out of instinct as Mori suddenly slid over and my head clunked against the wooden seat instead. Ouch.

Well, that was short-lived. Luckily, I already committed the feeling to memory.

The two idiots were once again, scowling at me, clearly jealous. I thought they only had eyes for Kushida though?

Also, if they glare so much they're going to develop wrinkles at an early age. I pretended not to acknowledge them.

We all sang some more music and finished off with group songs like 'I Want it That Way' by the Backstreet Boys.

As we all started walking back to the dorms, it was nighttime and dark outside. I stayed near the back once again. Kushida fell to the back within a few minutes as we began to talk about trivial things.

I sensed a presence directly behind me.

I turned and saw somebody only a few feet away from me running while looking down at their phone. They would most definitely crash into me in less than a second. And so they did.



On my back I fell, and the long orange haired girl landed on me,

her butt landing on my chest. Directly in front of my view were white panties I assume. Her thighs were pressing against the sides of my head.

"Itai..." She muttered slowly. Hurry up and get up faster, my rod is going to get hard from this situation.

"Are you okay?" I asked, letting her know I was here.

"Ah♥□!"

Oops, I forgot that my mouth was near her privates. My breath and vibrations from my vocal cords might have stimulated her a little bit.

Its definitely hard alright. Hurry up! I don't want my pants to tear.

I think she noticed that she was on top of me at this point as her head lifted slightly without her will. She finally sat up after a minute and got off of me apologizing.

"Sorry, sorry! I fell asleep there for a second," she said.

Excuse me?

"I'm Asahina Nazuna, a 2nd year in Class A."

Class A and a senpai huh.

"Oh, nice to meet you Asahina-senpai. I'm a first year in Class D. My name is Ayanokoji Kiyotaka."

"Nice to meet you too Kouhai! Anyways, bye 👋!"

She shouted and left as soon as she came. On the floor where she fell, there was a red amulet. She probably dropped it. I went and picked it up.

"Hey wait!" I said as loud as I could, reaching out my hand. She continued to run, leaving my words to deaf ears. I would chase after her but there was still an extremely conspicuous bulge in my pants, restricting my full movement.

Karuizawa and her group, Kushida and friends, Hirata, Ike and Yamauchi stood there, not moving a muscle. They're so still I could believe they haven't blinked for the past minute.

I always wonder why people never help me once I get in those situations. I know it's not natural but they should at the very least get used to it by now.

The girls had a strong blush and the boys had one too, probably from secondhand embarrassment.

I hope.

They all maintained their distance from me, leaving me isolated in the back on purpose this time. The short 5 minute walk back to the dorm felt like it lasted for hours. We arrived at the lobby and waved, saying good night to each other.

And with that, we all separated, the incident still fresh on our minds.

I wouldn't mind hanging out again, connections possibly being useful soon, but that event just now probably ruined the whole thing.

Hopefully there will be a next time.

Of hanging out, not the Orange Run In.

~Author's Notes~

6 k words

Amulet senpai!

Most Impressive Ranking

#3

class
out of 10.2K stories



Other Rankings

#41

lemons

out of 7.7K stories >

#4

ayanokoji

out of 716 stories >

#9

classroomoftheelite

out of 1.4K stories >

#7

accidental

out of 667 stories >

#5

kikyo

out of 363 stories >

#32

kei

out of 2K stories >

#1

shinohara

out of 55 stories >

#6

satou

out of 159 stories >

#5

sae

out of 119 stories >

#33

horikita

out of 666 stories >

#79

kiyotaka

out of 1.5K stories >

#32

ichinose

out of 581 stories >

THE COMPASS DEVIL STRIKES AGAIN!

How are wattpad rankings even decided lol?

Story is too mid for this.

ok i'm out, peace.

(Chapter edited as of 21/6/24)

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Point Taken

Reads: 6591 | Votes: 283 | Comments: 172

The morning bell for the first school day of May rang. Soon after, Chabashira-sensei walked in, holding a poster rolled into a tube. Her face is always grim and serious, but it's even worse today.

"Sensei~, are you in menopause?"

Did Ike really ask that out loud? He has a deathwish! I really wouldn't be surprised if he got detention but knowing him, he would be happy and ogle Chabashira-sensei the whole time. The staff here is really lenient though.

"Alright, morning homeroom is starting. Are there any questions before we start? If there's something on your mind, feel free to speak up."



(whoever made this art, thank you)

Chabashira-sensei completely ignored Ike's existence and continued to talk. She talked as if she was completely convinced that the students had something to ask. Immediately, several people raised their hands.

"Um, I checked my point balance this morning, and no points were deposited. Weren't they supposed to be provided on the first day of the month, every month? I was impatient because I couldn't buy the juice I wanted."

You have that little?

"Hondou, I explained it before, didn't I? Points are wired to student's accounts on the first day of the month, every month. They were wired without any problems this month as well."

"Uh, but... I didn't get any points."

Hondou and Yamauchi exchanged looks. Ike was too surprised to notice their looks. Certainly, I went to check my points this morning too, but my point balance hadn't changed from yesterday.

I expected at least a few thousand but it seemed all of them were wiped out, most likely due to foul behavior.

"... Are you guys really that stupid?"

Is she angry? Delighted? Chabashira-sensei had an ominous feeling about her.

Nope, she definitely was infuriated and had an expression similar to one who gave up all hope.

That kinda hurts to be honest.

"Stupid? What?"

Chabashira-sensei had a sharp glint in her eyes as Hondou repeated her words like an idiot, still not processing what is happening.

"Sit, Hondou. I'll explain it again."

"S-sae-chan sensei?"

Surprised by her strict tone, Hondou slumped down into his seat.

"Points were deposited. Without fail. The likelihood that this class was left out is very low. Do you understand?"

"No, even if I say I do understand, we haven't received our points...

Hondou had a dissatisfied expression on his face.

However, if we say that Chabashira-sensei is telling the truth...

Isn't there some kind of contradiction? Does that mean zero points have been deposited?

I assumed this already, but if it stops exactly at zero, then it doesn't seem to go into the negatives. I didn't think they would force us to pay back money but It's a relief the system is truly designed differently.

"Hahaha, I see, it was like that, teacher. I've understood this riddle now."

Koenji said in a loud voice while laughing. Putting his feet on the table, he pointed at Hondou with his self-important attitude.

"We didn't receive any points because we're in class D."

I held up an X with my arms unintentionally. I quickly put them back down, but it seemed Horikita noticed my sudden movement and looked at me curiously. I looked back forward at Chabashira-sensei to escape.

While Koenji isn't fully wrong, Class D most likely does not hold any significance in the amount of points we get. I think the points influences the class rankings more than the classes themselves.

"Hah? What's that supposed to mean. They said we'd get 100,000 points every month. . ." Shinohara argued back

"I don't remember hearing that. Right?"

Very true, it was never mentioned we would get 100,000 points monthly. The wording was, "Points will be automatically credited on the first day of the month," never did she mention the quantity.

Smirking, Koenji then turned and pointed his finger to Chabashira-sensei.

"Your attitude has some problems, but what Koenji is saying is on the right track. Not many people seem to have noticed my hint. How sad."

The classroom erupted in uproar and confusion.

"... Sensei, can I ask a question? I still don't understand.

Hirata raised his hand. Rather than being concerned about his own points, it looks like he's asking to help the worried students in the room.

As expected of the class leader. He's taking the initiative again, something I struggle immensely to do. Well, it's more due to my personality than skill set.

"Please tell me why we didn't get any points. If that's not possible, we can never understand.

After all, we were never given the reason for why we were never given points. If we know now, we could probably avoid troublesome things like that in the future. Nice call Hirata.

"98 total absences and tardies. 391 incidences of talking or using cell phones in class. Also, due to sexual harassment that occurred several times."

I felt some gazes on me and I quickly looked out the window.

It wasn't only me! Most of the times, I was sexually harassed first or we harassed each other. Wait, is that considered consent? No neither side agreed to it, but what does even make it then?

Moving on, I believe that the other information held a bigger play in the point loss too. Every single incident with me was an accident so surely they accounted for that. Right?

"I counted every infraction. In this school, your class performance is reflected in the amount points received. As a result your behavior, the 100,000 points you could've gotten went down the drain. That's all that happened.

I explained this all on the day of the entrance ceremony. That this school measures the abilities of its students. This time around, you guys were valued to be worth 0. There's nothing more than that."

Haha, quite literally nothing huh.

Chabashira-sensei talked mechanically, without any expression. Stop, you're embarrassing me.

My initial doubts after coming to my school were finally answered. The worst way possible, but answered nonetheless.

In other words, even though we were given a great advantage of 100,000 points at the beginning, our class D lost all of it in a single month.

I could've told them my assumptions and bask in the limelight as the leader but I would surely feel uncomfortable. I could pin it on Horikita with, "It was all Horikita's plan," but I would not like the outcome of that either. Pressuring my first close friend like that feels wrong.

I think we are close enough to move to the next step soon too, maybe I should ask her to be friends with benefits.

That's higher than friends but not lovers from what I heard. Almost like a BFF but without the cringe. It feels awkward to call a female best friend too, makes me feel gay just thinking about it.

Anyways, my point is that I don't want to ruin our friendship.

I heard the sound of a pencil on paper. Horikita was calmly trying to get the grasp of the situation as she noted the number of

absences, tardies, and infractions of talking during class. It's cool how she could maintain a normal piece of mind after that bomb drop.

"Chabashira-sensei, I don't remember ever hearing that explanation before..." Hirata said, trying to recall the first day and the rest of the days in this school.

"What? Are you people incapable of understanding without any explanations?"

"Naturally. There was no mention of reducing the number of points transferred to us at the beginning of each month. If it was explained before, I'm sure that we would've tried not to be late and not to talk during class."

"An interesting argument, Hirata. I also don't remember explaining the rules about the points received at the beginning of each month. However, haven't you guys learned not to talk in class and get to class on time since elementary school?"

She does make a valid point. None of this would have happened if they behaved how normal people should in school. Well, except my curse, that's a guaranteed occurrence.

"That is..."

"I'm pretty sure you guys have learned. In the 9 years of compulsory education, they've always told you that such things are frowned upon. Talking in class and being late to class is bad.

Also, did you say that you couldn't understand because I didn't explain it? That excuse doesn't fly. If you behaved as a student should, your points wouldn't have dropped to 0. It's your own self-responsibility."

Without any room for rebuttal, her argument was completely sound. Everyone knows what is good and bad behavior, after all.

"After becoming first year high schoolers, did you really think that you would get 100,000 points every month without any restrictions? In this school created by the Japanese government to

train excellent people? That's impossible, just use your common sense. Why leave doubts as doubts?"

Although Hirata looked frustrated by her sound argument, he recovered and immediately looked at her in the eye.

"Well then, can you at least tell us the details about how points are increased or decreased? We will always try to do our best from now on."

"That's not possible. We are not allowed to divulge the details of how we assess merit to the students. It's the same as the real world. When all of you enter society, and find work in some kind of business, they probably won't tell you how you're assessed—that's up to the company, though."

That is a very realistic situation. While they won't go into detail whether absences cause more point loss than talking in class, we just have to behave. There is no need whatsoever to know those details, just like the job at a company. It might make you feel more secure and less anxious but that's all there is to it.

However... I'm not trying to be cold, nor do I hate you guys. This is such a pitiful sight that I'll tell everyone here one thing."

For the first time today, I saw a faint smile on Chabashira-sensei's face.

It's nice to know she hasn't given up on us yet.

"For argument's sake, if we say that everyone stopped being late and stopped talking in class... your deduction would be zero, but that doesn't mean you'll get more points."

In other words, next month's allowance is also 0 points.

Also, behavior only takes away points huh. I'd like to believe tests and other events add more points to our balance, they wouldn't let us stay at 0 points the rest of our school life. If they did, that would also defeat the purpose of class competitions.

"Not being late or not talking to class won't help you get back up

from the bottom. Keep that in mind—it'll help you."

"Tsu..."

Hirata's face got even darker. A part of the class still failed to understand; her explanation had the opposite effect. The students who wanted to change their bad behavior had their mood dampened. That is Chabashira-sensei's; no, the school's aim.

I thought it was motivating, but I suppose that's just me.

The bell rang, signaling the end of homeroom.

"Looks like we had too much idle chit-chat. Hopefully you understood. Anyway, let's move onto the main issue at hand."

She spread out the white poster that was rolled into a tube. Taking a magnet, she stuck it onto the board. The students looked at the paper, still confused.

"Is this... the results of each class?"

Horikita tried to explain the paper even though she was only half sure. I agree with her though, perhaps it's true.

Classes A to D were listed on the paper, with numbers right next to them.

Our class D with 0. Class C with 490. Class B with 650. And class A had the highest number with 940. I guess 1000 points would mean 100,000 yen? All the classes lost points in some way.

"Hey, don't you think this is strange?"

"Yea... the numbers are too clean."

Horikita and I noticed that there was something strange about the points. They all are multiples of ten, rounded off too nicely. That's not the only strange thing though...

"For the first month, all of you have been doing as you please. Now, the school's not saying that this is prohibited. Your actions, such as

talking during class and being late to class, just affects the number of points you get. It's the same with how you use points. You have the freedom to use points how you want. We haven't restricted how you use your points."

"This isn't fair! We can't lead a normal school life like that!"

Ike, who had stayed quiet until now, shouted out. Most normal students would only have a tenth or less than that for monthly allowance so I personally and grateful to the school.

Yamauchi was also crying out in agony. That poor guy already used up all his points...



"Look carefully, you stupid kids. Every other class except class D got some points. The amount of points you guys have should still be plenty enough to last for a month."

"H-how do the other classes have any points left? That's strange..."

"I'll tell you, but it's not like this is some kind of fraud. For this past month, all the classes were judged by the same rules. Nevertheless,

they didn't lose as many points as you guys did. That's a fact."

"How... how is there so much difference in points between the classes?"

Hirata also noticed something odd about the numbers. The differences in points were too clean and spread far too apart.

"Did you guys finally understand? Why you were put in class D."

"The reason we were put in class D? Isn't that because we were appropriate for this school?"

"Eh? That's how ordinary classes work, you know?"

Everyone exchanged glances. Most schools are randomized in class placement, this school however...

"In this school, all the students are divided into classes by merit. The best students are put in class A. The worst in class D. Well, it's a system that's found in major cram schools. In other words, class D is the collection of leftovers. That also means that you are the worst students, the defective products of this school. This is really an outcome worthy of defective students."

Horikita's face stiffened. Looks like the reason behind the class division really shocked her.

Certainly, it's better to put smart people with other smart people, and incapable people with other incapable people. If you put rotten apples with good apples, the good apples will rot faster.

It's inevitable that Horikita is in shock at this sort of division. While she improved her superiority complex quite a bit since she started, she still doesn't cooperate too well. This is unfortunately an important skill for any job. I hope it doesn't bother her too much.

However, it's probably good that I was put here. There's only one way to go and that's up.

Might make me stand out less, is what my previous train of thought would be. My mind's ideals really warped stupidly fast during my

month at this school huh.

"However, this class D is the first one to lose all their points in the first month. On the contrary, I applaud you for living so lavishly until now. How praiseworthy."

Chabashira-sensei's unnatural and mocking applause reverberated in the classroom.

Well, even I didn't expect my class to be that terrible, what a shocker.

"After hitting zero points, does that mean we will always stay at zero points forever?" Hirata asked for clarification.

"Yea. Your points will stay at 0 until graduation. However, be at ease, since you can still use your dorms, and there are free meals in the cafeteria. You won't die at all. It might be a inconvenience to many nonetheless."

Although a student life with only the bare minimum is possible, a lot of the students probably won't like it. After all, the students lived their lives this month while indulging in every single possible luxury. Suddenly, having to live a life a self-control looks really hard for a lot of the students.

"... Will we be made fun of by the other classes now?"

Sudou kicked his desk with a bang. After having learned that the classes are divided by merit, everyone will probably make fun of class D as the group of idiots. It's not unreasonable to be despairing, I just really pray they won't pick on me.

"What, you're still holding onto your pride, Sudou? Then do your best and try to make the worst class the best class."

Chabashira-sensei either really wants us to succeed or just have us go to class A for herself. Who knows, there might be added benefit for her if her class was ranked higher

"Huh?"

"These class points aren't just linked to the amount of money you get each month. It's also indicative of the class rank."

So, in other words... if, for example, class D had held onto 500 points, they would be promoted to being class C. This is really like a company assessment and even further confirms my suspicions.

"All right, I have one more piece of bad news I have to tell you guys."

She put one more piece of paper onto the blackboard. The names of all the classmates were listed. Next to everyone's name was a number.

"From looking at these numbers, I came to understand that there are a lot of idiots in this class."

She glanced at the students as her heels clacked against the floor

"These are the scores from the test a few days back. Sensei was glad after seeing your wonderful performance. Seriously, what the hell did you guys study in middle school?"

Dang, she bathed her words in sarcasm.

Except for the top students in the class, almost everyone got below a 60. Ignoring Sudou's wonderful score of 14 points, the next lowest was Ike's score of 24. The average score was about 65. Sudou's score is indeed terrible, that technically means he got around 3 out of the 20 questions correct.

I passed with flying colors, my name being directly on top with a 100.

Horikita stared at me for the next minute with prying eyes, never once blinking or looking away.

Please stop it, it's very uncomfortable.

"If this test was actually recorded, seven of you would already have to drop out of school. Good thing it wasn't, right?"

"D-drop out? What do you mean?"

I was even a little surprised by this. I didn't expect this school to expel people who failed.

Now that I think about it though, a good amount of higher rated schools do. A failing grade would make them confused on how you got accepted in the first place.

"Why, did I not explain? If you get a failing mark on either a midterm or a final exam in any subject, you have to dropout of school. On this test, that would be everyone who got below a 32. Man, you guys are really foolish and stupid."

She mentioned, "On this test," meaning it is probably calculated differently for each one. I looked at the scores briefly and it appeared to be the class average divided by two. The number was rounded as well.

"W-whaaaaat!?"

The seven people who failed, or in other words, Ike and his group, let out a surprised voice.

On the paper, there was a red line separating the rest of the class and the seven people, the highest of which was Kikuchi with a score of 31 points. In other words, Kikuchi and everyone after him failed.

"Don't fuck with me Sae-chan-sensei! Don't joke about dropping out of school!" Yamauchi cried.

Hey, language. And you wonder why our points got deducted. Furthermore, it was even directed at the teacher and the cameras in the corner of the room most definitely caught it. At the very least, we can't lose points we don't have.

"I'm also at a loss for words. I didn't expect so many of you to fail but It's the school's rules, so prepare for the worst."

"As the teacher said, there seem to be a lot of fools here."

While polishing his nails with his feet on the desk, Koenji had a

smug smirk on his face.

"What's that, Koenji!? Your marks are in the red too!" Miyamoto yelled.

I saw the board multiple times, and his name is nowhere near the bottom. Is Miyamoto illiterate? That would explain both this and his test score.

"Fu. Where are your eyes looking at, boy? Look carefully."

"H-huh? Hey, Koenji's name is... huh?"

Scanning from the bottom, his eyes gradually reached the top. And then—he finally saw the name Koenji Rokusuke.

To his disbelief, Koenji had tied for the second top score in the class. 90 points. That means that he was able to solve one of the super hard problems.

"I never thought that Sudou would be a stupid character like me...!"

Ike said out loud with sarcasm oozing out in his tone.

"Oh, and one more thing. This school, which is under the control of the country, boasts a high percentage of alumni going to higher education and a high employment rate. That's a well-known fact. Most likely, many people in this class will go on to college or find work at a company."

That's obvious. As she said, this school has the highest employment and college acceptance rate. There are rumors that if you successfully graduate from this school, a usually difficult college or company will become a lot easier to join. Other rumors say that graduating from this school is like getting a recommendation to be admitted to Tokyo University.

"But... things aren't that easy in the world. People like you guys, who are of a really low level, will probably have trouble getting into college or getting a job in general."

Chabashira-sensei's words echoed in the classroom.

"In other words, in order to make our dreams of getting a job or getting into college a reality, surpassing class C is probably a minimum." Hirata tried guessing.

"That's also slightly incorrect, Hirata. There's no way to achieve your dreams except for surpassing class A. The school doesn't guarantee anything for all the other students."

She dropped another bomb on the students, who had their hopes all crushed, making them desperate and upset.

"T-that's... that's something I never heard about! This is absurd!"

Yukimura, who wore glasses, stood up. He was the person who tied Koenji's score.

"How shameful. There's nothing as pitiful as boys making a commotion and panicking."

As if he felt something from Yukimura's words, Koenji let out a sigh.

"... Koenji, do you not feel any resentment from being in class D?"

"Resentment? Why would I feel any resentment? I don't understand."

It seems Koenji was the least affected out of everyone here. He most likely did not care for this all too much due to the fact he is already rich. It was mentioned that he was the heir to the Koenji Conglomerate in his introduction after all.

"Because we've been told that our class is the collection of leftovers, and that our chances of getting into higher education or getting a job are slim!"

"Fu. That's nonsense. I can't even respond to that sheer stupidity."

Koenji didn't stop polishing his nails. He didn't even face Yukimura as he talked.

"This school just hasn't seen my full potential yet. I value, respect, and regard myself greatly, more than any other person. Even if the

school puts me in class D, it means nothing to me. If, for example, I have to drop out of school, it's completely fine. After all, it's the school that will come crawling back for me."

As narcissistic as ever I see. Also, I highly doubt the school will try to bring you back.

He has the type of attitude that irritates and insults everyone, just by him existing. It's not a skill problem, but Koenji might possibly be at some point expelled if he doesn't do anything about it.

With what Koenji said, is it masculinity, or is it self-conceit? Certainly, if you don't care about the school's class rankings, it doesn't matter at all.

Considering his high intellect and physical ability, it is extremely difficult to think that all the students of class A are better than Koenji, meaning he should've been in class A. Or a more plausible reason he was assigned to class D is because of his hard-to-handle personality.

"However, I'm not looking to go to college or find a job somewhere after I graduate. It's been decided that I will lead the Koenji Conglomerate in the future. It doesn't matter whether I'm in class A or class D."

True, for someone whose future has been guaranteed, there certainly is no need to be concerned about the class. I wonder what I'll do...

Without any words to form a retort, Yukimura sat back down.

"Looks like your happy mood has been dampened. If you guys understood the harsh environment you were put in from the start, we wouldn't have need this extended homeroom period. The midterm is in three weeks, so please avoid getting kicked out of school. I'm sure everyone here can survive without getting any red marks. If possible, please challenge your situation with a behavior appropriate for a capable person."

It's always nice to hear words of support, especially from a teacher.

Closing the door for emphasis, Chabashira-sensei walked out of the classroom.

The red-mark students were crestfallen. Even the normally proud Sudou hung his head down in shame.

"What am I going to eat without any more points...?"

Not sure Ike, maybe the vegetable lunch set and free bottled water?

"I used up the remainder of my points yesterday..." That's quite unfortunate Yamauchi.

After Chabashira-sensei left the room, the whole classroom was in an uproar.

"Even more than the points, this is a problem with the class... Why was I put in class D!?"

Yukimura vented in frustration. There were beads of sweat on his forehead. His behavioral patterns are very similar to Horikita, with the confusion about placement in Class D and the.

"Wait, does that mean we won't be able to go to a college we want to go to? Then why did I come to this school in this first place? I wonder if Sae-chan-sensei hates me..."

None of the students hid their perplexed aura, letting it emanate around the classroom.

"I understand that everyone is panicking right now, but calm down."

Hirata took control of the class, trying to calm down the sense of impending crisis.

"How can we calm down in this situation? Are you not frustrated that we are the class of leftovers!?"

"Even if I say I am, isn't it better to work together to get out of this situation?"

"Get out of this situation? In the first place, I don't even agree with this hierarchy of classes!"

"I completely understand your feelings. However, there's no use in sitting here and complaining about it."

"What!?"

Yukimura walked up to Hirata and grabbed him by his collar.

"Calm down, you two. Ok? Surely, Sensei must have explained it to us sternly in order to cheer us up, right?"

Kushida spoke up. She broke the two apart and gently took Yukimura's balled fist in her hand. Yukimura, as one would expect, tried not to hurt Kushida and unintentionally took a step back. If he had for some reason hurt her, he would've become more hated than Yamauchi by both girls and boys.

"Also, it's only been a month since school has started. As Hirata-kun said, I think that it's better for all of us to persevere through this situation. Do you think I'm wrong?"

"N-no, that's... Certainly, I don't think what Kushida said is wrong, but..."

Yukimura's wrath already dissipated away. Kushida sincerely looked at everyone in class D, wishing for everyone's cooperation. That's some incredible talent she has there, being able to manipulate the flow of a conversation and somebody else's emotions like that.

"T-that's right. We shouldn't be impatient. There's no need for Yukimura and Hirata to fight."

"... My bad. I lost my composure for a bit there."

"It's fine. I should've chosen my words more carefully as well."

With the help of Kushida Kikyo, the fight was resolved in an orderly

way.

I took out my phone and took a picture of the class points. Noticing my actions, Horikita looked at me with a curious expression. Pictures are so much easier than note taking sometimes.

"What are you doing?" she asked while tilting her head.

"I haven't been able to figure out the specifics behind the points yet. Haven't you also taken some notes?" Answering and questioning her back, I continued the conversation.

If I can figure out the exact number of point deductions from being late to and talking in class, we can probably come up with some counter-measures. Just some linear equations and possible estimates assuming each mistake takes a similar amount of points.

"Wouldn't it be hard to calculate the numbers with this little information? Everyone is always late and talks way too much during class so even if you managed to figure something, I don't think it will help resolve this problem."

As Horikita said, it's hard to come up with a conclusion with the amount of information at hand.

She seems to be strangely impatient; her usual calm attitude seems to have finally gone missing.

"Yes, that's true. It might make us feel more at ease though. Oh Horikita, are you also at this school to get into college?" I asked, directing the conversation to another topic. The former was going to end soon anyways.

"... Why are you asking that?"

"It's just that when she talked about the difference between class A and class D, you looked really shocked." She looked perfectly calm before, but I could tell she was acting off before. I would gladly say it's because I know her well, but that might be a lie. It's probably due to the analytical skills I learned in the white room.

"That was more or less everyone's reaction in the class, no? Even

though we were given an explanation on the first day of school, I can't understand this new development."

Well, that's reasonable. The people in classes B and C are probably grumbling in discontent just like us. Every other class other than class A is treated as leftovers by the school. That seems slightly off with me though...

Did somebody intentionally place me in this class because they wanted to handicap me?

Anyways, trying our hardest to increase our class rank seems to be the best course of action here.

"I think that before thinking about class A or class D, we should probably work to guarantee some points."

"Points are only a byproduct of our efforts in class. Not having any points won't hinder our school life. After all, this school provides everything for free at some capacity."

Even if you think that, this is relief for those who lost all their points.

"Won't hinder our school life, huh..."

It's not an issue for living on bare minimum. However, there are a lot of things that can only be obtained by points. For example, leisure and entertainment. Not having any means of entertainment will probably only hurt us in the future.

A stable state of mind is necessary in order to think right, I can only imagine the amount of expelled students from the tests may pop up at some point. It's totally possible that some may drop out of their own will after losing faith too. The main reason most people attended this school is due to the guaranteed occupation they want in the future after all.

"Last month, how many points did you use Ayanokoji-kun?"

"Hmm? Oh, how many points did I use? I used roughly 20,000 points. Are you worried about me?"

"N-nope, not at all ba-ba-baka."

Her response tells me that was a complete lie, she even looked away for a split second.

Glad to see she cared about me.

The students who used up all their points were in trouble. Like Yamauchi, who had been panicking for some time now.

Ike also spent all his points.

"Even though I think it's unfortunate, they're paying for their own mistakes."

Certainly, using up all 100,000 points in a single month is a small problem. Hopefully they wouldn't do that with hard earned money too from their future job.

"We were baited by the lure of the points in the first month..."

100,000 points a month. Even though we thought it was too good to be true, everyone celebrated and overlooked the hints. It's the give to blind, conceal the truth trick.

"Everyone, once classes starts, I ask that everyone pays attention earnestly. Especially you, Sudou-kun."

Hirata attracted the attention of the noisy classroom by standing up at the podium. He didn't really have to call Sudou out like that but ok. It's related to his grades I imagine.

"What is it." Sudou tch'ed while saying that by the way.

"This month, we didn't get any points. This is a problem that will hugely affect our future student life. We can't go on like this and graduate with 0 points, can we?"

"Definitely not!"

One girl shouted at Hirata's words. Hirata gave a gentle nod.

"Of course not. So, we have no choice but to try and get some points next month. That's why everyone in the class has to work together to fix our problem. We should refrain from being late to and talking during class. Naturally, using cell phones during class is also prohibited."

I agree with him but...

"Ha? Why do we have to listen to what you say? If the points stay constant, there's no reason to stop." Ike said.

Surprisingly, he figured out our points cannot go any lower. It really does have no effect yet there is a slight chance that behaving can raise class points too. I doubt it though, otherwise class A who seemed to know about the S-System early on would have more points. That could also be false, so in the end, it's better to be safe than sorry. This could also lead to experience to behave for when we do have points.

"However, if we continue being late and talking during class, our points will not increase. Although we can't go further down from 0 points, it still counts as a negative."

"I don't understand. Even if we work hard during class it's not like our points will go up."

Feeling dissatisfied, Sudou snorted and crossed his arms. Noticing Sudou's feelings, Kushida spoke up.

"Didn't the school say that not being late and not talking during class should be an obvious mentality?"

"Un, I also think the same way as Kushida-san. It's the natural thing to do."

"That's just an explanation for your own convenience. If you understand that our points won't increase, it's pointless. Talk after you figure out how to increase our points."

Literally, haha.

If the two simps weren't so distracted by their lack of points still, they would've surely glared at their close friend for being rude to Kushida.

"I don't think there's anything wrong with what Sudou-kun's saying. Sorry for making you feel uncomfortable."

Hirata bowed his head towards the disgruntled Sudou.

"However Sudou-kun, it is a fact that if we don't cooperate, our points will never increase."

"... It doesn't matter what you do. Don't involve me. Do you understand?"

As if he felt uncomfortable from staying in the classroom, Sudou left the room.

Is he gone only until class starts, or will he never return?

"Sudou-kun really can't read the atmosphere. He's the one that's late the most. Even without Sudou-kun, can't we still get some points?"

"Yea... he's the worst. Why is he in the same class as us..."

Well, everyone was having the time of their life until this morning. There was no one complaining about Sudou then. Him acting this way indirectly caused him to be a target for hate from many people, even if their actions were somewhat similar to his.

Coming down from the podium, Hirata walked to the back of the room to mine and Horikita's desks.

"Horikita-san and Ayanokouji-kun, do you have time later? After school, I want to talk about how we can increase our points. I want you guys to participate. Can you?"

"Why us?"

"I want to hear everyone's thoughts. However, even if I ask for everyone to speak up, I think more than half will not listen seriously."

So that's why he thought to ask the two of us in particular. I don't think we can give any extremely helpful ideas, but I guess it's fine to participate. Even though I thought that—

"Sorry, but can you ask someone else? I'm not very good at discussing things."

"You don't have to force yourself to say anything in particular. It's good enough to just be there."

"I'm sorry, but I have no intention of meeting for a pointless reason."

Ah, the pointless joke strikes again.

"I think that this is our first trial as a united class. So—"

"I already refused. I am not participating."

Calm yet strong words. Despite considering Hirata's standpoint, Horikita rejected him again.

"I-is that so. Sorry... If you ever change your mind, please participate."

Horikita already stopped paying attention to Hirata, who had given up.

"How about you, Ayanokouji-kun?"

Honestly, I think it would be good to participate. After all, most of the class would probably participate, especially if Hirata is asking.

"Uh, Sure Hirata. I'll join the conversation." I said somewhat hesitantly.

If Horikita was the only one to not participate, she would probably get the same treatment as Sudou. I don't really want her to be isolate so maybe-

"In that case, I'll join as well." Horikita quickly said as if her past conversation with Hirata never existed.

What a turn around. We both stared at her with a confused look.

She responded with lightning speed, "What? If Ayanokoji-kun is going, I'll go to. I was planning to ask him his thoughts earlier either way and this makes it easier on him. That way he doesn't inconvenience himself by having to repeat it again."

I held my chest and wish I could shed a tear right now. What a good friend.

Why'd she say it so fast though?

"That's great! I'll be staying after classes finish, talk to you then." He said with a smile walking off.

Now that the discussion was over, Horikita started preparing for the next class.

"You're a good friend Horikita, I really appreciate you." I voice the truth I felt. I think.

She started blushing but then looked dejected for a few seconds. Oh no, did I do something so upset her?

"Ah, I apologize if I made you uncomfortable. I didn't mean to."

"It's alright, you're a good friend too..." she complimented me. I did not expect that from her, it really does feel nice when a pretty girl compliments you.

"Hey Horikita, do you want to be-" I started but the bell rang and the mathematics teacher came in. Bummer, I'll ask later.

She looked at me inquisitively and the teacher began attendance and the lecture.

~After School~

The class began to empty, but around half the class stuck around, I assume preparing for the chat.

"Alright, everybody ready?" Hirata asked gently.

Nearly everybody nodded their heads, signaling for Hirata to continue.

"Great to see. Let's start with our main topic. Chabashira-sensei mentioned a good portion of the details on how class points are taken away. She never got into how we could make points though, if we even could. That is what we are going to discuss here. Who would like to start?" Hirata introduced the main idea flawlessly.

Kushida raised her hand and began.

"I would! I think we could possibly get more class points! After all, sensei did encourage us to try to reach class A who has near 1000 points. There has to be a way since the classes compete with each other."

Even if what she said was obvious, it looked like some people in the room needed it as they looked at Kushida with a surprised look.



"That is true. Furthermore, I think tests can decide whether or not we get more points. If we score high, we get higher points I think."

Yukimura spoke up. I just expected him to listen in, not participate. I do have a comment to add to what he said. Mustering up the courage, I continued with the flow.

"I also believe tests can impact the class points. To add-on, this school accepted people from both sides of the spectrum like Sudou who excels at sports and Yukimura who excels in academics. Due to that, I wouldn't be surprised if some ways to increase points is related to athleticism."

Everyone looked at me, their eyes widening with realization. There was a high possibility that physical capability would be taken into consideration.

"Nice one Ayanokoji, that could also be the case. We are attending an elite school that forces competition between classes. I wouldn't be surprised if they were able to support the physical side of things. It would be unfair if they only focused on academics because class A seems relatively well off there."

Hirata said this, cementing this into people's thoughts further.

"If physical ability is involved, in what way would they be graded?" Mei Yu Wang said what was on nearly everybody's mind. The two minds it wasn't on was Ike and Yamauchi daydreaming about girls.



"Ooooh, Mii-chan, good question. Maybe there will be a unique

exam of sorts! They might use the sports festival if this school has one too!" Kushida said energetically.

"These are all speculations but plausible methods of getting points. I think we should move onto the main problem now. What are we doing to prepare for the midterms?" Horikita finally said something. While it could be taken as rude, it shows she is participating as she addressed a new vital issue.

"Ah yes, the exams. Kushida and I were thinking earlier if we had the best scoring students tutor the other lower scoring ones. The tutors will be Mii-chan, Horikita, Kushida, Yukimura, Ayanokoji and me. Does this sound okay? We can all have a study group like this to prepare for the test."

It seems like they really planned this out before this meeting. We all, including Horikita, acknowledged and responded positively to which Hirata responded with a smile.

"Got it, thank you all for this. That about sums up this conversation, we will divide out classmates to tutors at some point soon." He said with his thumb up, and with that we were dismissed.

I began to walk out of the room after gathering my belongings until Horikita stopped me.

"Ayanokoji-kun, what was it you wanted to talk to me about before?"

Yikes, I completely forgot I had something I wanted to ask her.

"Sorry about that, it slipped my mind just then. Is it alright if we talk about it on the way back to the dorms? It's slightly embarrassing and I'd rather us be alone."

She nodded, a red tint spreading throughout her face.

As we walked, Horikita and I had a deeper chat about the study groups mentioning things such as number of people we each are taking under us and the like.

Once we got at a far enough distance from everyone else, I decided to ask her my question.

"So Horikita, we've been friends for a while and I was wondering if you'd like to take it to the next step..."

She halted immediately, as a look of pure questioning became plastered on her face.

"Would you like to be friends with benefits?"

~Author's notes~

Wow, 7.2 k words, longest chapter yet. Got the S-System explanation out of the way so this chapter might have been slightly more boring than some others but...

Next one might be interesting :)

Also, who would you guys want in Ayanokoji's study group? I'm thinking of settling for 3 people, just let me know who you want.

Just so you know, he is completely oblivious to the true meaning of friends with benefits.

Fr.

Fr...

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Horikita's Answer

Reads: 17573 | Votes: 318 | Comments: 209

This chapter will be a lemon. If you do not like sex scenes for whatever reason, you can go ahead to the next chapter. There will be a summary of the events that occurred in this part there, albeit cleaner. 🍋

This is my first time writing a lemon so don't expect too much, I'll do my best.

Now let's begin ♡♡.

"Would you like to be friends with benefits?"

As soon as I said that, I thought I heard an extremely loud clapping sound, and my ears were ringing.

Horikita had slapped me, for whatever reason.

I could've dodged it easily, I could've caught it easily but something in her eyes, told me I deserved it.

Her deep red eyes flashed with slight anger, nervousness, and sadness.

"Is that a no? I'm deeply sorry if I over stepped my boundaries. I thought we were getting close enough for it."

I needed confirmation, I feel so utterly humiliated right now even if it doesn't show with my mannerisms. I failed to ask so bad, that she even slapped me. I hope she accepts, it'll make my situation far easier to deal with.

"I think going there is a bit far for now... We are still students you know?" She said holding her other arm, emphasizing her perfectly medium sized chest.

No, I shouldn't think of her this way, this is serious here.

I thought at least.

Her previous rage seemed to have faded from her entirely, there was only a blushing mess in front of me. Her previous sadness was fully replaced with a noticeable happiness.

Her state of mind changes way to quickly sometimes, something similar happened in the classroom with Hirata too.

Also, what does being students have to do with it? Is she that embarrassed to be more than friends that she doesn't want others to know about it?

"Can we still be friends with benefits? I'll keep it hidden, I won't say a word to anyone about it. It seems you are worried about people finding out."

I said this, trying to salvage the issue. She changed her attitude so maybe she'll change her answer?

"You were planning to announce it before?!"
She questioned noisily with a shocked 🤔 expression.

"If you're so insistent, then f-fine. Let's be friends with b-benefits. But we also have to be safe about it. P-protection is necessary, okay?"

She agreed! Yay, my first super close friend. What does she even mean by safe and protection though?

Maybe by keeping our relationship safely hidden and protect it? What's with the phrasing though?

"Thanks, Horikita! I appreciate you accepting my selfish request." I exclaimed, bowing my head in thanks to her.

"Eh, no problem... when do you want to start?"

She questioned me with a look full of expectation. Why are you shining so brightly? It's completely different than your original character's personality.



"Weren't we going to start right now? Why wait for later?"

Every single thing she has been saying since we started this conversation has been very abnormal. I almost feel like she's talking about something else but pointing that out is kinda embarrassing.

"You want to do it in public?! I didn't know you were a pervert Ayanokoji-kun..."

"Hey, who are you calling a pervert. I think it's more natural and relaxing to do it here."

She blushed profusely at my statement and continued with, "Well, let's at least do it at the park. There are a lot of blind spots for the cameras there."

She's really taking concealing our new evolved friendship to the next level.

"Fine let's start our relationship there."

Her requests are strange but I really don't want to ruin anything. Maybe this is how she usually is. She smiled brightly, and we walked to the park while I constantly convinced myself in my head, 'Horikita is acting normal'.

Once we arrived at the park, we found an isolated bench away for the cameras always prying eyes. The entire place was entirely deserted, not a single person was in sight.

I sat down on said bench on the right side, waiting for her to take a seat next to me.

But Horikita just stood in front of me, her eyes blocked by her bangs.

"Hey Horikita, why aren't you si-"

"Call me Suzune."

Isn't she being pushy now? Makes sense to call each other by first names to initiate our better friendship.

"Uh Suzune. Why aren't you-"

"Again."

"Suzune?"

We repeated this several times until I she looked up with a pure smile adorned her beautiful face.



"Thanks Kiyotaka-kun, I'll start now. It's only right to cal each other

by our first names before we do the deed."

Deed? What deed?

And what is the fluffy feeling I feel in my chest when she says my first name? If this is what she felt as well, I can see why she wanted me to repeat her name.

She walked closer to me and crouched down, her knees hitting the pavement. She pushed both my legs outward, spreading my legs and started to unbuckle my belt. What the hell possessed her?

"Oi, what are you doing?"

My words fell to deaf ears, she remained undeterred and continued to undress my lower half.

Once she fully undid my belt, she slid down my pants, leaving me in my underwear to which she slid down a little as well, before she got blocked. She pulled harder and finally, my underwear passed the obstacle, which was my dick.

My private parts were on full display for anybody in the nearby radius. Luckily, no one was there. Except for Horik- Suzune.

"It's kinda scary up close," She stared and I noticed some drool drip from the corner of her mouth.

"Hey, you should stop now."

I attempted to make her halt, but she was off in her own world once again.

"Your sexual organ is the width of my head?!"

She rotated her head horizontally and rested my rod on her cheek. This is really exciting me.

"It's not erect yet either... How big it would be when it hardens...?"

She began to poke my dick and started to stroke it with her smooth slender fingers.

Mmm, I'm getting hard, at a rapid pace too.

Suzune started to spit on my cock in large amounts licking it here and there all while still stroking. It was really stimulating and made me feel like she had practice too.

"Your penis is larger than my forearm, Kiyotaka..."

She said quite awestruck but enamored, moving her hand even faster than before.

She lost all her previous reason and cool collected self, completely entranced within the absurdity of this moment.

I am nearing what I feel is ejaculation.

I've never came before in my entire life, I've never seen the point of self-pleasuring as it exhausts energy and I don't have stress I need to relieve.

...

I am not targeting you guys.

...

"Suzune, I'm near."

She directed my manhood near her face and stroked it like her rise to Class A depended on it.

Well, to be frank... Ahem.

Out of my penis, I shot the first load of my life all over her. Some landed on her perfect face, a good portion stained her hair and uniform in the breast area. She started panting slightly, probably from soreness in her arm.

Giving me and herself no break, she licked her lips, her tongue taking some of my semen back into her mouth.

"Delicious. Thanks for the meal."

She grinned and forced her mouth on my dick and began to bob her head up and down.

She attempted to deep throat me but wasn't even able to reach halfway before her face rose back up again. She used one hand to steady her position and her free hand to caress the rest of my shaft she couldn't fit in.

"Wait, I'm still sensitive."

She continued paying no heed to my words and didn't stop even to catch her breath. Unable to take it anymore, I was about to release another load.

Suzune who sensed this, hugged my waist forcing my dick to reach the farthest it had before, near the bottom of her throat. The base of my cock almost reached her lips and I came, feeling my cum flow down. Her cheeks puffed and some sperm released through the tiny gaps of her mouth. She began to gag and swallow it all.

After a brief few minute rest with her gasping for air. She put her hand against my chest and pushed me down. She then slid down her black stockings and panties and her heavenly pink lower lips appeared in front of me, soaking wet.

Cleanly shaved too, was she waiting for this or was it for better hygiene?

Knowing her, it was probably the latter.

Suzune got on top of me and aligned her pussy with my penis. I quickly forced her off of me as we swapped positions, this time with her back along the bench.

I moved my head towards her ear and whispered in her ear, "So that's what you meant by protection before. Don't go breaking your own words you hear? We wouldn't want an **accident** to occur."

She stifled a moan, then pouted. I leveled my mouth to hers as we began to kiss. The once dominating Suzune widened her eyes, looking surprised at the sudden passionate kiss but she returned it back. Our tongues intertwined as we swapped saliva back and forth,

swallowing every now and then.

I regretted it, this ice cream is not delicious as she said. Never again.

Without warning, I stuck one of fingers inside of her, her pussy tightened and embraced it, soaking it thoroughly. I moved back and forth and I felt her moans through our kiss.

Once I felt she was ready, I stuck another finger inside of her, and pushed them inside at a faster pace. I felt her tighten all of a sudden and a lot of her juice shot out, making my pant legs soaked in it. I noticed her biggest moan yet come through the climax.

I released her lips and saw her flushed panting face and smiled internally. I so wanted to stick my wife beater inside of her this instant, but it would inevitably lead to consequences. I don't even think it could fit right now, she's far too tight. My logic beat my curiosity so I decided to explore her crotch a bit more.

I positioned my face in front of her private and spread the two lips of it apart with one hand.

I put my mouth against her clit and began to eat her out, swirling my tongue inside of her. She then let out satisfying noises and uneven breaths. I continued for minutes until I once again noticed her insides clenching my tongue.

I was about to pull my head away until she got her legs and wrapped them around my head, locking me into place. Her love juices flowed out into my mouth covering my face. I was forced to swallow it, I didn't mind it though, it tasted sweet, similar to milk.

"KIYOTAKA!", Suzune moaned in ecstasy, her eyes rolled back and her back arched as she stopped moving.

I stood up to check on her and tapped her slightly.

Suzune was passed out stone cold.

I sighed and it looked like she left me to the clean up.

"Good night, Suzune." I said as I kissed her head.

I don't know why she started this out of nowhere like it was natural, I enjoyed it greatly indeed, but was still confused nonetheless. I dressed her, putting her panties back on along with her stockings.

I pulled my pants up, and after a few tries, stuffed my still erect dick fully inside. It was extremely uncomfortable but I had to deal with it. If only our little session could've lasted longer.

I held her in a princess carry and walked to the dorms while hiding my presence. Hopefully the camera people did not notice the hour and a half time gap upon going and leaving that sweat covered bench in the park.

As I entered the dorm and settled her on my bed, she shook awake with a gasp, sitting up right nearly bumping my head.

She looked at me with an anxious expression on her face and sighed in relief.

"Good, it was just a dream."

She held her throat after she let out those words in a rather raspy quiet voice.

I looked at her, confused on the inside.

Suzune looked around and asked, "Kiyot- Ayanokoji-kun, why am I in your room?" She said, struggling to get the words out.

Ouch, she went back to last name basis.

"Well, after our little session at the park, you blacked out. I brought you back here, Suzune. Also, why are you calling me by my last name again?"

She looked at me, then my crotch, me, then my crotch and her eyes rolled back, as she fell on the bed again.

I shook her awake and this time she did wake up. Once she was

fully awake, I asked the question I've been curious about.

"So Suzune, why did you randomly give me a blowjob in the park?"

She looked at me with a bright red tint spanning her entire face, even to the tip of her ears and muttered quietly in a small voice, "Because that's what friends with benefits are... they are not in a relationship but still have s-sex with no strings attached."

Wait what!

"Eh, I thought they were just friends who are close."

"Eh?"

"Huh?"

"IT WAS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING!" She screamed in the loudest voice she could with her sore throat and ran out of the room.

Who would've thought that was the true meaning of friends with benefits.

I'm glad to be one with you, Suzune.

'It was an extremely valuable experience.'

I've learned that kisses should not be done after oral too in a less than desirable way.

~Author's notes~

Hope the lemon was to your liking, I really apologize if it was bad as I never did one before.

It's not gay. Okay?

**And yes, Horikita won the vote on the previous part. She had 8
and the closest, Sae, had 6**

Anyways, peace 🕊️

**If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord
server! (I need to write more.)**

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

The Day After and the Guidance Room

Reads: 8285 | Votes: 266 | Comments: 185

Hello, for those of you who skipped the last chapter, Ayanokoji and Horikita are now friends with benefits and are on first name basis. They did multiple explicit activities but did not go all the way. Both of their virginities are intact.

Anyways, hope you enjoy the chapter 🍷.

"Ayanokoji~"

From under the desk, Yamauchi stuck out his face, still looking dead. Get your head away from my crotch please.

"The hell!? W-what's wrong?"

"Buy this for 20,000 points~. I can't buy anything because I have no points~"

Yamauchi put down the game console he was playing with the other day. Don't push your troubles onto me...

"If you sell that thing to me, who would I play it with?"

"How should I know. It's fine though, right? It's a good deal."

"I'll buy it if you lower the price to 1000 points."

"Ayanokoji~! I don't have anyone else to rely on~"

"Why only me... I can't give what I don't have."

That was a lie, I still have a relatively high amount of points, he doesn't know that though.

Yamauchi looked up at me with watery eyes, but I averted my eyes because I felt bad. Well, at least pretended to.

He realized that asking me for points wasn't going to work, so he switched to another target.

"Hasebe! I have a favor for my best friend! Buy this game console for 22,000 points!"



Looks like he's trying to get Hasebe to buy it now. Poor Hasebe. Furthermore, he shamelessly increased the price. I would've expected him to lower it because she's a cute girl but whatever.

"Must be hard for everyone who's used up their points..."

Kushida said while watching the exchange between Yamauchi and Hasebe.

"Kushida, are you ok on points? Girls have a lot of various necessities, after all."

"Hmm, well, for now. I've used up about half my points. I used too many points this first month, so it'll be hard to control myself. Ayanokoji-kun, how about you?"

"It's certainly difficult for someone who's popular to live a school life without spending money. ...I've practically used up none of points. I don't have anything that I particularly need, either."

I am a minimalist and did sense something amiss with everything. Can't say that last part though, I would probably be executed by my own classmates.

"Is that because you don't have friends?"

"Hey, that was uncalled for..."

"Ahaha, sorry, sorry. I didn't mean any offense."

Kushida apologized to me while giggling. She's so cute when she laughs like that. This is the second time she accidentally insulted me though.

Even if I have some idea what's behind that mask, it still hurts.

"Um, Kushida-san?"

"Karuizawa-san, what is it?"

"To be honest, I used up all my points. I've already gotten some help from the other girls in the class, but I also thought to ask Kushida-san. We're friends, right? I only need about 2000 points."

This was kind of rude of her but i guess desperate times call for desperate measures.

Karuizawa asked for points from Kushida with a fake laugh. This

should be an instant rejection.

"Un, ok."

I shouted "Ok!?" in my mind, but I guess it's up to the person as to how they decide their friends.

Without wavering at all, Kushida decided to help Karuizawa.



"Thanks~. Friends are really useful. This is my number. Well then, see you later~. Ah, Inogashira-san, to be honest, I used up all my points~"

Moving onto her next target, Karuizawa walked away from us. That was fast. Knowing Inogashira's personality too, I wouldn't be all that shocked if she agreed. I would usually watch it play out but I've got a question for Kushida though...

"Was that ok? Your points probably won't come back."

"I can't send a friend away when they come asking for help."

Karuizawa-san also has a lot of friends, so it's probably hard for her without too many points."

Kind as alwa- as usual.

"However, I think that having used up all 100,000 points should be your own problem."

"Ah, but how do I even transfer my points?"

"You received a slip of paper from Karuizawa with a number, right? You can transfer points using your cell phone." It felt good teaching Kushida, who probably has tons of information something.

"Wow, the school really thought of everything for the students. They even created a system like this to help people like Karuizawa-san."

Certainly, it is a help to Karuizawa. However, was it really necessary to send her money? Looks like a bunch of trouble instead.

Not only can the process be somewhat annoying but 2000 private points is a 50th of our original. If 4 people asked the same thing as Karuizawa, it would be a 10th of it.

It's not like Kushida can refuse either, it could make it seem like she's playing favoritism. I wish her luck, hopefully people don't take advantage of her 'kindness' to the extreme.

"Ayanokoji Kiyotaka from class D, Chabashira-sensei is calling for you. Please come to the staff room."

After a jingle, a voice came over the loudspeaker.

"Looks like you were called by the teacher."

"Yea... Sorry, Kushida. I'll be going."

Since the first day of school, I don't remember doing anyth- scratch that, I've done plenty. I interrupted the class and school events multiple times, was seen nude in public, kissed and groped students and a teacher and had oral sex on campus just yesterday. All of

them are bad, but sex could lead to expulsion. Feeling the heavy gazes of the other students, I exited the room, a cold sweat running down the side of my head.

I reached the staff room and timidly opened the door. Looking around the room, I didn't see Chabashira-sensei anywhere. I called out to the teacher that was checking their own face in the mirror.

"Um, is Chabashira-sensei here?"

"What? Sae-chan? She was here until a few moments ago..."

The teacher who looked back had wavy, shoulder-length hair that gave off an adult-like impression. She said Chabashira-sensei's name as if they were close. They also look close in age.

"Looks like she had something to do. Do you want to wait inside? Wait... why do you look familiar..."

I've never seen her before so I don't think she has the right person.

"AH, I know you! T-rex-kun! I saw you on the cameras at the pool!"

She saw? It seems there was a female at that time. I subconsciously covered my crotch as I felt an ominous aura surround her.

"T-Rex?" I asked for clarification to see if she was talking about what I thought.

"You know, your big juicy di-"

"Got it. Also, I'll wait in the hallway."

Did she really say that in front of the person and a student nonetheless?

I don't feel comfortable in areas like the staff room. Another factor was that I didn't want to stay in a secluded room with her hence why I decided to stay in the hallway. As soon as I thought that, the teacher walked out into the hallway.

"I'm Hoshinomiya Chie, responsible for class B. I've been best friends with Sae since high school. We're close enough to call each other Sae-chan and Chie-chan~."



I've never heard of her before, but it seems like some useless

information. No offense to her.

"Ne, why did Sae-chan call you here? Ne ne, why?"

"Who knows. I don't know the reason either..."

"I don't understand. You were called out without being given the reason? Fuun? Maybe she wants 'that'... anyhow, what's your name?"

A barrage of questions. She examined me up and down, her eyes glancing at my waist longer than other areas.

"My name's Ayanokoji Kiyotaka."

"Ayanokoji-kun? Isn't that a cool name~. You're popular, right~? I think I heard some girls talking about you in our class".

Well that's news to me, am I going through a popular phase? Sound's troublesome but I could make plenty of friends in that case.

Also, what's with this overly casual teacher? She's closer to a student than she is to a teacher like Chabashira-sensei. If this were an all-boys school, she'd probably capture the hearts of every student. She reminded me of Kushida, just more bold.

"Ne ne, do you already have a girlfriend?" She questioned further, not letting me answer the previous question.

"No... um, I'm not really popular."

I tried to make myself look offended and hurt, but Hoshinomiya-sensei still assertively approached me. With smooth motions, she grabbed my shoulders with her slender, beautiful hands.

"Fuun? That's weird, I would've totally gone for you if we were in the same class~. Actually I still might. Is it because you're too innocent? Or are you tsuntsun? Oh how I would love you to talk dirty t-, oops, my thoughts are leaking, teehee."

Multiple parts of her sentence concerned me, I think it'd be best for my mental health if I forgot what I just heard.

She poked my cheek with her finger. I wasn't sure what to say. If I suddenly licked her fingers, she'd probably stop, but if it's brought up at a staff meeting, I'd probably be expelled immediately.

My reason to do it was, 'might as well chance it as i have a semi high chance of being expelled anyways.' You only live once after all, gotta experience everything to the best.

Huh, my whole ideal changed? It's just your imagination.

Ignoring my original lie of thought, I nibbled on her finger and a look of surprise floated on her face till she grabbed my hand and reciprocated what I did. She even coiled her tongue around my finger, it felt quite stimulating. I wonder how it would feel if... never mind that. If anybody were to see us, we'd be in serious trouble. I fully assumed she would pull back, not copy me and do something even dirtier.

"What are you doing Chie?"

Suddenly, Chabashira-sensei hit Hoshinomiya-sensei's head with a clipboard. Hoshinomiya-sensei squatted down, holding her head in pain.

"Oww. What'd you do that for!"

"That's because you were doing weird things with a student here. What compelled you to do such a thing?"

"I was only talking to him while he was waiting for you to come back! We did nothing!" Hoshinomiya-sensei flat out lied, but could it possibly work?

"Sure, let's just leave it at that. Sorry for making you wait, Ayanokoji. Well then, let's move to the guidance room." She eyed her suspiciously but moved on.

"No, I didn't wait long. Also, the guidance room... did I do something? I thought I was living a non-conspicuous school life."

"A good response and you're not in trouble. However, If you are trying to be inconspicuous, you're failing miserably. Come with me."

I followed Chabashira-sensei while thinking, 'What's this about...'

Suddenly, Hoshinomiya-sensei walked up next to me with a smile. When she noticed, Chabashira-sensei turned around and looked at her with a look of a demon.

"Not you, you stay back."

"Don't say it so coldly~. It's no big deal if I listen too, right? Besides, Sae-chan isn't the type to give one-on-one lessons, right? Also, to take Ayanokoji-kun to the guidance room out of the blue... do you have some kind of goal?"

Replying to Chabashira-sensei's question with a grin, she got behind me and put her arms around my shoulders. Yup, there's that nice feeling, it feels squishier than others.

Yet I couldn't see Hoshinomiya-sensei's face, but I understood that there was electricity in the air between the two. What is this, rivalry?

"By any chance, Sae-chan, are you looking for a younger man?"

A younger man? What do you mean by that?

"D-don't say stupid things. That's impossible Chie."

"Fufu, certainly. It's impossible for Sae-chan~. Hmm~ was that I stutter I heard though? Please let me join in on the fun."

"Ahem, Control yourself. That's no way to talk around a student."

So you're fine with talking about it alone with her? Just please refrain from putting me in that conversation.

"I'm sure his thing is plenty for both of us though~!" Hoshinomiya-sensei exclaimed then screamed, "ITAI!"

Chabashira-sensei whacked her on the head again, go sensei.

"I said stop that vulgarness of yours!"

The rest of the walk was silent for the most part.

Hoshinomiya-sensei kept following us.

"How long are you going to follow us? This is a problem concerning class D."

"Eh? Can't I go with you? Is that no good? Look, I can give advice too~"

As Hoshinomiya-sensei followed us against our will, a student suddenly walked up in front of us and blocked our way.

It was a beautiful girl with light pink hair that I'm acquainted with, Ichinose Honami.

"Hoshinomiya-sensei. Do you have time right now? The student council has matters to discuss."

She looked at us for a moment and saw me.

"Oh, hi Ayanokoji-kun!" Ichinose greeted.

"Hi Ichinose." I said back with a wave.

Once we finished our very brief conversation, she faced Hoshinomiya-sensei again.

"Look, she's looking for you. Hurry up and go."

Chabashira-sensei hit Hoshinomiya-sensei's butt with her clipboard.

That was kind of hot, is this the yuri professor mentioned?

"Ah Mou~. I think she'll get mad if I stay any longer, so see you later, Ayanokoji-kun. Well, let's go to the staff room, Ichinose-san."

That sounded exactly like Karuizawa. I really wonder why she says that. Is it trending or something?

With that, she turned on her heel with a pout on her face and went

back to the staff room with Ichinose.

After seeing off Hoshinomiya-sensei, Chabashira-sensei lightly scratched her head and continued walking towards the guidance room.

Soon after, we arrived at the guidance room, which was right next to the auditorium.

"Chabashira-sensei, what was the reason you called me?" I asked, still apprehensive that I might be in trouble, even if she denied it before.

"Umu, about that... before I talk about that, come over here."

While glancing at the clock on the wall, she opened a door that was in the room. She put a kettle on top of the stove in the office kitchen.

"I'll be making some green tea. Are you ok with roasted green tea?" She offered.

"Yes please," I can't miss the chance of drinking her tea. Since she's making it anyways, I might as well have some.

I picked up the container with roasted green tea powder and handed it to her.

"Thanks," she responded, as she boiled the some of the mixture into the pot.

Once it was finished, she got ready to leave the room and said, "Don't do anything extra. Enter quietly. Until I say it's ok to come back out, stand here quietly. If you don't, you'll be punished."

"Ha? What do you mean by—"

Without giving me an explanation, she closed the office kitchen door. What the hell is she trying to do? I stayed quiet as she told me to, and before long, I heard the sound of the guidance room door opening.

"Here, come in. Well then, what do you have to say to me? Horikita."

It looks like Suzune was the one who was called into the guidance room.

"I will ask you frankly. Why was I put into class D?" Suzune asked with a semi-raspy voice.

"Are you really asking frankly? Moreover, if you're sick, it's ok to stay home for a day." Chabashira-sensei said with a tone of worry in her voice. It seems she really cares for her students, she just doesn't express it openly.

"Eh, I'm not sick at all. I just did something yesterday that put extra stress on my throat." Suzune said, I'm assuming she had a slight blush on her face.

'Ah, I'm sorry. I didn't know that would happen' I apologized to her internally.

If I had to guess, sensei probably raised her eyebrows, perplexed on what she did the previous day.

"Anyways, today sensei said that the classes were divided by superiority. And that class D was the lowest collection of leftovers."

"I did indeed say that. It looks like you consider yourself as a 'superior' person."

I wonder how Suzune will reply to that. I'm betting that she'll confidently object to her words.

"I believe that I solved nearly all the problems on the entrance exam, and had no big mistakes during the interview. At the very least, I don't think I should be in class D."

Look, I got it dead-on. Suzune's the type to think of herself as the best. She isn't self-conscious either, and really thinks that she's superior to everyone else, besides maybe me. On the results of the test, Suzune was also tied for second place.

"Solved nearly all the problems on the entrance exam, is it. Usually, we can't show the results of the entrance exam, but I'll give you a special exception. I have your answer sheet here by chance."

"You are thoroughly prepared, I see... Looks like you also knew I would come here to protest my placement."

"I'm a teacher. I understand the students to some degree at the very least. Horikita Suzune. As you thought, on the entrance examination, you were 3rd place among the incoming first-years. Your scores were behind first and second by only a small margin. You did very well. There were no particular problems that we observed during the interview either. Rather, you were highly rated."

"Thank you very much. Then—why?"

"Before that, why are you dissatisfied with class D?"

"There is no one that would be happy when they are not correctly evaluated. Also, the differences between classes also greatly affect future prospects. It's only natural that I'm unhappy."

I could see that, but it is sadly due to her personality that she is in Class D. I can't think of anything else that is lacking.

"Correctly evaluated? Hey hey, your evaluation of yourself is too high."

Chabashira-sensei snickered, or rather, openly laughed, at Suzune.

"I recognize that your academic ability is high. You are definitely smart. However, who decided that smart people were the ones who got into the superior classes? We never said that."

"That's—that's just common sense."

"Common sense? Didn't that 'common sense' create the broken Japan we live in now? Indeed, we used to separate the inferior from the superior using the test scores. As a result, incompetent people tried to make up the difference in desperation to defeat the truly superior people. In the end, it led to a heredity system."

The heredity system means that social status, honor, and job are all passed on and inherited.

Hearing those words, I unintentionally let out a low groan. My chest hurts. I thought of that man by accident, I wish that he'll never find me. Knowing him though, he probably has some idea of my whereabouts. I mentally sighed just thinking about it.

"Certainly, you have the ability to study. I won't deny that. However, this school's goal is to produce excellent people. It is a big mistake to think that you can be assigned to a superior class by only studying. That was the very first thing we explained, at the entrance ceremony. Besides, think about it calmly. Do you think someone like Sudou would make it if we determined acceptance only by intelligence?"

I just Imagined Sudou wearing glasses which reading a book. Impossible.



"Tsu..."

Even though this is one of the best schools in Japan, they accept students that are interested in areas other than studying. The school emphasizes both mental and physical abilities of the people accepted after all.

"Also, it's rash to say that there is no one that would be happy when

they are incorrectly evaluated. Class A, for example, receives a lot of pressure from the school and a lot of envy from the lower classes. Competing under heavy pressure is harder than you think. There are students that are fine with being evaluated lower than they actually are."

"That's a joke, right? I can't understand those kind of people."

"Really? I think there are a few in Class D. Oddball students that would stay in a low-level class with pleasure."

It seemed as though she was talking to me through the wall. Although, I did change so. that is irrelevant now.

"You still haven't explained clearly. Is my placement in Class D the truth, and was there no mistake in my evaluation? Please double check."

"It's too bad, but your placement in Class D was not a mistake. You're definitely in Class D. You are a student only at that level."

"... Is that so. I will hear from the school at another time."

It looks like she decided that her homeroom teacher was not the right person to ask, and didn't give up. I'll try to confront Suzune after this and attempt to get her to be more open to others.

In my opinion, that's the first and most effective way to break her superiority complex. Without hurting her that is.

"You'll get the same result if you try to talk to anyone in a higher position. There's no need to be that disappointed. As I said this morning, classes can overtake and surpass one another. Remember that there is the possibility of rising up to class A before graduation."

"It does not seem like a very easy path. How will the immature class D ever get more points than class A? No matter how I look at it, it is impossible."

That was Suzune's honest opinion. There is an enormous point difference this time. However, we still have no clue how fast we can

close that distance or how far the other classes can go ahead. One event could possibly raise 300 Class point while another could maybe raise 50.

Her point is that Class D is full of incompetent students, so even if some brilliant students did try, it would be near impossible. That's where she's wrong though. I can already the countless of different scenarios where Class D can prevail and unite together. Working as a class is the most important thing to win yet she doesn't see that yet. I might have to enlighten her on that as well later.

"I wouldn't know. It's your own choice whether or not to head down that reckless path. By any chance, do you have a special reason as to why you need to be in class A?"

"That is... I will excuse myself for today. However, please remember that I still do not understand."

And here I was waiting for her actual answer. Most people probably would say the 100% job acceptance ticket. However, she stuttered so something else must be on her min.

"All right, I'll remember that."

I heard the sound of a chair being pulled. Looks like the discussion ended.

"Oh, right. I called another person to the guidance room. It's a person that's also relevant to you."

"Relevant to me...? No way... Nii-sa—"

"Come out, Ayanokoji."

Don't call me with such bad timing. All right, I won't come out.

"If you don't come out, you'll be suspended."

C-cruel. You shouldn't unfairly use suspension as a weapon. While I don't mind the break, I might be severely hated. It could affect Class points if we did have them most likely.

"How long will you make me wait?"

While letting out a sigh, I exited the office kitchen and into the guidance room. Naturally, Suzune was surprised.

"Were you... listening to us?"

"Listening? I know you guys were talking about something, but I didn't hear anything. The walls are pretty thick."

"That's not true. You can hear everything clearly from that kitchen."

For some reason, it looks like Chabashira-sensei wanted to drag me out into the room.

"... Sensei, why would you do that?"

Suzune immediately noticed that this was a setup. The anger was clear on her face.

"Because I decided it was necessary. Well then Ayanokoji, I'll tell you the reason I called you."

Chabashira-sensei shot down Suzune's question and turned her attention to me.

"Excuse me then..."

"Wait Horikita. It is better for you to listen to the end. This'll be a hint for how you can get up to class A."

Suzune stopped in her tracks and sat back down in her chair. That was fast.

"Please keep it short."

Looking down at her clipboard, Chabashira-sensei laughed.

"You're an interesting student, Ayanokoji."

"I'm not interesting at all, not as interesting as someone like Chabashira who has a strange surname."

"Do you want to prostrate yourself in front of all the Chabashira-san's in the country? Hmm?"

"No, even if you looked all of the country for other Chabashira's, there would probably be no one else other than you... I have no problem kneeling in front of you though."

"What kind of nonsense are you spouting?" She questioned me with a astonished look.

"I would like to know that too." Suzune said, staring at me.

"..."

"Moving on... After your entrance examination results, I was thinking about potential individual teaching methods, but after seeing your test results, my interest was piqued. I was surprised at first."

A familiar answer sheet from the entrance exam was on the clipboard.

"50 points in Japanese, 50 points in math, 50 points in english, 50 points in history, 50 points in science... and the result of the most recent test was 100 points. Do you know what this means?"

In surprise, Suzune looked over my test form then shifted her gaze to me.

"I did that then because I didn't want to stand out. Now it different. You already know how I got full marks across the board earlier."

It's better to tell the truth, it'll lead to less talking which mean getting out of this situation faster.

Chabashira-sensei sent Suzune a look that said, "How was that?"

"Why did you... pretend that you didn't understand?"

"No, like I said, I used too. It's not like I'm hiding it anymore, before I just rathered not to be the center of attention." I said clarifying the situation.

"What do you think? He might be more intelligent than you are, Horikita."

Suzune visibly flinched. Sensei, please don't say anything unnecessary, you're going to make us fight.

"I don't like studying, nor did I want to try my best. That's why I get those kind of scores." I said

"No, I'll stop here. If I kept listening, I think I would go crazy and destroy all the furniture in here."

"If you do that, Ayanokoji will be demoted to class E."

"There's such a class?"

"Certainly. Class E means expelled. In other words, dropping out of school. Well, the conversation ends here. Enjoy your student life from now on."

What a sarcastic remark.

"I will also leave. It's time for the staff meeting to start. I'm going to close this room, so let's leave the room."

She pushed the two of us out of the room. As she did so, Suzune face planted on the floor, her knees lying on the floor, her rear slightly upwards. Her skirt was folded up, giving full view of her butt and black panties. Chabashira-sensei fell right on of Suzune, her waist vertically aligning with Suzune's waist. Chabashira-sensei had her long skirt flipped as well and saw her legs and white underwear fully covered with stocking, what an enjoyable sight. I fell too, landing against both of their butts, my right hand brushing against Suzune's, while I faced forward. Sensei fell before me I think because Suzune pulled her when she went down.



What a bad looking scene. If somebody were to come in the room, It would appear that I am part of a threesome.

My worst nightmare came true as the door cracked open and Hoshinomiya-sensei came inside with a flabbergasted expression. She then made a mischievous grin and ran towards us and purposely jumped on top of Chabashira-sensei in a similar position to the other two.

Hoshinomiya-sensei was wearing thigh-highs unlike the other two so her skin was exposed greatly, as well as her panties.

On a side note, it's very odd that Suzune had the most lewd design to her underwear compared to two adults.

"Ara~ ara~, so you really were doing naughty things Sae-chan~. You invited another student so why didn't you invite me? A foursome is better than a threesome after all~!"



Edit:



What the hell is wrong with this pervy teacher.

"No Chie! It was an accident, get off of us now so we could move."

"Nope, I'm not moving till I get a reward from Kiyotaka-kun~!"

What.

"Ayanokoji, do something before another unwanted guest comes in. This could lead to jail time even if it was an accident!" Chabashira-sensei yelled, trying to rush me.

What should I do?

Hoshinomiya-sensei wants a 'reward', and I hope she doesn't mean my manhood. Should I...

I spanked Hoshinomiya-sensei's butt loudly with my right hand, it jiggled from the sudden pressure.

"Itai! Why'd you span- Hngh~♥□"

I kept on hitting her ass, and whispered, "I didn't know you were such a slut Hoshinomiya-sensei."

After the 8th hit, she said, "Call me Chie-sensei, Kiyotaka-kun♥□!"

She's enjoying it?!

"What the hell are you doing Kiyotaka-kun?" Suzune raised her voice at me.

"Uh, discipline?"

I'm not wrong, technically speaking.

"Ayanokoji, can you please stop touching me? It's rather uncomfortable..." Chabashira-sensei said. How can I touch her when both of my hand are occupied hitting Chie... Oh, I see.

"Sorry, let me move this nuisance."

I lifted Chie-sensei off of the other two and she yelled, "Hohoho, so you're going to insert it while picking me up huh?"

I can't with this failure of a teacher anymore. I dropped her on the spot to which she pouted once she hit the floor.

Once everybody scuffled to their feet, we explained the situation to Chie-sensei who assumed we were doing something bad.

Thank god there is no camera in this room.

"Well, let's go have a drink Sae-chan!" You recovered from that rather quickly.

"You alcoholic..." Chabashira-sensei muttered.

"Oh Kiyotaka-kun, take this." Chie-sensei handed me a note to which I opened. A 10 digit number was written, along with, "Call me!"

This is the second time I got something like this from someone, the first was Kuwahara on the bus.

I did what most teenagers should do.

Never call that perverted teacher.

Suzune and I were left in the room to which we excused ourselves from it.

"Why does stuff like this happen when you're around Kiyotaka-kun?" Suzune spoke a slight glare with a blush. Choose one already.

"No idea, maybe I'm just unlucky." I said in response

"Anyways ... shall we go back?"

I prepared to start walking away, but waited for her to confirm. It's probably better for us to walk back together, she seemed to have a lot on her mind.

"Sure," she briefly responded.

Moments of silence pursued shortly after.

Feeling as if she wasn't going to start talking, I decided to take initiative.

"Are you aiming for class A?"

"Huh, oh yes. First, I want to find the real intention of the school. Why I was put into class D. Chabashira-sensei said that I was only judged as someone fitting for class D, so... When I figure it out, I'll aim for Class A, No, I'm always aiming for class A."

"That's going to be really hard. You'll have to fix those problem children. Sudou's perpetual lateness, the talking during class, and the test scores. Even if you achieve that, it's still ± 0 ."

"... I already know that. I'm still hoping that my placement was a mistake by the school."

Her previously overflowing confidence had turned into anxiety.

The only conclusion I got from yesterday's information is the word "despair". If you follow the basic rules of school life, minuses can be avoided to a certain extent. However, the crucial thing is that we aren't 100% sure on how to turn minuses in to pluses. The most superior class, Class A, still had a small detraction of points.

Even if we do find a way to increase our points efficiently, the other classes would also find a way to do the same.

Also, once there is a huge point difference, it is very difficult to stay competitive among the classes in limited time.

"I can understand your thoughts to some extent. However, I don't think that the school will continue to carefully watch the students. Then there would be no meaning in competing."

"I see, you can also think of it that way."

I read that the school does not allow class A to escape in the first month of admission. In other words, Suzune believed that this was our chance to make a big increase in points.

"Are you thinking of taking care of this situation with your own hands?"

"Yes."

"What a quick answer. I understand your feelings, but it's not a problem you can solve on your own. I'm talking about Sudou. Even if you improve yourself, there's nothing you can do if the rest of a class is a minus."

I need to break her out of that mindset that she could lead properly in the future. She could be a extremely vital part of the class with the right steps.

"No, it's slightly different. Certainly, a person can't achieve anything

by themselves, but if everyone doesn't put in their own effort, it'll be an extraordinarily difficult problem. Unless everyone does it, we can't even begin to compete against the other classes."

"So what are you going to do? All you've done is admit that it's a huge problem."

"There are 3 key points we need to fix in order to improve. Tardiness and talking during class. And then making sure that everyone passes the midterm."

"The first two will probably be done to some extent. However, the midterms are..."

The small test from the few days ago did have some hard problem, but overall it was easy. There's a lot of students who still fail at that level, so the midterms look bleak, to be honest.

"Also—I want to ask for Ayanokoji-kun's cooperation."

"Cooperation?"

Suzune looked at me with a blatantly unpleasant expression, she seems far more anxious than before.

"Do you want to refuse?" she asked.

"If I said I would gladly help?"

"I never thought you would go as far as to say you would gladly help, but I don't think you would refuse either. If you really didn't want to help, then... I wouldn't ask further. It can't be helped if you refused the same way I did. Well then, can I expect your help or not?"

"I accept.

"I believed that Ayanokoji-kun would agree to cooperate from the start. I give you my gratitude." She exclaimed, eyes shining.

"I would not like to lead the class though. I'll do my best in everything else. Sounds good?"

"Yes, that's fine. I never imagined someone like you taking the reins of the class. You are far too socially awkward for that." Suzune giggled slightly as she said that.

"Funny coming from you, Miss Anti-Social."

We walked back to the dorms after making the agreement between each other.

Rejoice Suzune, be glad I am on your side. I will, without fail, get Class D to rise to Class A.

🎵 You ain't never had a friend like me 🎵.

~Author's notes~

Sorry this took me slightly longer lol. I somehow skipped this part and had to write it before the study groups, which I nearly finished.

5.8k words

Meeting occurs between Chie and Ayanokoji

Horikita questions Sae why she is in Class D.

Triple stack

Horny Spank

Ayanokoji accepted Horikita's proposal

It is 3:23 AM so I'm going to sleep. Peace 🕊️

~Author's Note~

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Study Group

Reads: 6028 | Votes: 256 | Comments: 232

It's the third day of May. Ike and the others started listening to the teachers silently.

Only Sudou kept sleeping through class, but no one tried to stop him. I heard he was informed of the possible way to make points but because it wasn't proven, he blew it off.

Sudou received the ire of a lot of the classmates today and surely will the day after and so forth..

... I'm sleepy too. Because it's the period right before lunch, it's hard to stay awake. I also stayed up late thinking about the little session with Suzune 2 days ago. The issue yesterday tired me out mentally far more than I could've imagined.

I admit, while Chie is hot and the textbook definition of a TILF, she's a massive pervert. I learned that word from Ike. They really teach me the weirdest things.

It'd be great if I could fall asleep now to forget about it all...

"W-whoah!?"

As I was nodding off, my right arm experienced some jolting pressure.

"What is it, Ayanokouji? You suddenly shouted. Is this your rebellious age? Don't make me silence you."

"N-no. Sorry, Chabashira-sensei. Some dust entered my eye..."

'I wouldn't mind you silencing me...'

Did Ike just possess me?!

"If that's all then it's fine, rather answer this question on the board."

Never mind that but normally, the students would've started whispering, but they stayed quiet and sent me glances instead, still being wary of the points. Rubbing the sore part of my arm, I looked at my neighbor. In my line of sight, I saw Horikita holding a pencil in reverse in her hand. She poked me with an eraser?

(Compass-san got deleted, eraser-kun was downloaded)

I got up from my seat, and walked to the whiteboard. The question was, '**What was the name of the first Mongolian emperor, who created the largest kingdom of all time ? Write the number of wives and concubines he had.** '

If it's the first emperor, it's Genghis Khan. I really wonder why we had to list the people he had sexual relations with but wrote it down nonetheless.

It's really surprising how he had 6 wives and 500 concubines. Today, 1 in 200 people are his descendants, he didn't do it in the most lawful way by today's standards most of the time...

Once Chabashira-sensei saw that, she nodded her head.

"Good job Ayanokoji, you may take your seat."

Taking this chance to show expression and my nice personality, I spun around on the podium happily, my arms moving quickly with me as they should.

I definitely wasn't trying to gain attention to make friends.

However, I had less space than I originally thought so my wrist hit

the wooden podium corner, making me clench my other hand to deal with the pain. It hurt similar to when you hit a shin on a metal table leg.

It just so happened that my uninjured hand landed directly on Chabashira-sensei's crotch.

A "Hnggh~♥□" resonated around the room.

I quickly removed my hand and rushed back to my seat, avoiding her gaze.

"Ayanokoji, look at me. Meet me in the staff room after school tomorrow please ." She told me to look at her, so I had no choice. My eyes drifted to her face and saw her right in front of my desk with an evil glint in her eyes.



(Fumino and Mafuyu are best girls in Bokuben. I think this is my worst edit yet lol)

"Eep!"

Creepy.

How did she get there so fast... Even with my superior observational skills, I didn't notice her presence or her footsteps.

I assume she was occupied today with something else. I really don't want detention at all but it was nice it was postponed.

I nodded, downtrodden, and continued 'listening' to the lecture she resumed.

I felt glares that were lacking before on me. I very well might have lowered our nonexistent points.

I pretended to listen as there was no need to actually pay my full attention to the class. I already learned all of the subjects and memorized it by heart.

I was still trying to forget my destined detention, so I thought back to when Suzune stabbed me.

That wasn't a normal situation. Why did she poke me with the eraser and how the hell did it amaze me?

I looked at the eraser, carved into a point as it gleamed in the light. I don't know nor have any clue on how she did that, the point or the glint on a rubber surface...

As soon as class ended, I went up to Suzune.

"How in the world did you get the eraser so sharp! It's dangerous!" I said to her.

"Are you mad at me?" She looked at me with upturned eyes.

On a different note, her throat still seemed sore still as her voice sounded different than usual. This is the second day after our event, I hope she gets better soon.

"Eh, no, just curious is all. It didn't hurt, just felt weird like hitting a

funny bone."

How can I be mad at you with a face like that?

"Is your throat doing okay? It's been like that for a couple days now..." I asked, concerned for her well being.

"It has gotten slightly better but still hurts, **thanks to you** " She glared at me slightly at the end.

"Oh I'm sorry, you were the one who tried forcing it down your throat-" she walked towards me with a flushed face, covering my mouth, preventing me from speaking.

"You idiot! There are people here still!" She whispered hurriedly.

I looked around the room and did in-fact see some gazes resting upon Suzune and I.

"Yikes, my bad. I'll tell you it in private later." I hesitantly replied, nervous from the sudden attention.

"You don't have to do that either! Also be careful. If they saw you dozing off, our points would be subtracted. I was just worried about that so I woke you." She said her face turning back to her usual expression, with a hint of pink.

Suzune started being wary of such things in order to get us out of class D. Protesting to the school resulted in nothing for her after all.

As everyone stood up to go to lunch, Hirata started to talk.

"The test that Chabashira-sensei mentioned is coming up soon. Everyone understands that they'll have to drop out of school if they receive failing marks. So, I think that it would be best if we form study groups."

It looks like the hero of class D decided put our plan in action. It seems he has groups in mind already as he informed everybody about the study groups. Around 50% of the class didn't participate in the meeting yesterday so these details will be helpful for them.

"If you neglect your studies, you'll immediately receive failing grades and drop out. I want to avoid that situation. Studying isn't solely for avoiding that situation, because there is also a high possibility that our test scores are reflected on our points. If we get high grades, the assessment of our class would probably go up positively. I asked some of the people who got good grades to help out. So, I would like people who are worried about their grades to come participate in the study group. Of course, everyone is welcome to join."

Hirata stared at Sudou while he made his speech.

"... Tch."

Sudou averted his eyes, crossed his arms, then closed his eyes.

Ever since Sudou rejected Hirata's invitation to do a self-introduction, their relationship has been bad.

"I think it'd be best if we all studies around 2 hours every day. If you have any thoughts of participating, please come forward. I made a little sheet of each group and it's members. Of course, it's fine if you have to leave halfway. That's all."

As soon as he said that, the entire class stood, and especially the students with failing marks, crowded Hirata. I read the chart and it seemed my group has Matsushita Chiaki, Satou Maya, Hasebe Haruka, and Sakura Airi.

I am well acquainted with the first two but have no clue about the others. I know both are the quieter type and were the most favored contender for the, ahem, biggest breasts during swimming class. Hasebe in particular.

I just realized now that they are all girls. I internally sighed knowing the unique experiences that could happen.

On another note, it seemed Suzune was unfortunately assigned the three idiots, my friends. Shinohara and Mori were also in her group.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Sudou, Ike, and Yamauchi were the only ones that didn't go up to Hirata. Ike and Yamauchi

hesitated for a moment, but in the end, they didn't approach him.

I wasn't sure whether they were afraid of Sudou's bad mood, or if they were simply jealous of Hirata's popularity.

I approached Suzune, and voiced, "If you need help railing them in and teaching, I'll gladly help you. Just let me know, 80% of the people you got were part of the 7 possible expellees after all."

"I'll need **payment** though Suzune." I whispered to her.

Her cheeks quickly changed color and she said, "Thanks for that Kiyotaka-kun, also it's not considered work if I enjoy it too..."

I couldn't hear what she mumbled last, therefore I was just about to ask her to elaborate.

Until people started surrounded us, presumably our tutees.

"See you later Suzune, wish you luck." I said ending our conversation short.

"You too Kiyotaka-kun." She smiled and her face turned serious again as she turned to Shinohara and Mori. Her actions are so opposite sometimes, almost like the glare from Kushida on the bus.

Suzune is harsh and usually cold but she could be unexpectedly nice. With Kushida, I assume she acts nice but is the opposite.

She can still make my heart go doki doki though. I pray I never learn the full truth, people do say, "Never meet your heroes," after all.

Anyways, everybody has their charm, I hope not all of them will fall for me.

That last statement made me sound like a playboy...

"Huhu Ayanokoji-kun, you and Horikita-san are calling each other

by your first names. Are you dating?" Matsushita poked my bicep, waiting for an answer.

Sato Mato, with a reddish face, was at her side looking down with her arm underneath her above average chest.

"No, we're just friends with-" I quickly was stopped by a murderous glare from Suzune. I gulped unintentionally and finished off the sentence with, "each other."

That was a close one, I almost forgot about the rule she made up. Now that I know the true meaning of the term, I can fully understand why.

Most people don't go around saying they can have sex with one another without being lovers out loud.

"Heh~ if you say so Ayanokoji-kun."

Both Matsushita's and Satou's posture relaxed significantly when I gave my answer, I wonder...

"Hi everyone," Hasebe said as she walked over with a wave and a bored expression with a slight glint in her eyes out of the blue.

I am extremely confused as to why. She appears to be the reserved type, maybe she'll open up a bit later once she feels more comfortable?

"Hey Sakura." I said with a wave. Sakura also arrived just after Hasebe although she was barely noticeable.

"H-hi." She stuttered with just one word. Sakura seems like she is going to be tricky to teach. Not only her personality makes it slightly difficult but she was lower on the list for grades.

"Hello Hasebe-chan and Sakura-chan!" Satou said, greeting them both.

I pray this group gets along, any unnecessary conflict would only hinder our progress. However, I shouldn't be talking. I'll most likely be the prime suspect.

"Hey Ayanokoji-kun, why did you grab Sae-sensei like that before?" Hasebe brought up the main topic I was hoping they evade. Sakura had steam coming out of her head, and Satou and Matsushita seemed genuinely curious as to what I would say.

"I got a bit happy when she said I got the question right. I tried to do a spin but with my limited space, my wrist hit the corner of the desk." They winced at that, probably recollecting events where the similarly bumped into something.

"I clenched my other hand to deal with the pain, which just so happened to be in between her legs. It was kind of-"

"Okay, stop right there. I think we get the rest" Hasebe quickly stopped me with a red face.

You were the one who brought it up. Why are you acting embarrassed now?

We all stood in a circle silent for a couple of seconds.

Matsushita spoke, silencing the silence, "W-where should we go for our study session?"

"I was thinking the library, does that sound alright with all of you?" I asked them.

While the classroom involved less walking around from place to place, you can clearly tell it would be crowded. The library however, is always nearly empty. Another plus is that there are books there that can be used for reference and that it's quiet. It's also extremely unlikely for an 'accident' to take place in that environment.

"Great idea, Ayanokoji-kun."

"Sounds fine to me."

"O-o-ok."

"Let's go!"

Once everybody gave a positive response, the five of us headed to the library, walking with me at the center. It feels strange walking with so many beautiful girls. I certainly got looks, but most passed it off as coincidence. The looks of envy and questioning I got was well expected.

Somebody even walked by me just to mumble, "Pervy Prince," for some reason.

How Rude.

I'm not perverted in the least...

Moving on, once we arrived at the library, we found a secluded table in the back corner of the room. Setting down our books and other school materials, we readied ourselves for the studying most of us did not want to do.

Since I was the tutor, I had to speak up at some point.

"For today, I'm just going to have you take this test. I prepared it last night based on the lessons."

They better be grateful, I lost 30 minutes of sleep because of it.

"This will help me see your current level in the curriculum, allowing me to guide all of you easier." I added.

It's true that it will make it far easier for me. I'll have to later on make separate tests and such for each one of them, hopefully they share some similarities.

They all showed their own signs of agreement. Hasebe nodded confidently while Sakura nodding was reserved. Satou gave a simple thumbs up with a grin.

Matsushita said, "Hai hai sensei," and got to work.

Sakura and Satou then looked at their test with downcast eyes. Oi, no need to be so depressed now.

While they took their test, I decided to categorize all the topics of the exam in an easier to understand way. The sheet Chabashira-sensei gave use just listed the units for all subjects. I personally believe it would be better to organize per subject, it's far more pretty to look at.

While the mock exam we just took the other day was easy, I assume this one will be even more simple. I'm basing this off of the bomb drop, semi short notice and the material we were given to review. Even a school like this won't put astronomical stress on students and make the test more difficult than the previous.

However, there was a very minor discrepancy between the actual lessons and the material we were given. I wonder if we were given the wrong one? Or maybe it was purposeful to throw us into more chaos?

I should ask somebody in a different class to make sure but I just realized.

I know absolutely nobody in a separat- wait, there is Ichinose. Based on her personality, she'd surely come back with a positive answer. I don't see any reason to withhold the information from us as class competitions haven't really started. If it's just asking about the study guide, then it's fine.

Now the question is how I can contact her...

I could wait for a chance encounter but who knows when I could find her. It might be too late by then.

Another method is to wait outside Class B and hope to catch her before she leaves. This has two draw backs. One being that she might leave before she gets there. If I do miss her, waiting there everyday could also creep out people and cause unnecessary concern, which could be heavily detrimental to their score on the

midterms. I have no intention to make an enemy out of Class B.

"Ayanokoji-kun."

Aha, a thought just came to my mind. For most schools in Japan, there is a phone book listing everyone in the school's contact information. Most people do not know this as there is no need to say it outright. I'll ask the dorm manager to check it later tonight.

I really wish Ichinose doesn't get weirded out by me calling her randomly.

"Ayanokoji-kun!"

Someone called my name from in front of me. When I stopped thinking deeply, I realized my gaze was on them for who knows how long.

How awkward.

"Why are you staring so much..." Hasebe said, covering herself.

My gaze was on her large mounds that slightly pressed against the table, probably around the time I started thinking about the mid term topics. Her face had a red tint that clashed surprisingly nice with her blue hair.

I have to do something to recover from this slip up of mine.

"Oh sorry Hasebe, I zoned out for a second there. Thanks for vie... er, I mean, I truly apologize if I made you uncomfortable."

"Ayanokoji, your true thoughts are leaking," Satou deadpanned with a blank expression.

"No wonder they call you the Pervy Prince..." Hasebe looked away from me with the tint growing on her face.

And is Pervy Prince a nickname for me? I thought it was just that one person who called me that.

It'd be severely awkward if I got on her bad side, I still have to

teach her.

"Hasebe, I really am sorry about that. I'll do anything for you to show you my sincerity if you'd like." I said, with intent to salvage this situation.

Hasebe turned back to face me. Matsushita and Satou who were already staring at me, bored their eyes deeper into me. Even Sakura who hasn't made eye contact with me once, looked at my eyes. All of their eyes widened at once after a few seconds. They most likely saw the sincerity and innocence in my eyes, shining like stars.

Although it was a semi act, I did truly mean it.

"Anything?" Hasebe repeated what I said.

"Yes" I confirmed.

"You sure?" She questioned once again.

"Very." I spoke, confidence oozing out from my tone.

She took a deep breath and said, "Well in that case..."

"I want you to call me Mommy from now on!" She exclaimed, stars in her eyes bright enough to rival the sun.



The entire group blinked out of shock at her request.

"That's kinda kinky..." I swear I could hear Satou mutter.

"I didn't know you had a fetish like that Hasebe-san..."

Matsushita directed that last comment at Hasebe. Hasebe then blinked like the rest of us and said, "So, if you call me mommy, I'll forget that blunder on your part."

She didn't deny Matsushita's remark!

While this is a rather embarrassing request, I did say anything. I

should be glad she asked for just this and not my PP. Though I would rather pay with that to avoid this name calling. In that case...

"Yes mommy." I mumbled.

Everybody at our table broke into laughter, even Sakura was giggling.

"YOU ACTUALLY SAID IT!" they all said simultaneously. They continued their laughter for a couple of minutes. Hasebe was panting slightly through out it, I'm hoping it from laughing too much.

Some people were looking at us, seemingly disturbed by the noise. I apologized to them mentally.

"Why..." I questioned while looking down. I surely would've been red as a tomato if my face worked like how others do.

"It's okay Kiyopon~! Mommy is here for you." She exclaimed as she jumped out of her chair and hugged me over the table.

Kiyopon?



(Hehe)

I felt her chest push up against mine and I not unexpectedly was falling backwards, dragging her down with me.

If somebody tackles you while you're on a chair, you are bound to tip over.

I fell uncomfortably on the chair, and once again, another girl was on top of me.

I wasn't even surprised that we were kissing, although it was just a peck.



We scattered away from each other while still sitting.

"Kiyopon, you pervert. You can't just take your mother's lips like that..." she said grinning slightly.

Why am I called a pervert! This girl right here is a huge one! First Chie-sensei and now her?

She was the one who caused it too, so why did I take the blame for it? I want to retort to it but I know it won't get me anywhere.

"I'm sorry mommy, you took my lips though but I did enjoy it." This was one of the only ways to get myself out of this. While it will

make me look like a weirdo, it should successfully make Hasebe draw back due to confusion and not put me at fault for the incident.

It's not good to lie either, thought I shouldn't be one to talk.

"Would you like to continue?" she said with a seductive tone as all of us stared at her, a perplexed expression on all of our faces.

Let me correct that, some other people in the library were baffled while paying attention too.

Anyways, my plan backfired. She added on to the chaos instead of dropping it.

Her blush is absolutely terrible though, she was most likely joking.



(I edited this yesterday but forgot to add it lol)

I think.

She then started laughing out of nowhere saying, "I really had you

guys there, hahaha."

She then looped around the table and sat down in her previous spot. I did the same, setting the chair back up.

"I thought I was dreaming for a second," Matsushita said. I think you meant nightmare, Matsushita, nightmare.

"I thought they were making an AV." Satou spoke her mind.

What's an AV have to do with this? Isn't that about animals?

"K-k-k-kiss!" Sakura screamed out of surprise.

"Phew, I thought you actually wanted me to cal-"

"Still have to call me Mommy, Kiyopon." She denied my comment while wagging her finger in my face.

"Mommy, can I call you Haruka instead?" I pleaded after we separated, I can't just go around in public calling her that can I?

"No." She flat out rejected me.

"How about Harukaa?" I said, still trying to change my fate

"Add a -sama at the end, then we are good," she smiled with a wink and raised her hand to do a thumbs up.

"Ok..."

While it was less embarrassing than the alternative, it was still pretty bad. However, I just have to avoid saying her name and addressing her. That's a sure fire way to-

"You have to say it in the beginning of every time you talk to me." She quickly saw through me and cut-off my escape route. Is she a telepath?

"Fine Harukaa-sama."

I give up, lets move on so I don't have to think about this.

"Anyways, did everyone finish their test?"

I realized that everybody had their packet fully filled out so they might be checking or finished.

"Eh? Oh yeah, here you go Ayanokoji-kun."

They handed me their papers and I quickly graded them all.

It seems Matsushita has the highest overall score, and seems rather proficient in math with a 90 on this test.

Harukaa-sama, no Haruka, had above average grades across the board, especially her math and science. Her english and World history were on the lower side of the spectrum. While she wouldn't fail most likely, she should still strive to raise her grades.

There is no need to call her Haruka in my thoughts as well.

Satou had, pretty bad grades overall. Her math was definitely the lowest and she was in danger of expulsion. I'll make sure she passes though.

Sakura, had very similar grades to Satou, while her english grade was concerning. A 35 was the grade for the english section I made.

I made a quick mental note for all of this, while some of it may seem bad, it made it partially easier. Matsushita could possibly help Satou slightly which I could oversee and I'd have to focus on mainly english for nearly everyone, and math.

35% of our time studying should be dedicated to english, 20% to math, 15% to history, 15% to sciences and 15% for the others.

While some may think it'd be best to personalize it for each of them, it adds more work on me and if they are doing similar things, it'll make them feel more motivated as they aren't alone. This especially hold true for Sakura.

I will personalize it slightly as well though.

"Good job girls, you all did rather well." I said, handing them their graded sheets back. They looked over them and sometimes wore a proud expression while at other times a dark one.

"There are definitely some improvements that can be made, Sakura and Hasebe struggle in English but are decent at Sciences. Satou struggles in math but is pretty well off in the others. Matsushita excels in math and her other grades are in the 80% percentile as well, there is still room for adjustments though. Let me take back your test papers so I can compile a study guide for everyone and with that said, this study session has ended. Thank you for working with me and the next one will be in two days from now." I talked about each of their strong points and weak points, and wrapped up the session while collecting their papers.

The reason I couldn't study with them tomorrow was because of the after school detention I had.

When I finished, Satou spoke with a hint of astonishment, "I didn't know Ayanokoji-kun could talk that much..."

"Oi, is that all you got from what I said?"

"Oh no, sorry. Was just somewhat surprised. I'm thankful for you too and I'm glad you're my tutor Ayanokoji-kun!" Satou said with a smile.

"Forgiven, you're making me blush." I muttered shyly.

"Kiyopon, your face hasn't changed once though, why not?" Haruka asked, observing my face.

"I'm not that good at expressing myself, never have been. It's hard for me to change my facial appearance," I answered.

"Wait, Ayanokoji-kun. Didn't you do a tee-hee face the other day?" Matsushita reminded me of the events that happened a couple of weeks ago.

"Please forget about that, even Kushida got concerned for me when

I did that." Why'd she have to mention that, I thought while look down at the table.

"Sorry, but doesn't that mean you can change it, just have trouble to do so?" She pointed out.

"Ooo, I want to see Kiyopon smile~!"

"Me as well!"

"Etto... m-m-me t-too."

"You can do it Ayanokoji-kun!"

"Fine, fine. I'll try, don't insult me if it's bad."

I sighed, looked like it was unavoidable, even Sakura voiced her opinion out loud. I tried moving my rarely use facial muscles around my mouth and cheeks. It felt like it lifted slightly into a smile, but I couldn't really do it with my teeth.



(I still get turned on no matter how many times I see this pic)

I peered at them to see their reactions but they all were completely silent, with huge blushes in their faces.

"Haha, no wonder why you are top 5 in the hot guy rankings..."
Satou laughed nervously.

Hot guy rankings?

She aimed her phone at me and dropped it back down.

"Anyways, gotta go now bye bye." She speed walked at a brisk pace right out of the library.

"O-oh yeah, me too. See you next time."

"B-b-bye."

"See you later, A-Ayanokoji-kun."

They all left the library in rapid succesion, leaving me isolated.

Was it really that bad?

~Author's Notes~

4.7k words, hope you enjoyed, I appreciate all of you.

Study group is formed with Sakura, Matsushita, Satou and Harukaa-sama.

PEACE 🕊️

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Operation G.T.I.T.S and Detention

Reads: 5725 | Votes: 242 | Comments: 297

I stayed up to around 11:00 PM last night to make preparations. For both my study group and Suzune's, specifically the three idiots.

Suzune apprised me last night that she attempted to talk to them, which they ignored and got mad at her.

How did she ask them? I have no idea but she most likely talked down to them in a condescending way. She really needs to fix that side of her. If she did, she'd be even more popular than she already is.

Either way, I will try to get them to attend the study session by myself. Yet there's a chance it might fail so I need help to help Suzune.

I have to get Kushida on board. Surely Ike and Yamauchi will attend if invited by Kushida. Sudo is not as much of a pervert as them, but he will still probably be intrigued and follow along. I might not ask them, and just Kushida do so outright actually.

While they are somewhat stupid enough not to notice, there's a very slim chance they might realize I got Kushida to ask them for me. That will be problematic.

I think the main issue is if they keep on going to Suzune's teaching class or not. I have a strange feeling they may try to leave due to her personality to other people. She might be a bit too condescending for them, especially Sudo who blows a fuse at nearly

everything.

I was thinking about this on my way to school. Yesterday was the concerning study session with my tutees. At least it yielded good results I think and I don't necessarily mind them getting off topic if they absorb the information easier. Studies do show that breaks in between long study sessions are greatly beneficial after all. I would've gone to sleep earlier, but I have what I think is detention after school today. I might have been able to complete some of it in detention, but I have no clue what I do there.

Do I get monitored doing homework?

Do I get lectured the whole time or watch a lecture video?

I honestly have to clue. In the white room, there was no such thing as detention. If you got in trouble because of you not completing something, the instructors will either intensify your routine or beat you silly. Child abuse does exist there after all, which is obviously now frowned about in the outside world.

Eh, why are a lot of people looking at me?

Do I have bed hair? Nope, fixed it this morning.

Eye bags or a tired walk? Not like I went to sleep that late, and not sleeping for one night won't perturb my physical appearance that drastically.

I checked and I was dressed well too. I suddenly noticed a very tense gaze, almost like a predator stalking it's prey appear. Did the white room already send someone to get me? No, they wouldn't be that conspicuous and the person doesn't seem to have hostile intentions. It still sends a shiver up my spine.

I looked at the person around 75 m ahead of me and saw a long platinum haired, what I assume to be, senpai with confident crimson eyes and a stunningly gorgeous face boring into my soul.



I think I remember a similar look upon me after swimming class but

why now? It felt stronger than before.

I'm starting to feel arou- never mind that.

She doesn't seem to slow down and looked away nodding. Note taken, stay away from her, she seems troublesome.

After a few more minutes of walking, I arrived at my classroom door, 30 minutes before the bell. I plan to talk to Kushida and take a brief nap afterwards.

The atmosphere felt around the same as usual at the door, but when I walked in it went silent. Boys made frustrated faces at me, girls stared at me with pink faces.

I took my seat on the backside of the room near the corner. Even Suzune was taking glances at me more than usual with annoyed yet anxious mannerisms.

Seriously, what the hell happened?

"Hi Kiyotaka-kun, it seemed like you had fun yesterday. You even smiled. How come you didn't smile even once when I was with you? Am I that boring?"

Suzune said in an intense questioning tone, and is that a hint of jealousy? Nope, I must be imagining it.

"How did you find that out? And I was forced to smile, I can't do faces like those unless I manually put effort in it."

"Is that so... You still could've tried either way. You better show me it later in person. Somebody even posted a picture of you on the school forums."

Yikes, my smiling face that was so bad that the people in my study group immediately fled afterwards? That one?

I'm going to speak to the school's manager and sue whoever did that.

She scrolled through her phone and showed me a picture of myself. It was significantly better than I first thought. It still doesn't change the fact the I was left isolated yesterday because of it.

Upon further inspection of the angle of my face, the quality of the photo and distance of the phone that took it, I am nearly certain that one out of the four tutees took it.

I think Satou sat on that side and now that I think about it, she did raise her phone up suddenly when I smiled. I never imagined it was a picture being taken.

Why would Satou take one in the first place and share it with the whole school? I see absolutely no benefit in doing such.

"I sent the link to you via text, make sure to check so you fully understand. While your face isn't changing I feel that you are confused. After all, you are oblivious to these types of things." Suzune said, followed by a sigh.

Oblivious to what? I take pride in being able to perceive things others typically cannot.

"Thanks Suzune, I appreciate it."

I went into the message and opened up the school forum. Surprisingly enough, it had 269 upvotes, meaning around half of the student body liked it. Somebody with the name of Sama posted it, which I assume is Satou? I went to the comment area and prepared myself for the worse.

Hosu: Kiyotaka...

Icho: I didn't know Ayanokoji-kun can smile like that...

Akma: Kya! So cute and pure! I might take him from her...

Kama: How can such a gloomy person smile so innocently, almost makes me want to give him a head pat.

Ikka: That lucky bastard! Leave some for us!

Shsa: Shut up pervert!

Saar: Fufufu~, so you went here? I fouuuuuuund yooooooooou.

Chchi: I really want him to fu- NO, AWAY! NOT THE CLIPBOARD
SA-

Ibmi: I wonder if he could choke me with a smile like that...

Chsa: So this is what you were looking at...

Kifu: Can't wait to have a taste...

Haha: That's my boy!

Mach: Thanks to whoever posted this, it is now my screensaver.

Kake: Isn't this that Pervy Prince?

Nemo: I wouldn't mind him doing perverted things to me...

Asna: Makes me kinda wet...

All the names were listed anonymously. Some of them majorly concerned me, while some others just left me flabbergasted and confused.

Turns out, my nickname is really Pervy Prince, how sad.

Well, time to get on my next order of business.

"Sorry about interrupting but are you free Kushida?"

I called out to Kushida, as I arrived in front of her desk. She was talking to Shinohara, Nene, Inogashira, Mei Wang Yu, and some others. At the unexpected voice, she turned her head.

"It's unusual for Ayanokoji-kun to talk to me. Do you need me for something?" She tilted her head when she asked.

"Yes, I need you. If it's fine with you, I want to talk to you outside."

Her friends asked me with a surprised tone, "Confession?"

If I think about it, I do have to confess I need her help. I am unable to do it alone, so asking her is the only option.

"Yes, something like that."

"Kyaa~!"

Kids these days...

"C-class is going to start soon, so we don't have much time but... sure Ayanokoji-kun."

Without any negative feelings, she followed me with a nervous smile.

Arriving at a corner of a hallway, Kushida started to speak.

"I'm sorry Ayanokoji-kun, but I, uh don't think of you that way. I appreciate that you took the time to confess to me." She turned her eyes away from me, and began to look at the nearby floor.

"Huh, don't think of me in what way? I haven't said anything yet, it kinda hurts being rejected already..." I said rubbing the back of my head. It's true I haven't even said my part yet, this is going to make the task at hand much more difficult.

"I apologize about that, I mean I don't really have feelings for you. I'm sorry if I cut you off too fast" Kushida said, bowing for more emphasize.

"Ouch, you dislike me enough that you won't even listen to my confession for help?" I fell down to my knees, and clutched my heart. I came here in need of assistance, not an early burial.

"I-it's not like I dislike you- eh? You said this was a confession for help?" A confused look sprouted on her delicate face.

"Yes, what else would it be? Anyways, congratulations Kushida. You

have been selected as an ambassador. Please provide your assistance for the good of the class."

"E-etto? Sorry, what do you mean?"

I explained to her about the Suzune's study group, and how Ike, Yamauchi and Sudo are not going to attend at all which most likely will lead to their expulsion.

"Sure! After all, it's only natural to help out a friend!" Kushida still had a somewhat shocked expression on her face, but she definitely looked more motivated than before.

This girl, she's too nice... It looks like she wanted to prevent Ike, Sudou, and the others from being expelled.

"Are you really ok with it? If you don't want to, I don't want to force you."

"Ah, sorry. I didn't pause because I don't want to help. Rather... I was happy." She said smiling. Kushida leaned against the wall and lightly kicked the hallway.

Uwa, she's way too cute but it's not a situation where I should be happy. Trying to look normal, I pretend to be fully calm.

"Then, I will rely on you. You are a very big help."

There's no one that wouldn't fall for her after seeing her smile. Well...

"Well then, when should they start?" Kushida inquired.

"Planning on starting tomorrow, more or less. The earlier the better for them."

"Then I guess I have to talk to everyone by the end of today. I'll contact you later, ok?"

"Oh, should I tell you the contact addresses of Sudou and the others?"

"It's ok~. I already have their contacts. The only ones I don't have is your contact address..."

"Oh, that'd make things difficult if I didn't tell you."

"Oh, Ayanokoji-kun, I know it random but are you and Horikita-san dating?"

"W-where'd that question come from. Suzune and I are friends..."

Partial lie, but she did not need to know the extra details.

"It's become a big rumor among the girls, you know? Horikita's always alone, right? But only Ayanokoji-kun gets along with her. You two also eat together and even are on first name basis after all."

Umu, so the girls that saw us together have started rumors about us, I see.

"It's too bad, but that kind of sweet story between me and Suzune doesn't exist."

"Got it. Please exchange contact addresses with me so we can keep in touch."

Why'd she have to ask all that just to lead it back to the previous topic? Not feeling like prying, I simply replied, "Sure."

With that, I got the contact address of another girl. I feel strangely proud of myself.

"Ayanokoji-kun, it was funny when I thought you were confessing your love to me at first, sorry for jumping to conclusions."

You thought what now? If we are talking about before, doesn't that mean I would surely be rejected if I asked? That's humiliating, where did I go wrong?

I stumbled slightly from the embarrassment for dramatics and somebody who somehow was running through the hallway, crashed into my back and continued running. I fell forward, and kabledoned

Kushida for the second time.



Since I'm already in this situation, it'll make it funnier to tease her slightly.

"Oh, that is pretty funny. Sorry if I was misleading, but I do like you though." I said in a smooth voice with emotion, completely changing away my monotone one.

You would think it's quite easy when you can sing, perfectly changing your voice like I can, but it takes extreme amounts of effort, hence why I don't usually do it.

Kushida stared at me in shock, probably surprised at my sudden change.

"Just not in that way."

After I said that she appeared dejected. I already knew it was impossible for her to like me so it's probably part of her act.

Adding the final touches, I said the final word of my joke.

" Yet ."

I booped her nose and slowly backed away.

I know it's childish but, 'take that Kushida! I know you didn't mean it but you indirectly obliterated my poor heart'.

She might have noticed me slamming my hand against the wall next to her of her was accidental, anybody could she the person dashing through the hallways without a care in the world.

However, the word part was surely intentional. Kushida's face still filled itself with heated blood and managed to stutter out, "I-is that so, A-a-ayanokoji-kun."

"Sorry, it was just a partial joke. Once again, thank you for your help. If you want something from me, I'll gladly help you out. Bye Kushida" I said with a thumbs up, as I started to walk back to the classroom.

"Partial? Then, is your d- actually n-never mind! I'll count on you when I need to, bye bye!" she exclaimed with a smile, trying to hide that cloud of steam that just came out of her head. Cute, I really am curious on the contents of what she was going to ask but whatever.

Once I got back to the classroom and my seat, the shrill morning bell rang, signaling the start of morning classes and the day proceeded as per usual. At lunch time, I got a message from Kushida.

"Yamauchi-kun and Ike-kun said OK~ (0ω0) "

Quick! The presence of a girl is clearly a big factor concerning boys. It's like they hold infinite power.

"I just contacted Sudo-kun, and I think he'll agree too (^ ω ^)"

I received another mail. Oh~. At this pace, everyone will really meet up tomorrow.

At this faster than expected development, I told Suzune who was sitting right next to me the news.

"Hi Suzune, I managed to get Ike and Yamauchi to attend your study session with the help of Kushida. Sudo should come back with a positive reply soon."

"The part where you said Kushida-san was helping. This is my first time hearing that." She stated.

"Yes, about that. I figured asking them my self would lead to the same outcome you had, so I decided to ask Kushida because they, uh, were most likely to say yes with her. It working so far." I gave her a brief rundown on the reason why Kushida was involved.

"Did she ask for anything in return?" Suzune asked, probably wondering what it could've been.

"I owe her a favor she can redeem at any point, not anything too serious because she wanted to help them either way."

"Well, if its something you can't manage for whatever reason... Let me help with it as a thanks."

"While the thought is appreciated Suzune, didn't I say **payment** in another way was fine?"

Her face turned scarlet rapidly and she raised her hand and slapped the back of my head screaming, "CUT IT OUT, IT'S EMBARRASSING."

Ow.

And with that, the lunch period met it's end.

It was after school, and I was just about to head home until my collar was grabbed.

"Eh?"

" **Ayanokoji, you weren't thinking about skipping out on detention were you?** " Chabashira-sensei was directly behind me, wearing a similar expression to the one she wore the other day.

Terrifying.

"I-It slipped my mind, I apologize. I'll go there with you right now!"

I spoke hurriedly. I simply forgot, it's not like I was trying to escape it or anything.

While she could've let go as I would've followed obediently, she dragged me by the collar to the staff room.

Along the way, I saw Ichinose exit her classroom with Akimura and Chihiro and peered at me being dragged by the teacher. I outstretched my arm, asking for help and she looked worried for me.



For a split second that is.

She then smiled brightly and ran off with the rest of her friends.

I get that she probably knew I deserved it but...

It was quite the betrayal and mortifying experience.

We arrived in the staff room and Chabashira-sensei finally dropped me and instructed me to sit on a chair, opposite of a desk.

"Multiple cases of harassment have been seen by the cameras. None of them were reported, so it appears it was alright with both sides. However, that doesn't change the fact about the quantity of them that happened in around 5 weeks." She began, informing me just what this meeting was about.

"Those were accidents." I said in defense. I am being honest though.

I would say hook me up to a lie detector but they aren't always 100% accurate, closer to 80% - 90% of the times. If you know the tricks you could manipulate the results that come out.

I'm pretty sure the school knows that too, unless the Japanese government made a perfect one and kept it hidden...

Possible special test???

"Honestly, what's wrong with you? It's one incident after another, I'm starting to think it's intentional."

"I promise it's not." I spoke fast, trying to convey my innocence. I know it probably won't work.

"It's ok, nobody is in trouble. Just try to keep the 'accidents' down to the minimum please."

"You don't have to do air quotes when you say that sensei."

"Anyways, do this work and reflect on how you got here."

"It's because I touched your pu-"

"SHUT UP! Don't say stuff like that out loud..."

I let out a quick sigh and quickly completed the assignment. It consisted of questions such as what did I do wrong, how can I prevent it from happening next time and state of mind after.

I wrote:

I touched Chabashira-sensei's pussy in the middle of class.

Do not spin fast and don't squeeze my hand, especially when I feel an unfamiliar object in it. It was in public so I should've kept the attention in mind too. Probably do not get anywhere within a 6 foot distance from her for good measure.

It felt different from Suzune... is what I would jot down if I was honest. I sufficed it with 'I regret it and it was incorrect to do, even if accidental'.

Quite the basic fill-in form.

I handed her the sheet and she glimpsed through it and afterward held her head in her hands.

"Ayanokoji, this wording is exactly another reason why the accidents you get into turn even worse." She stated seriously.

I tilted my head slightly, somewhat confused on what she meant. There was nothing that was worded in a weird way was there?

"It's misleading. Look here..." She stood up and went behind me and held the paper in front of my face. She could have easily showed it from the side or front, why behind? I don't think she's aware that her bountiful hills are pressing against my shoulder either.

Her thin, delicate finger pointed and traced the next words she said out loud, "You wrote, 'It was in public so I should've kept the attention in mind too.' This could have a meaning of it being ok if it wasn't in p-public."

Oh I could see that making sense.

'I thought it was thou-'

Quiet you beast.

"O-over here as well, 'I touched Chabashira-sensei's pussy in the middle of class.' Y-you really don't have to be so blunt and straight forward with it!"

"But it's true, I did touc-"

" **Shut it.** "

Look like I touched a sensitive topic, haha.

"Sorry."

Chabashira-sensei walked back to the desk and leaned on one arm, her fist pushing up against her cheek.

"Ayanokoji, I need to tell you something." She said, a deep aura of happiness and nervousness flew around her.

Huh, why the sudden change it atmosphere?

She propped herself on her desk and spread her legs, revealing her bare under half covered by stockings. She then lifted a flag with what looked to be her panties on it.

<https://imgur.com/0zP5iAj>

(I had a pic here, but did not know wattpad censors lol)

"I love you so much I'm willing to become your slave if that's what it takes to get you to love me back!"

"..."

"..."

"Eh?"

Did I hear that right?

~Author's notes~

Hey guys, 3.5k words. I hope you enjoyed the chapter and the sudden ending.

It's too drastic of a character development for Sae?

No it's fine, she needs lemon soon so this is fine.

I was too busy with-

Ok, forget that. Under is the realistic conclusion of the chapter.

~?!~

"Ayanokoji, I need to tell you something." She said, a deep aura of sadness and anger flew around her.



Huh, why the sudden change it atmosphere?

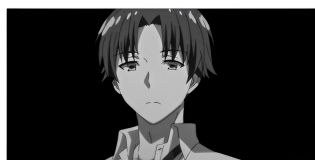
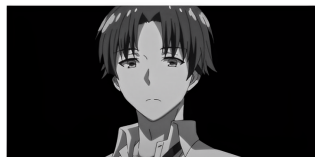
"Starting Monday, you will have a new homeroom teacher. I am officially relieved of my duties on Friday after school."

"..."

"..."

"Eh?"

Did I hear that right?



~Author's notes~

Hey guys, 3.7k words. I hope you enjoyed the chapter and the sudden ending.

Also, G.T.I.T.S stands for Get Three Idiots To Study.

Not Get Tits or whatever else you thought.

Uploaded at 2:10 AM, coffee is nice ☺

Anywho, sorry for slow upload, some of these photos took awhile to edit. Also, I was too busy with wood work and reading pornhw- I mean fanfics.

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Chabashira's Dilemma and Study Time

Reads: 6432 | Votes: 235 | Comments: 280

"Once again, Starting Monday, you will most likely have a new homeroom teacher. The school directors are debating whether or not to let me stay. While some are clearly against it, the majority are looking to fire me."

I was still baffled by this situation. I pray that I was not the cause, otherwise I might have to do something extremely different from what I usually do.

A while back, during my time in the white room, incidents happened just like these that were occurring right now. 'That man' and other people usually "disposed" of the instructors who were part of said accidents with me. If it was a subject in my generation, we both would be punished which usually led to them being disposed of as well.

It was all an accident, but partially my fault.

I was not clumsy and I am not now.

I carried out tasks robotically with few to none errors being made.

It was the curse and bad luck I had that caused it. The instructors and even 'that man' were confused at this unexplainable events that occurred frequently.

Their made up reasoning was bad influence and explaining it would stunt development of the subjects. They pinned it on the teachers

who taught my generation, even if they weren't at fault.

It's strange that they thought I did it intentionally, but either way, I was unable to do anything at all. Just watch them disappear one after another. I was not upset about their absence. It was closer to a minor dislike for my ineptitude to be helpless in situations like those.

I have to take care of my tools and assets after all.

If Chabashira-sensei leaves, the new teacher also has a decent chance to prove to be troublesome. Who knows, she might be worse than Chie-sensei and that is a situation I want to avoid at all costs.

"Ayanokoji, are you listening?"

"Ah, sorry. I heard you the first time, but was just shocked. You are clearly diligent and take school matters seriously so why?" I asked to receive the exact details about the cause of her trial for the school to fire her.

"All because of an accidental peck on the lips." She muttered glumly.

So it was me... and wait, just a peck? Does she even know the full reason?

"A peck? You were knocked out cold on top of me for 30 minutes straight and hugged me like your life depended on it though?"

"Eh, what do you mean? I did nothing of the sort. I remember seeing myself on top of you for a second and then got up. "

Her face showed that she was clearly confused. I sighed and explained it more in depth for her.

"I think you were passed out during it, but to the security cameras in the room, it might have looked like you stayed there on purpose. Especially since you're quite clingy in your sleep."

Chabashira looked even more puzzled than she previously was.

Was she really that distracted to even check the time after the event? It's weird that she blanked out during that, even the bell rung. I would think she got a concussion but the nurse said she was completely fine, just a slight bump.

Was the nurse even qualified for her job?

It's good though, I can use this as slightly helpful evidence to help her case...

My brain formulated all the things I can add to help. I'm glad I was recording this whole time. You can clearly tell Chabashira-sensei was not aware of the events that occurred the day of the pop quiz, meaning it was full accident.

If you are wondering why I was recording, let's just say it's insurance to repel a possibility of a certain uninvited pervert...

"Anyways, when is the final trial for this case? And I'm curious if I'm permitted access."

"Huh, why would you want to go? Even if you did, you are not allowed. Only staff have permission to join."

"I was a witness and also affected, I should have the right to. If I still do not, how many points does it cost to buy access to attend?"

Chabashira-sensei was left wide-eyed and speechless at this turn of events.

"It seems you are more clever than you let on. Yes you can but entrance, but it costs 30,000 Private Points. Sure you want to do it still?"

Expensive, it felt like she had a set price already too so I probably cannot try to lower it.

I am able to though, I still would have around 40,000 points after doing so. If I save her here too, she could become a pretty valuable asset for me later on. I believe the investment to be worth it.

"I'll buy it. When is it?" I inquired.

She once again looked taken aback.

"Why do you even want to go? It's not like you are in trouble at all."

"There's a chance I could save you, and I'm willing to do so. You are very important to me Chabashira-sensei."

"Huh! W-what are you saying Ayanokoji!"

"I'm just speaking my honest thoughts."

It's true, what I mentioned is what I really think. She's an important piece to the puzzle that is ANHS.

"T-thank you for that, but you don't have to be so f-forward with it. It's usually frowned upon for that."

She then cleared her throat with an ahem, and began to fill me in with the details.

"It's on Saturday, at 3:30 PM sharp at the other staff room in the special building. The members of the board and the chairman are going to be there, along with the other classes teachers. Everybody has a say despite the teachers though."

"Thanks for the information, I'll do my best to resolve this situation."

It happened because of my terrible luck after all.

I stood up from my seat and neared the table, I held out my phone, entered her name, and transferred her the 30,000 points needed to enter the meeting.

I then outstretched my hand, to which she did the same and we shook them strongly.

"See you tomorrow Sensei, have a good evening."

I spoke with a wave and she waved back with a small grin adorned on her face.

I only needed one word to describe her just now.

Beautiful.



Well, I'm not wavered by looks all too much, so my actions were as they should be.

I exited the room after the slight pause and saw Chie-sensei down the hall. She hasn't noticed me yet as she is looking through a folder she has in her hands. Before she does...

Fuck this shit I'm out.

I bolted as quietly as I could while concealing my presence to the maximum and after turning a corner, I let out a sigh in relief.

Phew, dodged that bullet.

I walked back to the dorms while jumping for joy in my mind, happy I came out of that unscathed, mainly psychology.

Ding~!

A notification sounded from my phone, along with a vibration running through my leg.

I pulled it out of my pocket and quickly read the brief message.

Suzune: Meet me after school tomorrow at 6:00 PM at the library. The study group is then because Sudo-kun probably has basketball practice.

Apparently, she knew Sudo had club activities and I was surprised she adjusted her previous schedule due to that.

Perhaps she has improved more than I thought.

It made it easier for me to attend the first gathering of studying with the three idiots too.

I quickly typed, "See you then after school," and powered off my phone to prevent anymore disturbances for the day.

By the time I did all of that, I arrived at my room with no other disturbances at all.

Scanning my card by the door, the lock clicked back and I set foot in the room, falling immediately on my bed after walking a few steps more.

In two days, it's Saturday, tomorrow being Friday.

I have to tutor Satou, Matsushita, Sakura and Haruka right after

school and apparently have to be with Suzune and her study group right after.

I thought she would've at least held it over the weekend, not the very next day. I guess the earlier the better.

I owe Kushida a favor and Suzune owes me one.

I have to do my best to rescue Chabashira-sensei, a near vital asset, on Saturday. I really have to collect more physical evidence besides a recording to prove her innocent. With just this clip, I might be able to persuade a quarter of the people. It could be just enough but there's also a high chance it may fall short.

I have to gather it while being occupied with other things. I do have Saturday morning free, but that could be cutting it close

I let out a short sigh.

I'm glad I completed the material for my study group tomorrow earlier, I feel like I need as much sleep as I can get for the next two days...

The morning proceeded the exact same as they usually do, the teachers talking, the students silent and attentive. Except maybe the three idiots.

Sudo was sleeping as per usual, and while Ike and Yamauchi didn't act too terrible, I can clearly see them texting and grinning every now and then underneath their desk.

The cameras can clearly see you even if you try to hide it. There are 4 of them after all.

If we had points, even if just three people are partaking in misbehavior, would surely lower our points a good amount.

Anyways, school now ended. Ike and Yamauchi left the room snickering about whatever they were talking about. The bell woke up Sudo who prepared himself and left to his club. Everybody else

started gathering in their study groups for the most part.

Koenji, being the proud guy he is walked out the room, laughing.
"Have fun studying, you all surely need it. I have date with a senpai now so sadly for you, I have to leave."

I don't think anybody was sad about that though.

Some guys were cursing and said mean words leaking with jealousy. The girls and a few others, including me, mainly just ignored him. We were already used to this personality of his.

The people I am teaching all started to approach me after I saw them greeting each other.

"Yahoo Ayanokoji-kun!"

"H-hi A-ayanokoji."

"Hi!"

"Hehe, hi Kiyopon~!"

The guys once again death stared at me, wishing they were in my place. I honestly wish I could teach some of them too though.

Yet, I feel like some of them would make things far more difficult behavior wise than these girls. The accidents still happen though...

"Hi to you all as well. Let's go, I feel like if I stay here any longer I'll be crucified."

They looked at me with perplexed expressions and concerned expressions too.

They quickly complied though and we set off for the library. Passing through the hall ways and nearing a flight of stairs I ascended the first half with no issues and started to do the same with the second half. My foot reached the third step until I saw something flying down and descending at a rapid rate.

Is that a person?

"Are you kiddi-pff!" I tried to get my words out until my vision and speech was obstructed. I'm guessing the person already made contact with my face huh.

"Ayanokoji-kun?!" Matsushita yelped in shock, probably worried about what just happened

I dropped backwards landing harshly, I swear I could hear some winces from the surrounding area. If it wasn't me, the normal person may have tweaked their neck or maybe had bruising, but I should be fine.

"HMF~♥□!"

More importantly, I should focus on the problem right in front of me.

Literally.



However, this person seemed to have more sense than others I encountered and promptly got up off my face instead of sitting there stunned, suffocating me without reason.

"I'm sorry about that, I missed a step! Are you okay?"

I was met with a middle schooler looking girl with purple hair tied in twin buns. Her face was in a slight frown with a very slight shade of pink. She was short and had a small frame, the main reason I assumed she was a junior high schooler.

Actually now that I think about it, Isn't she the same one at the Club

Fair? If so, she's a senpai then and I think I remember her name being Tachibana or something.

She brushed off the fact that my head was just in her skirt rather smoothly too, nice.

I can still see some signs of nervousness though.

Ah, I should probably say something before she goes more into a panic.

"Uh, I'm fine. Are you okay?" I questioned. Typically you would return a question like that in an incident like this.

She should be perfectly fine though, I absorbed most of the shock when I hit the floor.

"I'm okay, but why do you look familiar... Ah it's you! You're the one who interrupted the assembly! What was your name... oh it's Pervy Prince!"

I, who stood up near moments ago, collapsed, slamming my knees into the cold stone floor. How can one innocent looking senpai be so mean?

"Tachibana, don't go around calling people's names like that. Especially the one who caught you after your mistake." A deep voice resounded from the stairwell.

Horikita Manabu, Suzune's brother, also known as the Student Council President, stood at the top of the staircase. His imposing aura from back at the club fair still remained, yet has a tad touch of casualness. He scolded his fellow student council member, rescuing me slightly while doing so.

Go Kaichou!

"Ah sorry President, sorry to you as well per- uh may I have your name kouhai?" Tachibana apologized and then asked for my name.

I'm going to ignore the fact she nearly slipped up and insulted me again.

"Ayanokoji Kiyotaka, nice to meet you Tachibana-senpai." I spoke quickly with a tone of politeness.

"Nice to meet you as well Ayanokoji-kun. Also, why are there 4 girls with you?" She said lightly back, tilting her head after that last statement.

"Oh, I'm just going to study with them at the library. Until we meet again senpai." I started walking away with a wave directed behind me and the still dazed girls followed behind me.

"Bye..." I heard a small voice back by the stairwell. Phew, I thought she was going to ask why I was studying with all girls or that I would be forced to go to the student council room.

~Meanwhile~

"Kaichou, do you think an incident is going to happen again? It's every single day with him, we might have to call Ayanokoji-kun in soon for discipline." The secretary stated her thoughts out loud. She knew about his existence and name before that previous conversation, just tried to play it off as him not being on their radar.

"I hope we don't have to do so. He seems to be an exceptional student and It's uncanny how every single camera footage we have of him shows the situation as a complete accident too. Well besides maybe one who two. The majority of the time it isn't initiated by him as well. There is no concrete evidence, hence why he hasn't been called in yet. If it occurs three more times, we might have to do what you spoke of just now..." Horikita Manabu said his side of things ending the discussion between the two.

As a side effect, it would cut into Ayanokoji's rest hours on a later day.

~Going back~

We stepped into the partially empty library that should be nearing full capacity soon. It's only two weeks away from midterms after all.

We secured the same spot we had last time, the back corner of the room, and quickly got to work. I handed out the premade study guides I created for the four of them.

I leaned back in my chair as they started the work reluctantly. They would surely see results though. The whiteroom masterpieces is teaching them after all. Even Sakura who was nearly failing at every subject would be average in the safe zone or even in the 60s or 70s.

If I let a single one of them get expelled, a good portion of the blame, even if somebody like Hirata lessens it, will be on me. People would see me in a negative light, and that will lessen my sleep at night. It's not like I'll let that happen anyways though.

Just as I was about to close my eyes, Haruka called out to me.

"Kiyopon. How come you never study when we are with you? Wouldn't it be easier if you did so? How do you get perfect grades anyways?"

Crap, I can't just say, "I don't study."

They'll either say that I'm lying or feel depressed I have high marks without doing anything. It could also make me seem too smart which could be unnerving in the eyes of few.

Got it, I'll settle with this sentence I just came up with.

"I usually study in my room, it's quieter and more relaxing there. It helps me focus more."

Haruka just stared at me like I didn't finish for a few seconds.

"Harukaa-sama."

"Ok."

And here I thought she'll let it slide.

Maybe I should come up with a nickname that she likes better that's not as embarrassing to say.

Harukat? Denied, she would turn something like that down immediately. She also feels to be more of a dog person even though her usual personality reminds me of a lazy cat, no offense intended.



Hahaka-tan? First two letters of both names mixed with last two letters of first name? Is -tan right though? I'm not even sure what honorific means but I'll think about it later.

I began to close my eyes until Satou randomly muttered pretty loudly, "If it's more relaxing for you, should we just do it in your room?"

This caught multiple blank stares from the surrounding tables.

"Wording Satou, wording," Matsushita deadpanned noisily, and the surrounding lost interest.

"Huh, I'm just saying if it would help Ayanokoji-kun more. He said he prefers to study in his room and he's teaching us so the least we could do." Satou quickly said back, not understanding the not so hidden meaning in her previous remark.

I mean, I wouldn't mind doing h- anyways, I'm not particularly against it, it might be weird to have girls in my room.

It would certainly attract attention and not in the way I want. It might make me look more like a pervert despite my desperate attempts with my high grades and physical ability.

Actually, I'm already called Pervy Prince so I don't believe it matters at this point anymore. I'll still put effort in just for the sake of a positive mental state.

"That doesn't sound that bad, I'm alright with it," Matsushita agreed with Satou's proposal.

"Let's study in Kiyopon's room then!" Harukaa piped in.

Oi, at least get permission from me before you start deciding things.

"I-if everyone's ok with that, then it's f-fine for me too," Sakura shyly mumbled.

They all peered at me, waiting for a response.

I sighed at their fast decision making that excluded me until the very end. It applied added pressure on me to accept, otherwise all of them would be saddened if I rejected, lowering their efficiency rate too.

"If all of you are alright with that then sure, we can hold our next study session in my room." I answered to which they smiled at.

"Sure, but let's continue this one there now!" Satou exclaimed to which the rest of them nodded.

"Uh, going there now would be-"

"What, is your room dirty Kiyopon? Or do you have **embarrassing** posters on the walls~?" Haruka asked, poking fun at me.

I am a minimalist so there is pretty much nothing in there besides what the room came with. Just some cooking utensils that I plan to use soon.

Also, why'd she emphasize embarrassing like that?

"Nothing of the sort, it's empty. I have to go to som-"

"Let's go then!" Haruka cut me off once again.

We packed up our materials and headed out of the library.

I might have to run to Suzune's study group here later if we take too long.

As per usual, we received glances as we passed by. Into the deserted elevator we went, and went up to floor four. The girls usually make small talk with each other so only the sound of chatter filled the originally completely silent elevator. They typically play music but it's not as if the ride was awkward.

(Elevator Jam from DOORS is a bop, change my mind. I don't care if you call me childish.)

<https://youtu.be/GUPtSENNsdg>

"Here we are, room 401," I said in a monotone voice, opening the door with my card, allowing them inside first.

(Apparently, number 4 is unlucky in Japan as it sounds close to the word 'death'. Kiyo casually being from the fourth WR generation, living on the fourth floor, being in the 4th class position currently and tutoring 4 girls.)

Ike, who lives next door to me, walked out his room just to see 4 girls going into mine.

Let's just say he tried to go inside as well, which I shut him down saying I'll see him at Suzune's tutor session later. He walked towards the elevator with a depressed look on his face and his head was hung low. You can practically smell the gloomy aura around him.

That gave me an idea though, I'll put it into action later if anything goes wrong...

Walking into my room a minute later, everyone seemed pretty much situated in their seats. Matsushita and Sakura took some spots on the floor around the table while I have two girls on my bed, Haruka and Satou. I don't see how they could do their work there properly but ok.

"Wow. When you said empty, I didn't think that there was really nothing," Matsushita said, looking around the room with a blank expression.

"I'm sorry, I wasn't really ever expecting visitors so didn't think to decorate. Would any of you like a cup of water or green tea?"

"I'll take a green tea!" Haruka exclaimed and the room filled with more or less the same phrase.

"Green tea it is. Start doing your study guide I gave you while I make it." I reminded them, walking towards the kitchen.

"Fine..." Satou groaned, probably remembering the reason she was here in the first place and with that they all started working diligently. Haruka and Satou put a text book on their laps as a pseudo clipboard.

Just sit at the table...

I placed down the tea on the table, luckily I had just enough cups for the five of us. The two on the bed finally got off and started working the proper way. I might have poun-

"Thanks for the tea Ayanokoji-kun, it's delicious! Are you a professional or something?"

"Well, I did do tea ceremony and piano lessons as a kid I guess..."

"Oh, that makes sense. I might just come over for tea."

"Oi, what do I look like, a vending machine?"

"I see a friend," she replied in response.

"Oh, ok then."

Does that mean I made another friend? That's always welcome. I guess friends help each other out but she better not make my tea stock run out.

"Pffft, bye-bye tea supply. Make some for me too, I think I'm addicted Kiyopon~, " Haruka giggled.

I'm totally being used am I not?

It's just tea, it's not that pricey so it should be fine with just that. Maybe I'll put something in it at one point if they ask for it too frequently.

Chilli sauce? Wasabi? I'm not sure what else I could do.

"Good for you I guess, just try not to mooch off of me too much please," I said, trying to steer them away.

"Oh we will. I'll bring Sakura too," she said while raising her hand to wave.

Sakura, as she heard her name, nodded enthusiastically, like a child being congratulated on winning a trophy. Well, the child would probably cheer too but Sakura on the other hand was completely silent.

Going back to Haruka, I don't know why she was so zoned out, but the hand she waved was the one with the tea cup in her grasp.

I'm glad the tea cooled down considerably because the contents in the cup were all flung and poured on me, drenching my shirt. It would've done the same with my pants if my legs weren't under the table.

"Ah, sorry Kiyopon! Are you okay?!" Haruka freaked out a little bit, worried for me. It's nice that she's actually concerned for me but

still, what kinda airheadedness was that?

"I'm okay, Klutzyruka. It wasn't that hot, I just have to change my shirt." I said in a teasing tone. Too bad it was my uniform but at least I have a spare.

Even though it's Friday, I have to wear it to school later today for Suzune, and then tomorrow when I go to Chabashira-sensei's trial.

When I called her that name she just pouted, probably knowing she deserved it. Actually, now since we are even...

"Hey Harukaa-sama," I still cringe internally every time I say that but I continued, "Is it acceptable for you if I call you Haruka now since we are even?"

"Sounds fine to me Kiyopon..." She spoke in a low voice, holding her swaying head. I provided a valid reason to her to which she understood. If she didn't, I would've brought up the fact on which is worse, gazing at somebody, or spilling hot tea on them. She would've definitely considered and change her mind after that. Anybody with a sense of guilt typically would.

Now that I think about it, I should change this instant. Tea could create hard-to-clean stains on shirts if left for too long. While it wouldn't be noticeable on the red ANHS blazer, I still have a white dress shirt underneath. Who knows when I'll need to reveal it, but I absolutely do not want to be laughed at when the time comes.

Standing up, I popped one arm out of the blazer and quickly did the same with the next and dropped it behind me. I grabbed my blue tie by the neck and undid the knot neatly after letting it fall to the floor. The most important piece now was my fully white, somewhat soaked shirt.

I unbuttoned my shirt, moving down as fast as I could and upon reaching the bottom and taking it off, I grabbed it and looked around.

I'm sure I noticed there was other people in the room, I was sitting

right next to them after all. Was it because it was my room so I felt comfortable?

It's like I did so subconsciously.

"WHY THE HELL DID YOU JUST STRIP AYANOKOJI-KUN?"

Matsushita yelled in a shocked voice. If you say strip, it's kind of sounds weird. Just use take off shirt or something else next time.

"My top got tea on it. I need to clean it before a stain appears. I don't really mind either since you've seen me shirtless before."

"Eh..." Sakura let out a noise.

"EEEEEEEH!" Everybody let out a noise, except for me and Matsushita, who was lying on the floor with a ghost flying out of her mouth. What the hell...

"Is it something to be that embarrassed about? You saw me shirtless at the pool," I stated.

"SAY THAT NEXT TIME IN THE BEGINNING!" They all shouted at me, even Matsushita who resurrected.

It kind of hurts when people yell at you, why are they screaming in the first place?

"My bad, let me go clean this now..." I walked out of the room and headed towards the bathroom sink and began to wash my shirt thoroughly whilst wondering where I went wrong.

~The Living Room at the time~

"God, a lot of the things he says could lead to misunderstanding. I felt you three were going to interrogate me hours on end." Matsushita voiced her thoughts.

"I'm sorry Chiaki-chan..." Satou glumly apologized, then brightened up, her face and her attitude, exclaimed, "More importantly, he was so well built! I remember seeing him in the pool but being up close

is..."

'Did she just indirectly call me unimportant?' Matsushita thought. Her mind quickly went to the other contents of what Satou said though, making the already blushing girls in the room blush profusely.

"That's true, I was more distracted elsewhere at the time..." Matsushita joined in again then quickly shouted, "THE POOL OF COURSE! Nothing else with him!" While most people wouldn't understand, these three girls who have also seen something distracting, imagined it in their brains.

'His'

'Big'

'Fat'

'Jui-'

They all overheated, losing consciousness except for one, ending the conversation.

The one still awake thought, 'I wonder what his blazer smells like...', landed face first in it, and then passed out.

~Ayanokoji's return~

Walking back into the room after hanging my freshly washed shirt, I was met with all the girls passed out on the floor. I stopped my breathing, desperately trying to imagine what happened. From the looks of it, they definitely are unconscious. A sleeping gas is the first conclusion I came up with, the main reason I held my breath.

I don't see any distortions in the air though, even if clear, something is visible. I began to inhale and exhale again. Checked the door, locked. I checked the window, closed. Nothing, so why were they unconscious? Could they simply be sleeping from exhaustion? All at the same time is very peculiar and I'm split between whether I

should wake them or not.

Finding the answer, I began to pick up Haruka and place her on the bed in the second quadrant. I laid Sakura in the first one, Matsushita in the third and Satou in the fourth. My bed is surprisingly bigger than I thought and it might be slightly cramped, but it definitely beats the floor. Some of their limbs overlapped but that is inevitable in a small space.

Astonishing enough, not one of them stirred awake during this whole process. I probably couldn't wake them up before if I tried.

Doing a final check, Sakura still had her glasses on, somewhat crooked. Just in case if she rolls and they break, I'll take them off just in case. I don't think them breaking would affect her that much though. There is no distortion behind the lens so I'd like to think its for fashion.

As I reached to lift her glasses, I found they came off rather easier than I thought they would.

In front of me was a beauty, probably on the level of Kushida, maybe even Ichinose. I thought I was seeing things so I popped her frames back on. She was somewhat average looking, still somewhat better than that. I took them off, same face as before.



"Cute..."

How in the world are they the same person? One has the looks of a normal school girl but the other is on par with models. She's like Clark Kent with glasses and Superman without them. The difference between the two is outstanding.

I should move now though. If any of them wake up and see what I'm doing now, I'll officially be marked as a pervert, and that will be my fault. An accident wouldn't be to blame unlike usual.

I set her glasses down on the nightstand, backing away posthaste.

I finally put a shirt on to cover myself, something I should've done earlier, and started drinking my room temperature tea. I sat there thinking deeply about many things, probably for 30 minutes or so but...

Seriously, what's wrong with them fainting like that?

Furthermore, why does Sakura hide her face? She could be one of the most popular people in the school with looks that good.

Is it because of her shy and nervous personality?

Why does she look familiar too...

"Hmmm~."

A sound suddenly came from the girl pile I made earlier. Seems like one of them is stirring awake.

Sakura went upwards and sat on the mattress, rubbing her eyes to wipe the sleepiness away. She looked around the room and her gaze fell on me, who was still sitting by the table. A perplexed expression sprouted up on her face till she looked at the bed she was laying on and saw all her fellow study group members lying down neatly. She suddenly slapped her face, a red mark forming on it.

"Uh, Sakura. Are you okay?" I questioned, utterly confused why she would hit herself that hard.

As I asked that, she looked at me once again, frozen still, like a deer in headlights.

She started patting her face rapidly, specifically around her eyes which darted all around the room at an alarming speed until it landed on the nightstand. She outstretched her arm and put on her glasses, covering her facial features a good bit like usual. She sighed in relief until I asked, "Why do you wear glasses? It might be insensitive of me but I am really curious. You are extremely beautiful without them."

Sakura sat upright on the bed still, looking stunned, if not more so than before and her cheeks and even ears turned red.

"M-m-me? B-b-beautiful?" She asked while pointing to herself.

Does she really not recognize herself as such? I gave her a quick nod and steam erupted from her head like how it would in a volcano.

"Huh?" Haruka now woke up, along with Matsushita and Satou from the commotion between Sakura and I. I didn't think were that loud.

"Sakura-chan, what's the matter?" Matsushita who almost instantly recognized Sakura's blush and state inquired.

"E-eh, t-there's nothing wrong a-at all!" Sakura stuttered through the whole sentence she just said, nodding while doing so, trying to convince herself that everything was fine.

"If you say so... Also, what happened?" Matsushita turned to me, asking me a question this time.

"I saw all of you passed out on the floor when I came back into this room so I positioned you on the bed. You were sleeping for around 30 minutes." I explained to them.

All of them covered themselves with their arms and Haruka spoke up, "You didn't do anything to us, did you Pervy Prince?"

First of all, that glare she has right now is nightmare fuel. Second of

all, why the sudden nickname change?

"No, I did nothing beside put you four on the bed." I said hurriedly. It was true if you don't count Sakura's face exploration.

They all let out a sigh in relief and uncovered themselves while Satou muttered, "I don't know If I should happy or sad about that..."

I don't think she wanted me to hear that due to how quiet she was, so I just ignored it. Everybody else heard it too, looked at her, then looked away with no comment.

"It's 4:52 pm right now, so let's study a bit more before 5:50 pm." I suggested and they all nodded besides Matsushita.

"Uh Ayanokoji-kun. I think that clocks off. My phone says 5:52 right now." She informed me.

Wait what? It's off? I did just get it 2 days back but it should be adjusted already in the store. I pulled out my phone to double check and she was right, the clock was wrong. More specifically, it was behind by an hour.

I should just use my phone to check the time from now on. I have to meet Suzune in 8 minutes now, I might get insulted or my friend privilege revoked if I'm late.

"I have to go now then, sorry about this. I trust you four to lock up, you can stay for a little longer if you like." I spoke in a sped up way, while dressing in my spare uniform.

"Huh, where are you going?" Satou asked loudly.

"Library, Suzune wants me there at 6:00 PM," i said. Fully dressed now I opened the door, "Thanks again for this."

As I closed it, Haruka shouted, "Kiyopon! The school is 1 mile from here! You won't make it in time!"

While that usually would be true, if I go the fastest I can go, it should be possible.

Luckily, my room is right near the elevator and stairwell. Elevator would take too long, so sprinting down the stairs should suffice. I hope I don't get reprimanded for running in the dorms, not that these cameras would be checked too often.

Passing each floor and going down another flight of stairs, I reached the lobby. People on the benches around the perimeter and center of the room looked at me, baffled. Nearing the entrance and passing Ichinose on the way, "Hi," I greeted still running full speed, and I heard her greet me from behind. Her face was most definitely warped in confusion, I could tell without looking.

I estimated it's been one minute since I left the room, I have to complete this run within 6 if it takes me a minute to get around the school. While I don't think Suzune would mind if I'm a minute or two late, I don't want to think of what she would do if she did care. Her personality has been more erratic recently than before, so it's hard to tell how'd she react.

It was dark outside, seeing and recognizing me would be relatively impossible unless you are within a 20 m radius. The people who did would just be puzzled on why somebody is running this late in the night and that fast in the first place.



Even if it was night and there was a slight breeze, the date being close to summer it was 70 degrees Fahrenheit even at night. While I

still have a semi steady breathing pace, I could feel a slight sweat on my brow. I usually don't have to run this speed or anywhere near it, even in the white room. It was more based on endurance than speed for the most part.

Fortunately for me, the school was just in front of me and I pushed the swinging door open. Bolting through the hallways, I reached the flight up stairs and landed on the library's floor. A simple left and there the entrance for the library was in front of me, and through I went.

Suzune, who already found and was seated at a table saw me, and I raised my hand slightly in acknowledgment. I walked over to her and sat down in the chair adjacent to hers. Shinohara and Mori were seated at the table as well along with Ike and Yamauchi. It seems Sudo has yet to arrive.

The girls had a tint of red on their faces as they glimpsed at me and I was slandered by the two guys.

"Kiyotaka-kun, why are you sweating so much?" Suzune asked me, with her gaze averted. I noticed a small flash out of nowhere, but it disappeared instantly leaving me puzzled about its origins.

"Sorry, I was busy in my dorm room, and lost track of time. I had to run here." I simply stated.

"Busy?! With four girls in you room!?! Lucky..." Ike uttered loud enough for the table to hear.

"Kiyotaka-kun. What does he mean by that?" Suzune grabbed my shoulders, holding me in place.

Oi, change the wording Ike! Suzune looks like she'll grab a shovel out of nowhere along with a coffin!

"Uh, I was just teaching them in my room. It was too crowded in the library." I spoke defensively.

"If that's the case, then it's fine." she responded back, ending the discussion of that topic.

"Hi Ike and Yamauchi. Hello Shinohara and Mori," I greeted with a wave to the four of them.

"Hi Ayanokoji..." Ike and Yamauchi said with a downtrodden and depressed expression. Are they okay?

"Hi Ayanokoji-kun," Shinohara spoke enthusiastically and paired her greeting with a smile.

"Hello Kiyotaka-sama!" Mori shouted and grinned, practically beaming. Why the -sama though, it reminds me of Matsuo but the intentions behind it feels somewhat different when it comes from her...

"Stop that, just address me normally." I retorted, trying to put an end to her antics.

"Acting so distant after you held me in your arms naked huh?" She added, feeding the flame.

"At the pool, that was an accident. I had no idea that my swimsuit came off. Please don't trudge up dark memories too..." I instantly replied, dampening the fire by giving context. To make it more efficient, I mixed in some dramatics to make the previous playful atmosphere turn gloomy. This left no more room for discussion and while the atmosphere was awkward, it beat facing Suzune's wrath and the two guys' glares.

"Huh, why is everyone so silent?" Sudou finally walked in, around 5 minutes after the designated meeting time. I could tell it frustrated Suzune a bit as she went through tricky lengths to schedule this study session after his club. In addition, here he was walking leisurely, like everything was normal and as it should be.

"Took you long enough, we were waiting for you Sudou-kun," Suzune said with venom seeping from her tone. Hey now, don't be so hostile right away, you're going to make them leave. Sudou glared at her slightly as she stated that.

"Anyways, let's begin the study session, any questions?" She initiated the learning period with those words.

"So below 32 is a red mark. Then is 32 points also a failing grade?" Sudou raised his hand and asked.

"If it's 'below', then 32 points is safe. Sudou, can you even make that?"

Even Ike is worried about Sudou. He answered Sudou, saving everybody else's and my brain cells from dying permanently. Of course these guys would like to know if it's "below" or "up to", Yamauchi looked slightly confused on the matter as well. Good thing Ike knew the difference.

"It doesn't matter either way. My goal is to make everyone here get at least 50 points."

"Geh, isn't that too hard for us?"

"It's dangerous to just aim for the bare minimum. You guys, who aren't even at the mark, are really troubling."

At Suzune's sound argument, the group of failures reluctantly agreed. This might go in the direction I previously predicted...

"I have a question. Why is he here?" Yamauchi blurted out, his finger pointing at me.

Hey, why do you have to say it with disgust. Aren't we friends...

"Kiyotaka-kun is here to monitor for this first session and make sure things go properly, helping as a second hand. **That's not an issue, right?**" Suzune addressed my purpose for being here, and backed me up after, speaking in a harsh tone to shut him up.

While Yamauchi quieted down, I still saw him glaring at me every now and then.

"I was able to summarize most of the topics that will be covered on this test. I plan to thoroughly cover these topics in the next two weeks. If you have any questions that you don't know, ask me."

"... Hey, I don't even understand the first problem."

Sudou scowled at Horikita. I also read the question.

"A, B, and C have 2150 yen collectively. A has 120 yen more than B does. After C gives B $\frac{2}{5}$ ths of his money, B now has 220 yen more than A. How much money did A originally have?"

A problem involving system of equations. For a high school student, it should be a free point. I scanned through the entire packets, and while some difficult ones popped up, they were all relatively easy. It seems she might be quite the good teacher if she wasn't so condescending to her students.

"Try using your brain. If you give up from the very beginning, you won't get anywhere."

"Even if you say that... I don't even know how to study."

"Everyone else in the school passed."

The school doesn't decide on admissions solely based on scores. Sudou was probably accepted because of his high physical ability. If you think about it, wouldn't he get kicked out immediately because of his bad grades meaning they want to see the extremes on both sides of the scale to grow? Sudou's bad academic ability is a clear extreme, worst in the school year I'd guess, while his physical prowess is on the other side of the spectrum, one of the best in the school.

"Ugh, I don't know either..."

Ike was also puzzled as he scratched his head.

"Mori-san, do you know how to do this question?"

"Um... $A + B + C$ equals 2150 yen, and A equals $B + 120$..."

Mori, who somewhat narrowly avoided failing the last test, started writing down the equations.

Since she was to the right of me, I started looking over her shoulder, curious to how she was doing.

"Yep, that input is right and equations are right. Nice job."

She shuddered slightly when I complimented her, and whipped her head around quickly out of surprise. My face was close enough so our faces clashed when she did so. As expected, I took another girl's lips for a split second to which she turned back. I might have scared her enough for her to start breathing heavily.

I glanced around and it appears nobody noticed at all, good. While I would apologize, I don't think now would be a good time, considering her state.

Anyways, I did it mentally already, and I think the answer is 710.

"Honestly speaking, this problem can be easily solved by first-year and second-year middle school students. If you fail here, you won't be able to do anything."

"Are we elementary school students then...?" Ike sulked, visibly sad.

"As Suzune stated, it's pretty bad if you can't solve these problems. The first few math problems on the test were about this hard, but the last problems were even harder."

"That's because they weren't necessarily expected to be solved..." Suzune uttered.

I guess that's true. If they don't throw in some oddball questions like that, it might prove to be tricky to rank the classes based on exams.

If there were plenty of 100s in every class, it would also raise the average making students who are academically challenged fail and be expelled.

This school isn't really fair, but if they did what I thought before, it'll show they value mental over physical, completely ruining this school's purpose.

Sudou would have no chance to make it past this midterm if that was the case.

"I can teach you how to do systems of equations if you want."

Suzune picked up her pen without hesitating. It's pitiful, but the only one who understood how to do the problem was Mori. While Shinohara and Ike had some understanding of it, they needed the extra step right at the end.

"In the first place, what even is this 'system of equations' thing...?" Sudou asked with a genuinely zoned out gaze.

"... Are you serious?" Suzune retorted at his query, extremely stunned.

Wow, these guys really live without studying at all. Sudou threw his mechanical pencil at his desk and I could hear the led on the inside shatter.

"No, stop. This isn't going to work."

Before even starting, Sudou already gave up.

Looking at his pitiful state, Horikita was fuming. If I were teaching him, I would be upset as well, but letting your emotions be on full display rarely helps in circumstances like these.

"Guys, wait. Let's try our best. Learning the way to do the problem will help you avoid expulsion. A good portion of them seem to be that one topic afterall."

I don't believe me saying this will help in the long run, but it will show that I am also trying to put in effort. If they hear it from a friend, at least that's what I hope I am, in a nicer way, the majority of people would stay and go through the struggle. I feel like Ike and Yamauchi hate me though...

"... Well, if it'll help us, we'll try our best, but... It's kinda hard when she teaches us." Ike blatantly and boldly pronounced his feeling right in front of the person herself.

"Uh..."

Horikita stayed silent. It was troubling that she didn't say anything to support herself but that might make them mad depending on what her words contains. However, if she stayed silent, the others might give up on studying. Should I try... No, even if they stayed, the day I left, they would follow suit.

If I wrote down the equations and showed it to the them, they probably wouldn't understand. Rather than a study group, this is closely related to detention for them.

"I'm not trying to deny you, but you guys are way too stupid and incompetent."

The silent Suzune finally spoke up, pinning them as the problem, not her.

"I'm scared for the future if you can't solve this problem."

"So what. That has nothing to do with you."

Feeling irritated at her words, Sudou hit the desk. I feel sorry for the other people in the library who have to listen to this racket.

"It does have nothing to do with me. No matter how much you suffer, it doesn't affect me. It's just that I feel pity for you."

"Say what you want to say clearly. Studying's useless in the future anyway." Sudou boldly stated his opinion.

"Studying is useless in the future? An interesting argument. What makes you say that?"

"Even if I don't know how to solve this kind of problem, I won't have any trouble. Studying is unnecessary. Rather than sticking to a textbook, aiming to become a basketball pro is much more useful for the future."

While people may not see the correlation between the two, studying

can indeed have impact on sports. Improving your concentration and you confidence along with other things.

If you are skilled enough at it and have a good sense of depth perception, you can nearly sink every shot in basketball. You have to have near perfect control over your muscles and the force you put out though.

"That's wrong. If you learn how to solve that problem, your whole life will be changed. In other words, if you study, you'll have less trouble. It's the same thing for basketball. I wonder if you've been playing basketball to your own convenient rules. Do you run away from difficult things just like you do while studying? From the looks of it, it doesn't seem like you practice seriously. That's the kind of personality you have. If I was the advisor of the club, I wouldn't let you be a regular."

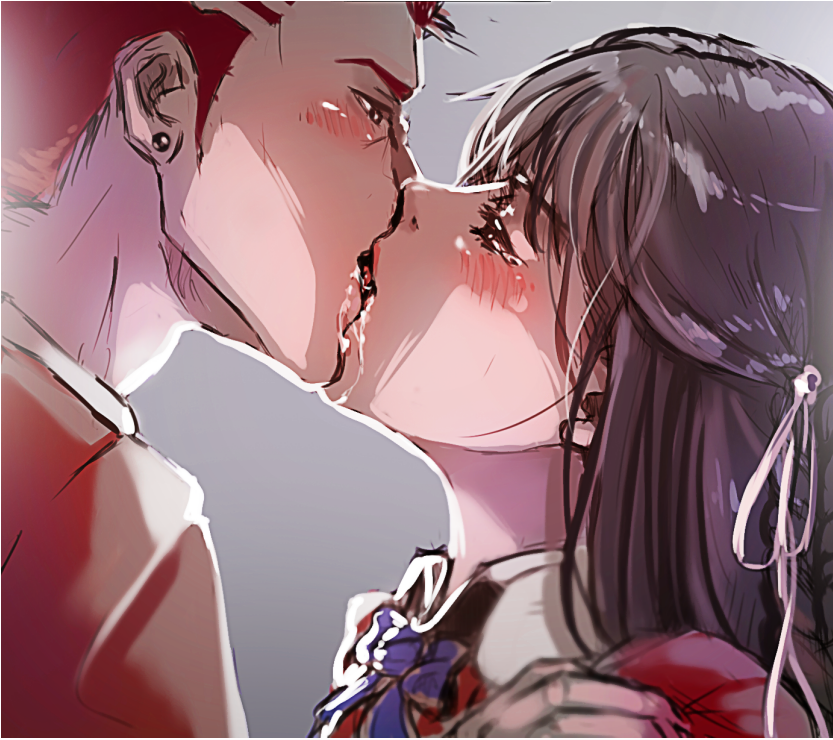
"Tsu!"

Sudou stood up and grabbed Horikita by her collar.

"Sudou."

Even faster than I could react, Sudou put his face and kissed Suzune deeply. I could see him also trying to gain access and violate her mouth.

Suzune started to moan slightly, gave permission and kissed him passionately.



(To the person who made this photo, why?)

What the hell?

Why did I imagine that?

Going back to reality, Sudou grabbed Suzune's collar roughly, eyes full of hatred and annoyance.

I grabbed his arm firmly, preventing him from doing anything more.

Suzune raised her eyebrows and stayed calm in front of Sudou, continuing, "I have no interest in you, but I can understand what kind of person you are. You want to become a basketball pro? Do you think that kind of childish wish can simply become true in this society? A half-hearted person like you who gives up easily can never become a pro. Furthermore, even if you become a pro, I don't think you'd be able to get a sufficient annual income. You're a fool for setting your sights on such a idealized job."

"You...!"

It's clear that Sudou is on the brink of losing his control. If he raised his fist, I'll also have to stop it and hold him back. I really wish he doesn't go that far though...

"Can you just give up on studying, no, school? And then you can give up on your dreams to become a basketball pro and live a pitiful life working a part time job."

"Ha... that's just fine. I'm giving up. Not basketball, but studying. It's not because it's too difficult for me but this was a complete waste of time. Bye!"

"You're saying some strange things. Studying is clearly difficult for you."

Horikita shot him a final blow. If I wasn't there, Sudou probably would've hit Horikita.

Not hiding his irritation, he shoved his textbook into his bag.

"Hey, is this ok?"

"Doesn't matter. For someone who's indifferent... it's pointless to care about someone like that. Even though expulsion is at stake. He doesn't have an ounce of determination to stay in school."

"I thought it was strange for someone like you who has nearly zero friends to invite people to a study group. At best, you brought us

over here to call us stupid. If you weren't a girl, I'd hit you."

Seems like he isn't a very strong advocate for gender equality. If it's a girl or guy, i don't mind hitting them if the situation calls for it. I think in one of the anime's I've watched, Kazuma was a proud advocate for it.

"You just don't have the courage to hit me, right? Don't use my gender as a reason."

Suzune. Insulting him more like that is just asking for a fight. I'm surprised he hasn't fully had his fuse blown yet. He left the room, slinging his bag over his shoulder, his other hand in his pocket. I heard a distant tch from his direction near milliseconds later.

The study group started moments ago, but it was already crumbling.

"I also quit. Even though a small part of it is because I can't study... most of it's because I'm irritated. Horikita-san may be smart, but that doesn't mean you're above us."

Losing his patience, Ike also gave up.

"I don't care whether or not you dropout of school, so do as you like." Suzune spoke indifferently.

"Well, I'll pull an all-nighter for that."

Very few can manage to stay awake for a night while only studying. It's also not that effective and you can bore yourself out. That would minimize your information absorption rate even further.

"Interesting. Aren't you here because you can't study?" Suzune made her words strike him deep in the heart once more.

Critical hit!

"Tsu..."

Even for the usually upbeat Ike, Horikita's thorny words made him stiffen.

Really, just stop with the emotional killing...

And then Yamauchi also started packing up.

The only two still sitting was Mori, gawking at the situation with a sad and confused gaze, and Shinohara who looked to be contemplating whether she should've left or not. She realized her escape window was closed, as Ike left the library with the unusually quiet Yamauchi.

The four of us, just remained in silence, not moving one bit.

This was troubling. With that, the study group is over and will probably never gather again, besides the girls.

At least it looks that way.

The library's silence felt ominous.

"Suzune, I'm going to head out now. See you Monday. You too as well Shinohara and Mori," My sudden voice reached their ears and I began to walk away.

"Are you returning home?"

"Sudou and the others are heading there. I'll go chat with them."

"There's no worth in talking to people who will drop out soon like them."

"I'm just simply trying to talk to my friends."

I need to catch up with them.

"Okay Kiyotaka-kun... see you then or maybe sooner," she paused, watching my body become more distant.

"Bye."

"See you Monday!"

Wondering about it, why Sudou chose this school, out of all the ones available that specialize in sports? With his physique at his age, and from what I hear about his playing, he could've easily gotten a scholarship at a advanced basketball school where academics are known to be easier as well. Instead he chose this school, a overall balanced one to follow his dream.

Was he trying to escape something, like me, for freedom? Either way, after doing a brisk jog for a bit, I reached the three of them. I'm assuming they ran after Sudou and initiated conversation with him. I don't need to be a genius or within range for them to get the idea of the insults they were throwing at Suzune behind her back.

"Hey guys," I approached them and they immediately turned around, met with me waving my hand.

"Tsu... It's you?" Yamauchi let out.

"Hey, what was that for?" I asked, feeling insulted.

"You deserved it. What are you here for anyways?" Sudou agreed with Yamauchi and questioned my intentions.

"While I know you might not like it, hear me out. Attend Suzune's study sessions. They will, without a doubt, keep you secure from expulsion." I tried to convince them.

"You sound like a crappy scammer who goes door to door trying to sell a crappy product." Ike voiced his thoughts.



Were they always this rude to me?

"We don't need that to stay. We'll just cram our studying into the night before the test. I said that before!" Ike denied my request and soon Sudou and Yamauchi did the same.

I knew it wasn't going to work with just that. That's why I'll enact the plan I had ever since the dorms.

"Will you attend if I give you 12,000 points each? 2,000 points right

now, 10,000 after mid terms." I proposed an offer.

Due to the way human's emotions work, they typically won't do something they don't like without reason or motivation.

Somebody might go on a diet and later fall off of it, but if they had a prize or reward after it, like a free cruise trip, they'd almost always strictly adhere to such a routine.

These three are probably the brokest in the school year adding to the increased chance of them participating. However, Sudou may not participate still due to his pride, I just have to hope for the best.

Now what will their answer be?

"Points?! Horikita is annoying and a bitch, but I do need more..." Yamauchi let his thoughts freely flow out loud, insults included.

Yes, she was a bit stubborn and supercilious but damn, the slander.

"I do need more, I have only 1054 points left. I don't want to eat that nasty vegetable lunch." Ike started to lean on the agreement side with Yamauchi.

Sudou stood still and you can almost see him mentally weighing his options.

Go and take the points. You have to work with Suzune.

Or

Do nothing, risk expulsion and constantly eat the free meal.

While he is debating with which option he could take or even make a third one, I analyzed my state of affairs.

I'll still have around 15,000 points left which I could rely on for maybe a month or two. Hopefully we have a chance to raise them within that time, but what the future holds is unforeseeable. I wouldn't really mind eating the vegetable set either, at least it looks like it has more flavoring than the white room food.

His eyes lit up, determined, letting me know the outcome. Sudou's pride will get in the way, I'm sure of it.

"Is that it? Anything else we get?" Sudou tried to bargain with me for a higher reward.

"I can up it to 15-" I started yet stopped as I noticed Yamauchi about to open his mouth.

"Oooh oooh! How about organizing a mixer and inviting us?" Yamauchi jumped up and down, excited, after saying that.

Mixer?

"A what now?"

"You know, those social events? You get an even amount of girls and guys and you hang out! You usually go out to eat or do karaoke." Ike explained.

I'll take his word for it as he is someone far more social than I.

"Is that so? I don't see why not then... does that sound ok Sudou?" I waited for confirmation from him, the main person who proposed extra compensation for studying.

"Sounds fine to me..." he scratched his cheek in a nervous manner when I asked him that.

Why does he look anxious but happy at the same time?

"Ok, I'll try my best to set it up. I'll message the details when ready. It'll probably take place after the midterms."

"Fine, but girls better be cute!" Ike added.

"Uh, got it..." I accepted, kind of confused. I then sent them all their points as I thought to myself.

Nearly every girl in this school is pretty much a beauty and I don't think my perspective is skewed at all either. I'll do my best nonetheless, but I don't really have many friends I can think of

inviting who would actually accept.

Suzune would probably flat out reject my offer. Not only does she not particularly like hanging out in groups, but also the fact that these guys are attending. While she might be fine teaching, she'd be mortified if she was seen hanging out with them, even if I were there.

That's ignoring the fact that Suzune doesn't seem to be on any of their 'cute' list.

Thinking about other potential people. Kushida might accept... maybe Ichinose? Either way I need to gather four of them...

I wonder who?

(Say your needs)

~Author's Notes~

10.8k words, hope chappie was to your liking.

Anyways

I made a new cover for the story, hope you like it 🤞, placement of characters and size of them has nothing to do with personal opinion. I just put everyone where I thought they would look they best.



Also, I'm not a Sakura hater so I'm gonna milk her character. Same with Shinohara, reaction fics really ruined her picture (not that it was that good in the light novel either).

Thanks to everyone for your support, when I started this 3.5 weeks ago, I didn't expect to get high in rankings or 20k views and 1k upvotes at all. I really appreciate it and

Love you all ☺ ----°☺°----

Anyways, PE Ā CĒ ✌☺.

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Her Other Side / Late Night Exercise

Reads: 21111 | Votes: 318 | Comments: 250

Skip the first half of the chapter if you don't like lemons. Summary will be in the next chapter 👍.

I caught a glimpse of Kushida on my way to the school's exit after having a talk with Ike and co.

I followed after her.

I'm neither a pervert who sees a pretty girl and watches or a stalker obsessed with said pretty girl.

I wanted to thank her about the study group. While the three she sent my way did end up leaving, I harnessed them back in, hopefully securing their attendance to Suzune's study group on a regular basis. I, by myself, would've been unable to reel them in at the beginning.

The 12,000 private points and mixer planned worked, but if I did it beforehand, there was a high chance Sudou would have left. Bargaining methods and knowing your way around in deals is a must-have nearly everywhere. You would usually start with a less costly item in a trade to get something and slowly work your way up to what you have to offer. This indeed could lead to them asking for more, but If you put somebody's expectations high right from the get go, it's hard to match that same expectation later, hence why starting small and working your way up is for the best. It's like any typical auction bid.

Another reason, although minor compared to the first, is that I want to get along with cute girls, you know? I looked through my address book on multiple occasions and Kushida's name was one of the

listed. I could try to call her to convey my thanks but it feels insincere. I've never called anyone before, let alone a girl and there is no need to now either. She was already in my line of sight.

Why was she still at school though?

It was around 6:30, so there was no one other than club members. Well, there's also the possibility that Kushida is meeting one of her friends that's in a club. Maybe her study group went on longer than anticipated too.

I'll chase after her; if she's meeting up with someone, I can talk to her at a later date.

I have no intention to be caught eavesdropping or be in an awkward situation after all.

Nobody would.

I hope so.

She turned right and went out of my sight, presumably to climb the stairs. I headed for the stairwell Kushida was ascending slightly behind her, only peeking around the corner every now and then. It seems she hasn't noticed me yet. Well, if she did, she has highly advanced perception skills to sense me, who is hiding my presence to its maximum. All I heard was the faint sounds of Kushida's shoes clacking against the steps, moving at a steady pace.

I arrived mid way up the stairs leading to the third floor, still following her. I heard footsteps above me, going to the fourth floor. The next floor is the rooftop, no? It's open during lunchtime, but I believe that it's locked after school. Feeling curious, I went up the stairs. I hid my presence more so than before in case she was meeting with someone. Then, I stopped at the top of the stairs.

I could see the outline of someone up there on the rooftop.

Leaning against the handrail, I peeked through the crack in the door. As I looked through the opening, I saw Kushida's figure. There was no one else. Is she waiting for someone here?

If she's waiting for someone in the deserted place... perhaps, is Kushida meeting up with a boyfriend? In that case, there's a possibility that I would be cornered from both sides.

I might have to really mask my presence and jump into that garbage can in the middle of the staircase if such a thing happens...



I stuck my head through the door slightly and looked up. I only saw one camera, or at least that's what I assumed it was, covered with a black cloth.

Did she cover it because she's going to do something she doesn't want others to see? That would certainly explain why she snuck to the rooftop at night. Or maybe she'll do lewd things with somebody she's meeting... No, Kushida is not like that at all.

Most importantly, why was the door unlocked to the rooftop in the first place?

As I was wondering whether or not I should leave, Kushida put down her bag on the floor.

I immediately decided to stay and I whipped out my phone, immediately starting a video recording when I noticed a drastic change in her usual atmosphere. Something interesting is bound to happen right now.

And then—

"Ah— so annoying."

Her voice was so low that I didn't think that it was Kushida. Is this what her other side actually looks like?

"It's really annoying, irritating. It'd be fine if she just died..."

She was grumbling to herself as if she was saying some kind of spell or curse and it appeared she was angry with someone...

"I hate those kind of stuck-up girls that think they're cute. Why is she such a bitch? A girl like her can't possibly teach me how to study."

Is Kushida annoyed with... Suzune? Actually, it's rude for me to assume that. It's like I'm saying Suzune falls underneath those categories, indirectly insulting her. I apologized to her in my head.

"Ah— the worst. She's really the worst, the worst, the worst. Horikita's annoying, annoying, so annoying!"

Well, she confirmed it by saying her name. I feel like the image of the class' most popular girl has been burned, tumbling down into ashes. While I was somewhat aware of such a side, from a glint in her millisecond glare on the bus, I never knew it was this bad. It was a figure that she didn't want seen by anyone else, even the rare staff that might attempt to survey the rooftop. If you think about it though, she wasn't all too different from the normal person. She is two-sided, but most people have such a thing, just slightly less

serious. Some girls or guys might greet somebody nicely, but their true thoughts could very likely be the opposite and they might talk behind that person's back.

Even I think rude things about Chie-sensei, who I should respect.

Kushida is slightly different though. She pretends to be nice and indeed insults people without them knowing, but she never seemed to have any intention of talking bad about someone openly. This could be to maintain her image, but she is a step better than people who gather others to target one person.

Regardless, my brain told me that it was dangerous to stay here any longer.

However, a question arose. Regardless of the fact that she was hiding her true feelings, why did she agree to help me gather the guys if she hates her? Is it perhaps because I asked and not Suzune directly? She could've refused to help, leave the study group to Suzune, or have done countless other actions to take her hands off the issue. She could've made up an excuse that she was busy, unable to do what was asked.

That could be extremely likely, but she has tried and succeeded getting Suzune's phone number in the past and repeatedly attempts to close the gap between them both. Why would Kushida force herself to do something like that with someone she clearly hates from what I see? Did she want to get along with Suzune and change her mind? Or did she want to get trust from me and other people, hoping for favors?

None of those make absolute sense. With that much stress, it doesn't seem worth it to undertake another task. I can't explain it but it seems there is something else hiding behind the facts that I am unable to get a glimpse of.

I never thought much about it, but looking at the state she's in right now, I had a thought. By any chance, are Kushida and Horikita—

Anyway, I should get away from here. I gathered enough footage for my safety and Kushida probably wouldn't want anyone else to

see her like this. As I continued hiding my presence to the max, I tried to quickly leave.

Thump!

In the school at dusk, the sound of kicking the door was louder than I thought. Unexpectedly loud. As I spun to leave, the heel of my shoe hit the rooftop door I was just looking through. Kushida, also hearing the sound, immediately tensed up and stopped breathing. As if someone called out to her, Kushida turned around and spotted me.

"... Who are you... what are you doing here?"

After a brief silence, Kushida asked in a cold voice. It doesn't seem like she identified who I was.

I could bail, making my life plenty of times easier, but the stress she would get is astronomical. Constantly being alert and unsure who was there and what they could do, would tear Kushida apart. It's probably near the same as a Slasher Film person like Jason Voorhees blending in amongst students for her.



A single word they let out, even if ineffective, has a chance of starting rumors and ruining her reputation. She might have to do these night rants more often with more ferocity if that was the case, yet she would most likely bottle it in, scared to be caught once again.

Slipping my still active phone in my pocket, that is when I decided to reveal myself.

"I lost my way, My bad, my bad. I'll leave now." I lied. I never said I needed to be completely honest when I do such a thing.

Kushida kept looking at me, seeing through my obvious untruthful words. She had an intense gaze, far more deadly than on the bus, that I'd never seen before.

"Why did you reveal- no, did you hear...?" Kushida inquired, trying to force an answer from me.

Even if I didn't, seeing you acting like this now is close to the same as hearing you know.

"Would you believe me if I said I didn't?" I ignored what she planned to say in the beginning and returned a question that neither denied or confirmed her previous question for sure. In this situation, it would most likely be an affirmative response.

"I see..."

Kushida briskly walked towards me, pulling me further from the stairs. She put her left forearm against my neck and pushed me against the wall.

Her tone of voice and behavior wasn't the Kushida I knew.

The Kushida now had a scary look that I couldn't help but compare to Suzune's when she is mad.

"What you heard just now... if you speak a word of it to anyone, I won't forgive you," she threatened me with a cold gaze.

"And if I did?" I quickly replied.

"Then I'll spread a rumor that you raped me up here."

"That's a false charge, you know."

"That's ok, since it's not a false charge."

Huh? What does she mean by that...

There was a strong impact to her words.

Kushida then grabbed my left wrist and slowly opened the palm of my hand. She held the back of my hand and put my palm on her breast. The feeling of her soft voluptuous breasts was transmitted throughout my whole palm.

This was the first time a girl made me touch her breast, although I wasn't as happy as I thought I would be.

"... What are you doing?"

At her unexpected behavior, I tried to pull away, but she pushed back on my hand. Offering hardly any resistance, she pushed my hand against her breast harder than she originally planned.

"Hmmm~!" She let out a sudden noise suddenly.

"Why are you moaning..." I had to ask, It would look better on video if I did.

"What! I am not, I just pulled too hard! You lost Ayanokoji, your fingerprints are on my clothes. That's evidence of attempted rape right there. I'm being serious, get it?" She quickly denied my comment, and surprisingly admitted fault. Kushida quickly changed from somewhat flustered to serious again, trying to prove her point and she blackmailed me.

"... I understand. I got it, so let go of my hand."

"I'm going to leave this uniform in my room without washing it. If you tell anyone, I'm going to give this to the police."

For a while, I glared at Kushida as she kept my hand on her breasts. She moved my hand around slightly, probably trying to spread the fingerprints in a way to appear more believable. I'll pretend she is not panting somewhat while doing so.

"Don't forget."

Snapping out of the evidence making and checking that I understood, Kushida stepped away from me. Phew, she almost crashed into something that would've changed the entire mood from serious to awkward.

I still clearly envisioned how good it felt, letting something harden slightly more unintentionally. Let's change my line of thought...

"Hey, Kushida. Which one is the 'real' you?"

I already assumed this side was, and the other was an act. I wanted a clear response though.

"... That has nothing to do with you."

"Is that so... However, watching you made me realize something. If you hate Suzune, then there's no need to involve yourself with her, right?"

I didn't mean to ask that. I knew that she probably wouldn't answer. But I was curious as to why she went so far to befriend her. She scanned me, probably wondering why I am still talking. Her glance lingered at my lower half and a smirk floated up on her face. Why is she smiling now?

"Is it bad to try to be liked by everyone? Do you understand how **hard** that is? You don't, right?"

She talked, finding a chance to express that she noticed the bulge still in my pants.

"I don't have too many friends, so no, I can't say I do." I attempted to not notice. It's humiliating enough as it is.

Ever since the first day, Kushida certainly made an effort to talk to, exchange contact addresses with, and invite a normally pessimistic and negative girl. Anyone can imagine how time-consuming and hard that would be.

"Like Horikita... I wanted to at least look like I got along with Horikita-san," Kushida expressed her thoughts.

"But you were stressed, huh."

"Yea. That's my way of life. That way, I can feel my own real significance."

She answered without hesitation. Kushida has feelings and rules that only she herself knows. That's what she was saying. Following her own rules, she frantically tried over and over to get along with Suzune, who is not making it easy.

"I'm telling you this because of the circumstances, but I really hate gloomy and plain boys."

My image of the cute Kushida has been shattered, but I'm not really shocked. People tend to have both public and private images, after all.

She did not have to insult me too...

However, Kushida's answer felt like it had both truths and lies.

"This is just my intuition, but were you and Suzune acquaintances? Before coming to this school, the same middle school I assume?"

When I said that, Kushida's shoulder flinched for a split second.

"What the... I don't know what you mean. Did Horikita-san say something about me?"

"No, nothing of the sort. It just wouldn't make sense with how much you hate her. What you said just now somewhat confirms she knows something about you."

She let out a sigh and spoke, "Yes, we went to the same school. You shouldn't analyze what people, especially girls, say like that. You might be registered as more of a pervert and creep than you already are."

She really knows how to make words hurt huh...

"I'll keep that in mind then." I took her advice. I'll still analyze the contents of what people say though, I'll just keep it to myself.

"Anyways, do you swear that you won't say a word of what you saw here?"

"I promise. Even if I told anyone, no one would believe me, right?"

Kushida is really trusted by the class. The difference between heaven and earth is between us so me mentioning something wouldn't have any effect.

"... Ok. I believe you."

Although she didn't change her expression, Kushida closed her eyes and exhaled deeply. She probably had similar thoughts to mine. Little does she know, I have a video of the events that occurred here but there is no benefit to post it at all and get Kushida in trouble.

"Thanks..." I held the back of my head

"I still have evidence of you trying to rape me so be prepared if you do betray me. I might spread some rumors to start, people might look at you with disgust and eventually tell a teacher. You don't want that right?" Kushida once again warned me with venom in her tone. She really is an extremely good actor, being able to switch moods that fast.

"Not at all, and if you believed me, then don't spread pointless rumors like that." I denied then retorted.

"If you weren't monotone and more believable before-hand, I wouldn't try to blackmail you by letting you touch my chest." Kushida responded.

"It's extremely difficult to change my expression first of all and put emotion in my voice first of all. Also, you might have done it as back up anyways."

"I guess that's true..."

Her facial expression softened, wondering about the possible events that could have unfolded.

"Kushida."

She glanced at me once again, wondering why I only called her name and not anything else.

"Can I think of you as a crazy bitch that would let boys touch your breasts without any hesitation?" I teased somewhat, trying to get a reaction from her.

She kicked my thigh with all her strength. In a panic, I took hold of

the metal fence pole behind me. While I couldn't fall off as the fence was blocking, I still grabbed a hold of something sturdy in the off chance it broke.

"Dangerous! I could've gotten injured!"

"That's because you said something stupid!"

With a flushed face, Kushida snapped at me.

"I wouldn't have let many people do that! If Ike or Yamauchi were here instead of you and if I couldn't defend myself, I might have actually gotten raped. Even if I didn't, those two would have run their mouths, ruining my reputation. For them, I would have to go straight to the teachers or staff and show the fingerprints on my chest so they can get immediate expulsion." She continued and ranted.

I guess that makes sense... That means she trusts me a little to not do stuff like that right?

"And what do you mean could've? I know you mean the roof, but I just kicked you with all my strength. Are you saying you weren't injured from that...?" She questioned my words from earlier.

Yikes, that was a slip-up.

"Eh, that hurt a lot. I meant fatally injured..."

"Is that so..."

I tried and succeeded in convincing her. She walked near me again, close and whispered, "You know about what I said about gloomy and plain guys before? I don't consider you plain at all..."

Hey wait a what now?

"You know, I still have that favor right?" She asked, knowing the answer.

I just slightly nodded, not following why she said that previous statement and why she brought up the favor.

"I'm going to use it now then. I'm still stressed, if not more so than before. Help relieve me of it. I'm not taking no for an answer."

No way, she doesn't mean what I'm thinking so she probably means...

"So you want a massage or something? I can't promise I'll be good but I'll do my best."

Kushida reached and held my member through my pants, moving it slightly and spoke, "What are you talking about? We're using this. If you mean to massage my insides then sure. You've been hard ever since you grasped my chest, right?"

What the... She really meant that?! Isn't she trying to rape me now? Not that I'm against it.

Doing something with Kushida I mean, not being raped.

"Uh, should we? You sure you want that?"

"Yup. I'm only ok with oral though, I'm not losing my virginity in a place like this.

Oh, that's too bad. And here I thought I could put the condoms I bought the other day to use. I'm not desperate either so I somewhat agree with what she said though.

"No complaints here then." I voiced my opinion, signaling I'm alright with it. If I wasn't, this might've been extremely awkward. Before I even gave my permission, she was already stroking my thing slightly after all. Even if it's out doors, we are on a rooftop with one camera that was covered beforehand. It was also warm tonight, and there was barely a breeze, there is always a chance someone can come up here or we can be heard. However, that's very unlikely to happen.

"Alright then!" Kushida exclaimed and immediately crouched down

and began to unbuckle my belt.

After a few moments, she fully brought my pants down and slowly pulled my underwear along with it.

My member shot out, smacking her face in the process.

Uppercut.

I expected her to glare but she was a little too enamored with my sword. Kushida, who snapped out of her frozen state, began to clutch my dick and licked it slightly. The stimulation led to it getting fully erect, standing near the size of a ruler.

Kushida every now and then would put the tip inside her mouth, swirling her tongue around it and would pull it back out and lick around the glans again. She's teasing me, is she not? Her hand still moved back and forth at a steady rate, somewhat gently yet rough simultaneously.

At around the 3 minute mark, she added a twist to her strokes, and used her other hand and ran it down my leg lightly, which was ticklish if you ask me. Shortly after, she started to move her mouth past the tip, reaching the halfway point. Feeling many times better than before, I felt bad I was having all the fun. There are tons of sensors in your mouth, meaning she is most likely feeling pleasure herself, but let's take it up a notch.

I don't take kindly to people who tease me afterall.

Grabbing her shoulders I pushed her lips off of my member.

"Wha-" She let out surprised at the sudden stop.

Not giving her enough time to finish, I grabbed her torso and flipped her upside down, her face near my rod.

Having some idea of what I wanted to do, she began to suck me off once again while I had a firm grip on her wide and curvy waist now. Her mouth now being in the opposite direction as before, felt just as good, if not better. Her tongue wrapped around the top side of my dick, and she moved her head at a slower pace than before,

but that's to be expected.

I brought her hips closer to my face and started to move her already soaking wet panties to the side as I hugged her with one arm, keeping her in the same position. Her lower mouth was now in sight, both lips entirely closing it off. I got my index finger and started to poke it, pushing her labia around. Kushida stopped for a second, letting out a muffled moan, probably from the sudden touch but quickly resumed her task.

After enough teasing and testing, I moved my mouth right up against it and licked her entrance slightly. I could feel her body shudder from the stimulation and I continued licking, adding a backwards motion here and there.

Deciding to go further and without warning, I stuck my tongue inside her entrance as far as it could reach and she let out a loud moan. Intaking some of her juice in my mouth, I was met with a sweet and salty liquid.

We proceeded doing this until Kushida, a few minutes later, tightened violently, her insides coiling around my tongue roughly. Her body shook a lot and when she seemingly regained control of it, she started moving this time, but at a faster rate. I'd like to think it's taking me longer to ejaculate due to the fact it wasn't the first time I did such a thing.

Not giving her any time to rest, I continued eating her out at a faster rate as well. Feeling near, I quickly removed my mouth, and moved my fingers inside of her to take its place and said, "I'm cumming."

At the same time, Kushida reached climax once again and tightened, both her mouth and entrance. The stimulation pushing me over the edge, I came inside her mouth that she kept there. I flipped her back upright on the floor to help her not suffocate and she tilted her head slightly upwards, swallowing all of it once she sat down.

"You okay?" I had to ask. It was quite intense and I wanted to make sure not too much blood got to her head.

"Very~, " she nodded, standing back up, wobbling slightly.

I doubt that.

She then started to say, "Let's go bac- EH!"

I grabbed her, my back still against the wall and hugged her from behind. In this position, my member was poking against her rear. I pushed her lower half out slightly and inserted my rod between her legs.

"Don't worry, let's go another round. I haven't lost my rationality, I promise I won't stick it in." I whispered in her ear, letting out more air than necessary on purpose. She shivered slightly and stammered, "W-wait, I'm still sensitive! How are you still h-hard?"

That's a trade secret and wait I shall not.

I thrust my hips back and forth doing what I think is called a thigh job. If I wasn't able to stick it in, then doing it here should be pleasing for the both of us I believe.

"AHH~" Kushida let out.

While maintaining a steady pace, I unbuttoned her school blazer and right after her shirt inside. Glancing from behind, I was met with a sky blue bra that obstructed the way. The clip conveniently being in the front, I unhooked it, setting her bazongas free.

She looked down at her exposed breasts somewhat shocked and I started to twirl her nipples between my fingers gently, kneading them too. She moaned again and closed her eyes and bit her lip, trying to process the pleasure.

My member proceeded to move between her smooth thick thighs, peeking out the front a few inches when her plump butt was pressed against my lower stomach. It must've been too much for her at once as she came once again, letting out a "AHHHHHHN~!" in ecstasy, lubricating my dick more than it already was, allowing me to move at an accelerated pace.

Her eyes were now open half way, her tongue lolling out of her

mouth slightly making an ahgao face. I proceeded to thrust my hips and moved my boob-filled hands rougher, squeezing them with greater force. Upping the intensity might mess her up too much but it should be fine. My goal is to match my orgasm with her next after all and I feel close to it.

If you were to look at us from the side, you would see a fully drenched in sweat and other fluids Kushida which you could also call a moaning mess and I, with an apathetic face, seemingly bored, was pounding that very said mess. I was sweating from the movement from what it appeared but it was mainly the high temperature night. And trust me, I was enjoying it very much.

After pounding her for a while, I felt her twitch a little bit and I went as fast as my human body can, groping her tits with enough force to not hurt and came as she orgasmed as well.

"!#0.0AFDG/r3J#!~♥□" she groaned in gibberish, shaking the most she had yet and soon after, her body went limp in my arms. My member, who was still sadly erect, held her up a tiny bit too. I kneeled down, still supporting Kushida and slapped her face lightly. She was panting heavily still and out of commision but had a very satisfied look on her face.

It would've been wholesome if her tongue wasn't still hanging out of her mouth and her face wasn't extremely red. She also muttered things like, "more... harder kiyoi!", which anybody could tell is the opposite of wholesome.

I need her to wake up now, as the dorm is around a 15 minute walk away. I would surely be caught too, carrying a girl, even if it's nighttime. I got lucky with Suzune because the park was really close to the dorms and only Ichinose saw us from what I know. I stood with my back to the camera in the elevator so it should've been difficult to see such a thing on the monitors on each floor.

Furthermore, carrying one of the most popular girls in the school year to the dorms with disheveled clothes would give you a bad ending. The Kushimps will feed me to the wolves if I do such a thing. Actually, I know multiple defense methods against such situations so I should be fine.

The point is, I'll be shunned by probably half the males in the first year, maybe some senpais too if Kushida's influence has spread that far already. I do not want to be hated unless it's necessary.

The question is, how do I go about waking her up? I tried shaking, tapping and slapping, nothing worked. Some might try tickling but the majority of people don't react like that in their sleep. Sighing, I got my finger, stuck it in her still soaking wet entrance and spun it around quickly.

"Ah!" Her eyes immediately shot open and Kushida yelled in shock. I slipped out my finger, looking at the now wide awake Kushida who glared at me. Looking closer, all I saw was a pout though.

"Good morning, you're up now. You passed out at the end there, Kushida." I informed her what she should know already.

"I was up the whole time though?" Kushida raspily stated and I sensed no false words in what she spoke. She held her throat, realizing it's slightly sore after noticing the weird voice that came out.

She'll get used to it eventually.

Anyways, It's even more concerning if she was awake just now and said stuff like that. It seems she really blanked out at the end. Did the pleasure overload her senses?

"Okay then. Want to head back now?" I asked.

"Uh, we should probably dress first..." Kushida looked at me with disgust apparent in her gaze.

"Yes, that'd be best." I answered back hurriedly.

I am not a pervert who gets off by performing public nudity and indecency, so stop staring at me like that.

As we put on our clothes and straightened them out, Kushida began to speak again, exhaling just before beginning, "Haaah~, now I have full evidence you tried to rape me Ayanokoji! Your fingerprints are all around my uniform, not only my breast area."

Kushida threatened to which I widened my eyes.

For acting of course.

I was genuinely surprised that she thought that up as well while we were doing, uh, lewd things and also the change in attitude like it was her plan all along.

She was most likely to cover up her embarrassment I think.

The reason I pretended just now was to trick her, pretending I didn't notice. While I could tell her, it would probably make her angrier and more flustered. I don't believe she'll try anything even if she threatened me. In my predictions, we would have a good relationship from here on out. If she does for some reason, her fingerprints were also on my uniform, specifically my back and crotch.

Fingerprints typically don't stay for very long, especially on a surface like our uniform anyways. Keeping a spare with it wouldn't do very good, the whole thing was recorded anyways. If she tried to frame me for raping her, the video would deny it. She tried blackmailing me in a cruel manner and If I cut out the sex part, it should work well enough.

"Kushida..."

"You better not tell anybody what happened here. That applies even more now than before," she death glared at me, but I did not fail to notice the small blush on her cheeks.

"Also, you have to let me use 'that' when I ask," Kushida added, pointing to my still-exposed and standing member while looking away.

I should probably dress myself again huh.

"Fine then..."

It's not a bad deal either if I get to have a fun time with Kushida. It's a win-win situation if you ask me. It seems like it successfully relieved her stress too, mine as well. Is she considered a friend

with benefits too now? Nevermind that, we have to go now.

"Shall we go back together?" I questioned, waiting for an answer.

"S-sure." Kushida stuttered slightly but managed to squeak out. Fortunately for her, the weekend is starting tomorrow, so her voice should make a full recovery by then.

With that, we headed back to our respective dorm rooms, calling it a night.

This was my second sexual experience. It's even within the same week as the first one too. I feel semi proud of myself. I still have yet to lose my virginity though...

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"Isn't Horikita really annoying?"

Laying in my room, browsing through my phone, I got a message from my group chat with Sudou, Ike, Yamauchi and some other boys.

I also had a sheet of paper taped to my pillow with four phone numbers with names attached written a very bold black pen. The font almost looks like something you would see in a death threat. Matsushita, Sakura, Haruka and Sato also wrote at the end, clearly angry,

CONTACT US OR ELSE...

The four of them even took their process time writing that last part in red marker...

I'll take care of it tomorrow, I'm too terrified to do such a thing now.

I got four girls numbers but at what cost...

Going back to the chat, Yamauchi started the conversation, which seemed like it would slander Suzune.

"I was pissed off at her. Sudou was really angry at her too. Looked like he would hit her." - Yamauchi

"If I see her tomorrow, I'm going to hit her. I was really angry today." - Sudou

"Ahahaha, it'll become a big problem if you hit her LOL that's just overkill" - Yamauchi

"Hey, while we're on the topic. Wanna ignore her starting from tomorrow?" - Hondou

"Nah, we've always ignored her (lol)" - Ike

"I need to get back at her somehow. We can bully her and make her cry. Like hiding her shoes." - Yamauchi

"I would laugh if I was a kid, but I really want to see her suffer." - Sudou

Somehow, Suzune really became the main topic of the group chat and slander. They even hinted at wanting to bully her, even if they already agreed to join her study session.

"Ayanokoji, wanna join too? In bullying her haha" -Yamauchi

"Nah, he's fallen too hard for her."- Sudou

"Hey, whose side are you on?" - Ike

It was pretty obvious that everyone would be irritated at her. Their experiences with her have always been negative and even if I am making sure they attend the Suzune's tutor sessions, it's not like

those memories disappear. However, I can't agree with hitting or bullying her.

Both would be equally devoid of any good intentions and I would rather protect Suzune from such things. Knowing her though, she wouldn't be affected all too much.

"You're reading this, right? Hey, I asked you a question: which side are you on?" - Ike

"I'm not on anyone's side. I won't really stop you guys." I messaged.

While I will almost choose Suzune over them, taking sides here would only lead to continuing an argument here. I already have some ideas to close this conversation anyways...

"Staying neutral. The most sly answer possible lol"-Yamauchi

I'm surprised he knew the word neutral and sly but didn't know what below meant.

"You can think of it however you want, but it's your loss if you think about it. If the school learns of this problem, it'll become trouble for you. Just keep that in mind." I sent, partially denying what they were saying.

"Are you trying to protect her? Haha" - Ike

Because I can't see their faces over chat, it makes them more aggressive than usual. If Ike was in front of me, he probably wouldn't have said those words. Is this what people do online?

However, everyone just wants a sense of security and solidarity using Suzune.

It would only be a waste of time if I continued chatting. Time to finish this conversation.

"If Kushida knew of this, she'd hate you. lol"

After sending that message, I closed my phone. It rang, but I left it alone. They probably won't do anything stupid after the bomb I

dropped. Kushida, personally, might actually appreciate them slightly more if they bullied Suzune, but Ike and Yamauchi have no idea about that.

They'd literally explode if they found out she hated them or that I had a form of sex tonight with her.

Minutes passed and I sat in my room exhausted, yet unable to sleep. It seems the small exercise I did with Kushida was a pretty beneficial and enjoyable workout, yet the usual regimen I do is far more intense. I also am extremely parched. I could drink water but I'm currently craving milk, it's known to improve your rest hours too. I decided it'll be best to get a drink instead of lounging around in my room any longer. Standing up, I headed to the vending machine in the lobby. They should honestly have one on each floor.

I reached there but walked slower as I saw Chie-sensei's back moving out of the lobby entrance, leaving. Why was she at the student's dorm?

After I grabbed my milk carton from the vending machine, I headed back to the elevator.

"Hmm?"

The elevator was on the 7th floor. Feeling curious, I looked at the CCTV monitor of the inside of the elevator. It was Suzune in her school uniform.

"... Well, there's no need to hide myself, but..."

I didn't want to particularly face her, so I hid myself behind the vending machine. I do wonder what she is doing though, It's 9 o'clock at night currently. Did she want to grab a drink like me? As I was pondering why she was here, the elevator reached the first floor with Suzune in tow.

While being wary of her surroundings, she exited the building. Anybody can tell that this is clearly suspicious behavior. After she disappeared into the dark, I chased after her. Here I am again, tailing 2 girls in total now on the same night. I honestly deserve the

title of creep if I get caught here. However, not only was I curious, I felt a nervous aura around her, almost like a rabbit entering a bear's cave.

Worried but not jumping to conclusions, I hid myself again after turning the corner.

Horikita stopped moving. There was another person's figure. I pressed record on my phone, aimed it at her, hoping to prevent a possible blackmail here if anything happened. Some might think I should always leave my phone recording at this point, but I don't think my battery, nor my storage can sustain such a thing. If this becomes a typical occurrence, I might have to save these files in a hard drive. More importantly, I should focus on the situation at hand.

"Suzune. I didn't think you'd follow me all the way here."

Did she leave at this hour to meet with a boy? They seem relatively close if he's using her first name but why does his voice sound familiar?

"I-I'm different from the useless me that you know. I've come here to catch up to you Nii-san." Suzune muttered, trying to show determination but utterly failed.

"Catch up to me, huh." The figure spoke once again, in a doubtful manner. This made Suzune's nervousness double after hearing those words.

She used Nii-san earlier too, right? I couldn't see the person she was talking to, but it looks like it's Suzune's older brother. From what I remember, it should be Horikita Manabu, the student council president. I'm pretty sure she's related to him, based on name, looks, ability and somewhat personality wise. Why are they meeting in a place like this?

"I heard that you are in class D; it doesn't seem like anything's changed in the last 3 years. Because you've always been looking at my back, you've never been able to see your own flaws. Choosing to come to this school was another one of your mistakes."

"That's—that's wrong. I'm going to rise up to class A. And then—"

"That's impossible. You'll never reach class A. Rather, your class will crumble before that. This school isn't as easy as you think it is."

"I will absolutely, absolutely reach class A..."

"I already said it's impossible. You're a really unreasonable younger sister."

Her older brother takes a step forward. From my hiding spot, I could see his form more clearly. It really was the student council president.

I have no siblings and I'm no expert on family life either, but I can certainly tell one thing. This relationship, was not like the usual one bit.

There was no emotion in his expression, as if he was looking at an existence that didn't interest him at all.

He grabbed his younger sister's wrist and pushed her against the wall, a loud slam resonated throughout the alley.

"No matter how much I avoided you, you are still my younger sister. If people start to learn about you, it is me who will be disgraced. Leave this school immediately." Horikita Manabu threatened, without changing his facial expression one bit. I could sense a dramatic rise of intensity from him, aiming to silence Suzune.

"N-no... I will, I will absolutely rise up to class A!"

"Foolish, really. Do you want to relive the painful experiences of the past?"

Ayo?

He just hinted at him beating her up in the past. Why'd I say a word not in my vocabulary either?

"Nii-san—I will—"

"You have neither the power nor the qualifications to aim for class A. Understand that."

At this point, Suzune sounded like a broken record and her brother continuously cut her off until Suzune's body drew forward, as if he was about to take action. The situation looks dangerous.

Resigning myself to her anger, I placed my device in my pocket, stepped out from my corner and approached the older brother.

Before I realized, I grabbed his right arm.

"—What? Who are y... Ayanokoji?"

Looking at his own arm, he looked at me with a sharp glint in his eyes.



"K-kiyotaka-kun!?"

At that name, the atmosphere around him slightly shifted to confusion. I'd have to say it's due to the fact his antisocial sister, called somebody by their first name, a boy no less.

"Kaichou, you were trying to throw her to the ground, right? It's concrete here, you know. Just because you're siblings doesn't mean you can do anything you want." I stated bluntly.

"It's not admirable to eavesdrop." Horikita Manabu, who regained his composure, replied back in defense.

"Just let go of her hand."

"That's what I should be saying."

It was silent while we glared at each other.

"Stop, Kiyotaka-kun..."

She said with a strained voice. I really never seen her like that before, she was terrified.

Reluctantly, I let go of his arm. At that moment, he aimed for my face with a quick backhand.

Feeling danger, I instinctively leaned backwards, dodging such an attack. He uses pretty nasty attacks that you wouldn't expect with a thin body like that. Furthermore, he aimed for my vitals with a sharp kick the instant after I dodged the previous hit.

"Ha!"

I understood that it had the power to make me lose consciousness in one hit if it reached me. With a confused and proud look, he let out a breath and extended his right arm towards me.

If I grabbed his hand, he would probably throw me onto the ground. Instead, I slapped his arm away with my left hand, denying that possibility.

"Good reflexes. I didn't think you would avoid every single one. You also understood what I was trying to do. Were you taught in some way?"

Finally stopping his attacks, standing in an open form with no hostility, he asked me a question.

"Yea, I did piano and calligraphy. In elementary school, I even got the championship in a music competition." I told a lie through my teeth.

"What does that have to do with it... What a unique classmate you have Suzune, I'm honestly surprised." He inquired then dropped it and complimented me.

That could be taken as an insult too so I'm not entirely sure.

"Is he your friend?" He asked her while looking at me.

"He's... he's not my friend. He's my friend with benefits."

Denying his words, she looked up to her brother.

"As always, you're mistaking solitu- what?" He started to say something that was pre-planned until what Suzune said just registered in his brain. He stood there shocked, stared at her like she had two heads and looked back at me. His previous seriousness was thrown out the window, and I assumed it would be that way for a little while.

I thought she was going to deny me being her friend for a second but did she just... I know she's nervous, astonished and everything else still but she doesn't have to be completely honest. She was the one who would silence me if I made a slip up like that.

Suzune, realizing the slip up she made, reacted slightly, most likely wondering why she blurted that out.

"Do you even know what that means...?" Her brother spoke, sounding concerned at this point. The atmosphere around him seemed happy and at ease though. Why?

"I-it means really good friends Nii-san!" Suzune pretended to be oblivious and it succeeded on her brother, probably due to the shock he still had.

"T-that would be best friends, the other thing is something else... although I wouldn't mind it." He corrected her, believing her lie, and muttered something at the end to her that I was unable to pick up. She blushed furiously at his words though and seemed somewhat happy. What the hell did he say?

Walking past me, I quickly stopped him before he disappeared into

the night.

"I'm curious about what you said to her, but can I ask for a favor? I'm sure the student council has access to camera footage, so can you message me two clips, one in the class D classroom on Monday, April 24th and another on that same day in the nurse's office. Both should show my teacher, Chabashira-sensei, in them." I asked him, but somewhat demanded both.

"While we do have access to cameras, I'm not allowed to pass that along to you. It's restricted to only staff and the student council. If you join, that might be a different case," he stated, denying access, and tried to pull me into the council.

"Uh, I'm going to have to pass," I turned down his request.

While he looked like he suspected I would do such a thing, I rotated my head slightly and saw Suzune, still on the floor, puzzled and amazed that I would do such a thing.

While I feel somewhat happy that the president himself, who seemed very strict about who entered, recruited me, I have no interest in joining. It feels like a lot of work and I don't need to in order to get the information either.

"Will the answer be the same if I showed you this?" I held up my phone, a red bar with a white ticking time at the top, clearly showing how it has been recording for a while now.

"This shows when you, the student council president, tried physical violence against someone else which is frowned upon. I'll delete it if you send me those two video clips later," I spoke in my typical monotone voice, which could be taken as casual. It's a threat from me, but I don't want to make it too serious. After all, he is Suzune's brother and in charge of the club.

"Also, can you send me 100,000 points on top of it?" I requested.

This video could lead to his title being stripped from him at best and even expulsion. From what I know, he is in Class A and the leader of that class. I wouldn't be surprised if he makes 150,000

points a month and I'm sure being student council president has some benefits pointwise too. He probably has millions at his disposal so asking for 100k should be more than fine.

I suspect I might need around that amount for something soon...

I stopped the recording, starting a new one that would hold our deal.

With a chuckle, he said, "That changes things. I'll send over the clips tomorrow morning at 7:00 am as well as the points. Does that sound fine? You have to delete the other recording now though."

"Sounds fine to me. Remember, One in my classroom on Monday, April 24th The other video on that same day in the nurse's office. Both should show Chabashira-sensei in them, and you have to send 100,000 private points to my account" I agreed, restating my previous words for the sake of the recording and ended it as well.

I went to the last clip, showing the scene with his Sister for clarity, and showed him that I pressed the delete button. I then went into my recently deleted folder and deleted it from there as well. With that, it was gone for good, leaving me unable to recover it.

I trusted him to keep his side of the deal, being the proud and righteous person he is. The recording was just in the off chance something did go wrong. After all, those videos are very important for tomorrow.

Nodding, he gave his farewells, "Good night, keep things interesting Ayanokoji, just don't be a creep. And Suzune, If you want to reach class A, struggle with all you have."

He then began to walk away, turning the corner, leaving our sights.

Why did he praise me yet diss me at the same time. I'm not creepy at all.

At least I found out something. The confident student council president. It seems like Suzune was acting strange because she met her brother.

After he left, the night was engulfed in silence. Horikita sat down against the wall, her head hanging in shame. I wonder if I did anything unnecessary. As I turned to return to the dorms, Suzune called out to me.

"You heard everything huh...? Was it a coincidence?"

"No, it was like 50% luck. I saw you while I went to buy milk from the vending machine. I followed you simply because I was curious. However, I really didn't mean to intrude." I answered truthfully, but glad I was present.

Suzune sank into silence once again.

"Your older brother is quite strong. He didn't hesitate to attack." I said trying to continue the conversation to break the uncanny atmosphere.

"He's... 5th dan in karate and 4th dan in aikido."

Oho, so he's that strong. If I didn't pull back it would've been a disaster or atleast most people would think so.

To put in perspective, the belt system in martial arts is more complex than many people know. The majority believes it goes from white belt to black belt, which in truth, it does.

However, there are ten different ranks in black belt called dan which are given to those who have mastery in certain things. Only 20-30 people hold 10th dan in the world, reaching 5th dan is quite outstanding. Him also knowing aikido as well at about the same level is even more impressive.

"Kiyotaka-kun, you also do something, right? You're also a rank holder."

She doesn't need to know that.

"I already said it, didn't I? I played piano and performed tea ceremonies."

"You said calligraphy before."

"... I also did calligraphy."

"It's impossible to hold your own against somebody like that. What types of martial did you take and what are your rankings?"

"Fine, I am higher ranked than your brother in both of the ones you mentioned and do some others such as Judo, Jujitsu, Taekwondo, and Muay Thai." I surrendered and answered what she asked. I guess her knowing doesn't hurt.

"You're lying," she said, trying to call me out.

I told you what you wanted to hear, but now you don't believe me?

"If you have all those, how do you even have time to play piano or keep up with your studies?"

"Uh..."

She makes a valid point, but the whiteroom jammed a ton of information in my head, at a fast rate. If there was a piano here, I could play Fur Elise at the very least.

"Anyways, Kiyotaka-kun. What did you need with those clips of Chabashira-sensei? You're not a stalker right?" Suzune let out a sigh and asked with a glare.

So that's what the president meant... I guess asking for videos with my teacher in it with no context does indeed sound strange. I'll have to message him after he sends those over to fix my image slightly, which might have deteriorated in his eyes.

Now that I think about it, I forgot to give him my number in the first place, but he should be able to find it in the contact book. Even if he wasn't, he's the student council president, I'm sure he has his ways to get ahold of me.

"It's to help Chabashira-sensei for tomorrow, I swear I don't have them for anything else. I promise."

"Hmmm... Alright then, let's go back. If anyone sees us here, there will surely be a misunderstanding, not that I really mind, but it

might be bad." Suzune dropped the topic, knowing she wouldn't be able to squeeze any more details out of me and suggested we should return to our own rooms.

Certainly. There would absolutely be strange rumors about a girl and a boy all by themselves in the dead of night. Not to mention, our relationship was still kind of like that to begin with. Like she said, she probably wouldn't mind as she doesn't necessarily care for other opinions about her too much. I think that's what she meant.

Slowly getting up, Horikita walked towards the entrance of the dorms.

"Hey... Are you really ok with how the study group went? Sudou, Ike and Yamauchi left it."

Thinking that I wouldn't get another chance, I called out to her resolutely.

"Why are you asking that now? While they were in my study group, they all fled already. They are not my concern anymore," she said coldly as she spun around to look at me.

"I have a bad feeling. Or should I say, the other students seem to be planning something." I tried hinting at them planning to bully her, concerned.

"I don't mind. I'm already used to it and I thought they would try something like that. If they manage to join another group, which Hirata-kun would probably allow, they should be able to barely clear the borderline. However, I judged it to be a waste of time to help them out myself. It takes away from my own study time and doesn't even produce results. I tried to help them but they gave up when they were just starting." Suzune went on.

"Sudou and his group took some distance from Hirata. I don't think they'll participate in his study group." I informed her. While what she said was true, her personality was a huge factor which repelled them away and even if Hirata asked them to join, they wouldn't without good reason.

I did get them to attend Suzune's study group again, but telling her now when she has this mindset will yield negative results. I have to correct her thoughts before I let her know such a thing.

Me saying this might appear manipulative, but if she does change her ideas on this, it could lead to huge growth in her abilities overall but most importantly, socially.

"That's what they decided to do; that has nothing to do with me. If they don't approach Hirata-kun, they'll just drop out soon enough. That's on them. Of course, my goal is to get up to Class A but that's for my own sake, and not for anyone else besides maybe you. I don't care what anyone else does. Rather, if they cut down on people in the next midterm, only people who are necessary are left. It'll be easier to get to Class A if troublemakers are expelled. A win-win situation." Suzune stated, not caring what happens to them.

Once again, I don't think she's wrong. In the first place, this crisis is bad for students who got red marks so they should try their best. If they fail, they fail.

However, every tool has their use. Some are sharper than others, but even the blunt ones can hammer the others further, hitting the nail right on the head. I couldn't help but continue the conversation with her, who was strangely talkative compared to usual.

"Horikita, isn't that way of thinking incorrect?"

"Incorrect? Tell me which part is wrong. You're not trying to say that there is no future for a person who abandons their classmates, right?" Suzune spoke, getting worked up slightly. I have to be careful here otherwise we might go through a spat. I know friends sometimes have those, but I rather not argue.

"Calm down. I know you well enough that you wouldn't understand what I'm saying."

"Then why? There's no merit in saving failures."

"Certainly there isn't much merit. There is once again a possibility where strength is needed to rise up the classes. How do you think

Sudou, who got a 14 as his lowest grade on the last test, got accepted? His physical ability that exceeds average was probably the deciding factor. Furthermore, it helps prevent demerits." I agreed with her, trying to show I felt similar to what she said just now, but then provided key information which caused the cog wheels in her brain to spin clockwise instead of the opposite direction.

"... Demerits?" She said slowly, processing what I said.

"Do you think that the school hasn't already thought of that? They're students who rack up negative points from talking during class or always being late. Say they drop out because no one helped them. How many negative points do you think we'll get?" I proposed a question she could attempt to answer

"That's—"

"Of course, before we get any information, nothing is certain. However, don't you think that there's a fairly high possibility? A hundred? A thousand? There's even a chance that 50 or 300 class points are deducted. If that's the case, you'll have a hard time getting to Class A." I spoke, not giving her time to respond, adding more important guesses to push her in the right direction.

"Our negative points from being late and talking during class can't go below 0 right now. While we're at 0 points, it'd be best to remove all the students who can't study. Isn't it the same as receiving no damage?" Suzune managed to find a rebuttal and said it clearly.

"A valid argument indeed. Yet, as I said before, everybody has their strengths and weaknesses. Who knows when we will need those abilities. Do you really think it's alright to ignore such a dangerous risk? Well... for someone as smart as you, there's no way that you wouldn't have thought of that. If that wasn't the case, there's no reason for you to agree to do a study group. You would've abandoned them from the very start." I called out her ability, showing I recognized it.

I fully believe she has thought of this before, she just disregarded it

and convinced herself otherwise for whatever reason. If I had to take a guess, It's after the argument today with Sudou did she think they were beyond redemption. That is probably the key factor that pushed her over the edge to think what she is saying is true.

I was starting to get worked up. That might be because I regard her as a friend. I didn't want her to regret her decision.

I grabbed Horikita's wrist as she was about to get on the elevator.

"If you measure by scores, they're two, three times below your level. Even if they tried really hard, they wouldn't be able to surpass you. However, that's only true on top of the desk. The school doesn't only look at intelligence as I just said. This time, if the school did some kind of physical examination, the results wouldn't be the same. Is that wrong?"

"That's—"

"Your physical ability is also good. After watching you swim, you're definitely one of the better girls. However, both you and I know that Sudou's physical abilities surpass yours. Ike has communication skills that you don't have. If there was a test based on communication skills, Ike would certainly be helpful. Rather, you would've probably dragged down the class. Well then, are you incompetent? No, that's not it. Everyone has their strong and weak points. That's what a human is."

Horikita tried to retort, but she wasn't able to say anything of value.

"... You have no basis for your words. All of your words are just pure guesses."

"While they might be mere assumptions, they are assumptions backed by evidence. With the mindset you currently have, make sure to have a broad outlook on life and maybe it'll work out. Right now, you're too blinded by anger and unhappiness that you can't see anything. This is the only fault in the otherwise perfect-looking person known as Horikita Suzune." I said, pausing for dramatics.

She just stood there, looking like she wanted to intervene once

again but stayed silent, probably curious as to what I found. If it was the Suzune at the start of the year, she would've, without a doubt, challenge what I just said. She improved a lot within the past month. However, just because she partially fixed one part of her personality, she should continue to fix the rest. She shouldn't only try to be open around me, but around others too.

"Let me tell you your faults. You find other people a hindrance and you don't let anyone come close to you. Aren't you in class D because you always think of yourself as superior over everyone else?"

The only reason she saw me differently was probably because of a series of unfortunate accidents but also I proved my abilities outclassed her. She had no way to see herself superior to someone who without a doubt was above her. Suzune allowed me to get close because she most likely wasn't sure how to deal with someone like me. I was semi-kind to her, treated her as I would others. Not once did I act remotely condescending towards her, until now.

Mentioning her downfall while showcasing what it could somewhat feel like to others will get her to rethink her methods. If she gets angry at me right now for talking down on her, she'll be extremely hypocritical. While I was condescending with my words, I used constructive criticism unlike her blatant insults.

"... It seems like you're trying to say that I'm equal to Sudou-kun and his group."

"Then, are you trying to say that you're superior to those guys? For evidence, think about Chabashira-sensei's words carefully. In the guidance room, she said, "Who decided that smart people are the ones who get into superior classes?". So, the conclusion is that there is some factor other than academic ability that affects rankings."

I swiftly cut off Horikita's exit path as she looked left and right to weasel herself out of the argument. If I didn't do that, our argument would've been ridiculous.

"You say that you wouldn't regret abandoning the students who failed, but that's not true. There will be plenty of days where you

feel regret if they drop out."

I looked straight into Horikita's eyes. She was not only grasping the reality of the situation, but also tied it with her consciousness. I got that impression from her. It seems she understood, so I'll leave it at that.

Silence flooded throughout the area, the only noticeable sounds was the cricket in the background and the slight movement of the wind passing through the tree leaves. It felt like a full minute passed, until Suzune spoke, making my attention go to her instead.

"You're really talkative today, and it's really frustrating to admit, but your words are right. You had enough persuasive power to make me think that. I'll recognize that. It's difficult to save them now though..."

"Oh, about that. I already got them to attend your study session again."

"Really?" Her eyes widened as I said that.

"Then what was the point... wait. I couldn't have fallen for your smooth talking, right?"

"Who knows."

"I will take care of Sudou-kun and the others for my own sake. From now on, I'll make sure to make sure they don't drop out as an investment for the future. Is that fine?"

"Don't worry. I don't think you'll act differently. That's the kind of person you are."

I'm glad she understood fully what I was trying to say because whether it's Sudou or Ike, they both have their uses. Yamauchi, I'm not sure yet, but surely he is good at something right? I don't feel any significant attachment to any of them really, but they are the first group I was a part of. Nowadays though, I feel like they are isolating me, Ike and Yamauchi especially...

"How did you convince them to attend?" Suzune snapped me out of

my sad thoughts with a question I'm not sure how to answer.

I could very well tell her the truth, but then she'll probably force me to let her pay for them. It would be appreciated, but I was the one who proposed it, so even if it benefited her, I should still supply the funds.

Maybe I should tell her about the Mixer?

"I think they accepted easier since they're my friends, but they also asked me to set up a mixer for them too."

"A mixer? Those are the hangouts a group of friends go on right?"

"Yeah those. I have to gather four girls for it, sadly they don't want you to come..."

"I could see them saying that but even if I was invited, I wouldn't go. I would try to help you gather people but I don't think I would be much help." She stated.

Isn't her development near instantaneous? I just mentioned superiority complex and she just openly admitted one of her faults. Me being only proud right now is a understatement, I am beyond shocked. Within all my predictions and calculations, I never expected such a thing, though she has been doing rather erratic things for a while now...

"Thanks, I appreciate it Suzune. You're doing great already," I thanked her for her thoughtfulness and then complimented her, patting her head slightly.

Her eyes opened large and she raised her hands probably trying to remove my hand from her head, but they stopped abruptly and dropped down against her sides once again.



Her eyes closed slowly and she leaned into my hand, almost exactly like a cat would.

We stayed in that position for a couple of minutes, and based on her

breathing patterns, it seemed like she was about to doze off.

I can't have that now can I.

I pulled my hand back and dropped it to my side. Suzune, woke up from the slumber she was about to fall into and looked around as a baby would for their blanket.

"Let's head back now Suzune. It's nearly 10:00 PM already." I said, wanting to go to sleep. Now that I think about it, I still haven't opened the milk I bought, which was my main reason for leaving the room.

I am thirsty as hell.

"O-okay Kiyotaka-kun... Let's go then." Suzune stammered slightly, probably because she was still drowsy, and agreed.

The two of us entered the lobby and took the stairs instead of the elevator. Suzune was the one who suggested it and I had no qualms about it. While nobody should be up right now and we were tired, taking the stairs felt safer and more natural.

Once we reached the top of the fourth flight of stairs waiting close to the door, I turned around bade farewell to Suzune to which she did the same. She must have a lot on her mind if she's willing to climb 11 flights of stairs this late at night.

I wished her luck on her thought gathering in my mind and stepped into my room that I reached. After finally drinking the milk I bought, I began taking care of my necessary hygienic needs such as showering, and brushing my teeth. I flicked the lights off and laid down on my bed, waiting and preparing for sleep.

Tomorrow is the trial for Chabashira-sensei and I've pretty much gathered all the necessary evidence for it, I just need to compile it neatly in a professional manner. I do have to analyze the nurses office, the nurse's actions in particular, but after I do that I should be fine and successfully sway the judges to my side.

I also need to contact Ichinose this weekend about the class materials. Midterms is in 2 weeks now, and it's vital to make sure

our class topics match. Something seems off after all...

Finishing dumping my thoughts, I drifted off in a deep slumber. I feel like I'm forgetting something though-

Yikes, I also have to face the wrath of my study group after abandoning them like that earlier...

~Author's notes~

11.7k words.

As usual, hoped you liked it, especially the lemon :)

I am still not making him lose his virginity yet, Kushida wouldn't want to lose hers either if she's going for the pure girl vibe. It's not like anybody like Ike would ever know, and I don't think girls check each other in the changing room but idk. I just want somebody else to be his first, hope you agree with that.

Volume one is going to wrap up in around 2 more chapters, and one special chapter, the mixer.

I'll proceed to volume 2 shortly after 🙌.

Let me know which 4 girls you would like in the mixer (Suzune excluded) 😊.

Anyways **Peççe** !

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Predator and Saving Sae-chan

Reads: 7755 | Votes: 237 | Comments: 293

Waking up early in the morning, carrying out my daily routine, I started to cook breakfast. I'm just making a simple omelet with tomato and onions on toast because I need all the time I could get. Chabashira-sensei's trial is today.

Analyzing the info alone might take around an hour and a half. I have to note each detail on what's happening as I do that too.

As soon as the clock struck 7:00 am, Horikita-senpai delivered on his side of the deal as he promised. Still in the middle of cooking, I set my phone on the side, focusing on the task at hand. I place the ingredients in the center of the eggs and let it sit for a bit before lifting the pan and giving a slight shake. The already cooked eggs flipped over the tomato and onions and the cheese that I put down before melted, sealing the egg. The two slabs of bread that I left toasting in a separate pan coated with butter on the side crisped nicely, so I scooped up the omelet that just finished and set in on the bread. After, I then slapped the other piece of bread over, creating a full looking sandwich.

The three things I dislike the most about the white room is the lack of freedom, the non existent break times, and the poor tasting food. Just looking at the sandwich I cooked made my mouth water. I'm not even a professional chef yet.

I placed the sandwich on the plate, turned off the stove and set the cooking utensils and pans in the sink. Doing so makes it easier to clean later.

I walked over to my table and fell down in a sitting position and

began to eat. Yum.

While eating, I glanced at my phone that received another notification, this time from my account. It appears he sent over the points. I checked my balance and smil- wait what. Why is it in the 500,000s?

I swapped the tab over to messages and tapped the keys rapidly, needing to know if he made a mistake.

"Hey Horikita-senpai."

"Good morning Ayanokoji."

"I think you sent over too many points. I'll send back 400,000 now."

"No, don't. I sent over that amount purposefully."

"How come?"

"Think of it as a future investment for my brother in law."

"Oh, thanks then."

What is he talking about? I decided to thank him and take the points with no questions asked.

I still wonder why he would grant me money for his brother in law? Does that mean Suzune is engaged or is he referring to me? This basically means I have permission to take her hand in marriage from her only sibling from what I know of.

Not a bad offer but a bit early if you ask me...

Anyways, he gave me 5 times the sum I previously asked for. It's more than enough to last a year at this school if our class points never change. I might have some use for it in another way but I doubt this much would get me so far.

This amount is an eighth a class with 1000 Class Points makes a month so there are most definitely more expensive purchases that I wouldn't be able to buy, even with this seemingly large amount.

I appreciate what Horikita-senpai did. He seems to be a very supportive and relaxed person to those he's close with, besides his sister. Maybe the way he acts towards her is his way of showing support?

Disregarding that last fact, it almost makes me want to marry Suzune just to have a brother-in-law like him.

I shook my head, dispersing the random thoughts from my head and began analyzing the videos he attached in the messages.

As usual, public camera footage has no audio to them. It's expected since it's illegal in most places but because this school is run by the government, there was a slim chance they could've made an exception but once again. A slim chance. There is not a need for audio for a lot of circumstances, videos usually prove more useful due to the difficulty it is to deny something you're looking at.

I jotted each detail along with the corresponding time with each video on things that may help while having this in mind. Checking on some other negative points, formulating a rebuttal to them, diminishing their effectiveness.

Also, A band-aid?

After a considerable time writing each noteworthy aspect of each clip, I printed 25 copies to be safe, stapled them into sets, and organized the packets in a binder.

The printer cost 15,000 yen so while expensive, it was extremely convenient especially for someone with a study group like me. It was one of the only things I have in my room that doesn't come with the dorm. I bought the condoms along with the printer when I had free time the other day but that's a story for another time.

Immediately after, I began creating a speech.

Me and my failure of interpersonal skills will cause trouble for both me and Chabashira-sensei. I could probably do fine either way, but it's better to be safe than sorry. There's no harm in over preparing for something like this.

As I was approximately a half of the way complete with my speech, I heard a knock at my door. It wasn't a light one. It sounded like the person was almost punching my poor door and it was more of a thump than a knock. I'm sure the sounds resonated through the hallway, hopefully I don't get complaints. I almost want to leave the angry gremlin who's pounding my door and let them get taken away by the staff security.

I decided to do just that.

I am busy currently after all. A half a minute passed before they halted the door abuse. It seems that they lost interest and left. However, just a few seconds later I hear a beep, followed by a click. Is that my door?

My head spun in the direction of the door and my eyes were greeted by the sight of a figure, no four, stomping into the room with angry expressions. Besides one, who also appeared angry but failed to show it properly. Once they saw me, sitting at the table leisurely, their anger went through the roof. They know I ignored them.

I grabbed all the papers displayed on the table and rapidly stuffed them in my folder in as neat a manner as I could. While I wasn't informed to hide information about the trial, I'd believe it would be best to do so as it could create a panic. Aiming the folder under my bed, I slid it along the floor and the darkness veiled it.

Looking back at the girls, also my students, I said, "Hi, how are you four?"

~Haruka POV~

"Hi, how are you four?"

Kiyopon, who obviously ignored our existence when we were at his door, said like nothing happened at all. He gathered something and slid it under his bed in a hurry then said that to us.

Was he looking at porn?

If so, my baby sure has grown but that's besides the point. I feel

beyond furious at him and I'm sure the Chi-chan, Maya-cha and Airi-chan feel the same.

-Flash back-

Recalling yesterday's events, he rushed out of the room without explanation and left us deserted just to ponder what just happened.

Expressing exactly what we all were thinking, Maya-cha spoke, "What just happened...?"

"He just ditched four beautiful girls to go on a date with Horikita-san, that's what happened," Chi-chan deadpanned, saying her assumptions. Her guesses weren't even inaccurate. The one thing he did say was, "Library, Suzune wants me there at 6:00 PM." He very did just abandon us.

"D-date? Is that what it was?" Airi-chan asked. She's so innocent sometimes that I question whether she is a teenager or not.

"It could just be a gathering though, he did say library..." Maya-cha looked down, puffing her cheeks slightly with a glum expression

Don't try denying things for your own peace of mind although it could be true...

"Nevertheless, he ran out on us. At least he trusted us enough to leave us in his room..." Chi-chan said.

Haha! I just came up with something...

"It's nice that he trusted us but we have to punish him! Kiyopon was a bad kid and he has to learn from his mistakes so he doesn't do it again. Let's text him a scary message and mess up his room!" I spoke energetically with a proud tone. Surely they'll all agree within the next seco-

"I didn't know you were that childish Haruka-san... the text might be good but messing up this freakishly clean room feels wrong." Maya-cha responded, calling me kid-like.

Huh! I didn't expect an insult. It is very true that this room is

perfectly clean, it's practically shining, and there's not a speck of dust to be seen. Doesn't messing up a room like this make it more fun though?

"I agree with Maya-san, but do you even have his number?" Chichan asked me politely.

Oh. I forgot about that.

"Uh, I do not. Do any of you?" I said.

Just by looking at all of them shaking their heads, my plan fell apart...

"H-how about writing a message on a paper for him?" Airi-chan said.

"GOOD IDEA AIRI-CHAN! Let's tape it to his pillow!" I screamed in appreciation at her genius mind and added a splendid suggestion if I do say so myself. We should write it in a creepy font and add our numbers so he can contact us immediately.

Now that I think about it, we'll probably have our study sessions here huh. We should attempt to get easy access to his room but... hehehe.

Just you wait Kiyopon.

-Real Time-

And that's pretty much what happened yesterday so here we are, in his room we stormed, furious at his actions. Both about leaving suddenly, the call that has yet to occur and him ignoring us at the door.

"How have we been Kiyopon? Is that really a question you want us to answer?"

~Kiyoboy POV~

I said that quickly as a greeting, though the answer was obvious. Haruka even said that it was.

I have plenty of questions I want to ask. Why are they so angry? Was it because I cut the study session short? Ignored them just now? I guess those are valid reasons. What I really want to know is how they opened my door. A locked one that you need a keycard for.

I didn't know invading privacy was part of the vague 'anything' category you can buy.

Either way, I'm sure they have many more questions for me and they have the right to ask first, seeing as I was in the wrong.

A sincere apology is the best thing I could do to quell their torrent emotions.

Getting on all fours, I rested my head on my hands in a kowtow position to show how sorry I am.

"I apologize Haruka, Sakura, Satou and Matsushita for the many things I've done. It was not my intention to offend you in any way, whether it was me suddenly running away yesterday or me not calling or at the very least not texting you four. Will you forgive me?" I spoke, doing my best to express it like it's heartfelt.

I don't need to look up to see their shocked expressions that are sprawled amongst their faces. They are probably surprised by the sudden apology before they even listed out my mistakes and disciplined me.

Matsushita, who was the first to speak up, said, "I forgive you, but what were you even doing just now? Yesterday too. You said you went to the library with Horikita-San. Why?"

"Oh, Suzune asked me to oversee her study session yesterday to make sure things went smoothly, mainly because of Sudou, Ike and Yamauchi in her group. I'm sure you understand her personality, and know Sudou's as well. They were pretty much bound to clash so I had to attend. It took a bit longer than expected and as soon as I came home, I passed out as soon as I came home." I replied with a slight lie.

There was absolutely no way I would openly say I wrestled with Kushida in a way and after I fought the student council president. Both would lead to countless questions and ruin both of the other people's, along with my image. Well, mainly the first and it was on the rooftop too in public.

"Today, I was busy writing and taking notes for school and the creepy message you guys wrote slipped my mind. My bad." I said pretty much the truth again. Saving Chabashira-sensei is for the sake of the class which is technically school related.

"Huh, then why did you hide it? It's just porn right?" Haruka asked a bizarre question.

That's not really a word that a girl should be saying to a guy or the other way, it makes things awkward. To prove my point, the other three are looking at Haruka with baffled expressions at what she just boldly stated.

Trying to speak like I was unaffected, "No, it was not. I have no need for that stuff." I full on denied her claims. Honestly, I don't see the need to have magazines. It's an internet world nowadays so while I haven't searched for it online, I'm sure they have some related things.

If I want to, I could just use Kushida or Suzu-. My thoughts went down on the deep end just now, sorry about that.

I'm sure they won't mind if I do so though.

"You have to use something, it's not healthy to keep it in you know. I can even hel- mmff!" Haruka started to say, somehow with complete unwavering confidence until Matsushita frantically covered Haruka's mouth, which persisted to speak even after being shut. "Sorry about that, hah~, don't mind us," Matsushita grunted, grappling with the constantly moving Haruka to keep her in place.

I fully heeded her words, Satou did as well, spinning in my direction and opening her mouth to say, "Why did you hide it then Ayanokoji-kun?"

Oh right, I forgot we were talking about that. Sakura snapped her attention back here as Satou began to speak while the other two were wrestling on the floor in the background letting out strange noises. The sounds were kind of distracting.



Young kiyotaka had a dorm, E-I-E-I-O. And on that farm he had two chicks, E-I-E-I-O. With a moan~moan~ here and a moan~ moan~ there. Here a moan~, there a moan~, everywhere a moan~ ♡□ moan~ ♡□ . Young Kiyotaka had a dorm. E-I-E-I-O.

I just corrupted that poor nursery rhyme... What possessed me to make that?

More importantly, Satou's still waiting for my answer along with Sakura.

"Well... sometimes I draw doodles on my notes and it's embarrassing..." I completely made up and told them.

"Oh, that's cool! I do that too sometimes, so there's nothing to be worried about," Satou sympathized with me and tried to comfort me as

Sakura bobbed her head vigorously up and down in the background.

It would've been more effective if there weren't moans in the background.

I rubbed the back of my head with my hand since even though I am completely innocent and did nothing of the sort, it's still an uncomfortable position to be in.

They would be considered works of art, not doodles after all.

The conversation stopped there due to Haruka and Matsushita who stood up, their match resolved. I'm glad they didn't ask to see the 'doodles'. There's absolutely not a single one in there. I somehow managed to draw myself smiling too.



(Filter)

The newly risen Haruka pointed at me and declared, "You still wronged us even if we forgive you. Pay with your bo- money! It's

only right to buy all of us food."

"I suppose that makes sense. Does 1:00 pm tomorrow sound good?" She makes a valid point and luckily, I have enough points to do so even if I didn't receive points from Horikita-senpai, I could have afforded it.

"Oooo~ 1:00 PM is great for me. Is that good for everyone else?" Matsushita agreed, then asked a question.

"G-good for me."

"I'll be there then!"

"All good for me too! Can we do some shopping after?" Satou chimed in with a request.

They're trying to make me broke huh...

"Okay... I'm fine with that then. Just not too many items, ok?"

"Hai!" They all said in unison for the most part.

"Now that that's settled, how did you even get in my room?"

I needed to know, it's disturbing and unnerving they can come in whenever they want, not that they would do anything.

"We bought a keycard for each of us at the front desk for 5,000 points. The lady there asked why we needed it and we figured we would use this spot from now on to study so that's what she told her. She sold it to us right after." Matsushita explained thoroughly.

They didn't even check anything else and took their word for it? If I or any other boy tried to buy the keycard to a girls room, I feel like it wouldn't be allowed. We strive to be equal but oftentimes there are rules that do the opposite.

For this though, it's important. Who would most likely assault another person, a guy or a girl. Statistics show that 9 in 10 cases, it's the male who's the culprit...

If Yamauchi or Ike found Kushida's room or any other cute girl's like Ichinose and was smart enough to do what these girls did, they'd be fully denied permission, no matter the circumstances or story they tell. I'd be utterly horrified if the staff gave them the green light.

These four probably got easier access due to it being a group of them, their reason and the very unlikely crime to happen.

If something does happen, I'm reporting them but I know it will never come to that.

It's not like they'll sneak into my room at night, they're not like that.

"I'm astonished they allowed that but I guess it makes things easier." I spoke, expressing my thoughts.

Now to get them out of my roo-

"Ok, bye-bye Kiyopon~. See you tomorrow!" Haruka was about to leave as soon as I thought that. That was easy. As she left the other three followed after her, passing their own farewells.

That was significantly easier than I imagined. I could get back to work now. Crawling to reach the folder underneath the bed and pulling it out, I noticed something on the floor next to me.

It's a box looking shape the size of a football with round domes on each side. Are those cameras? They could be trying to spy on me but placing such a conspicuous object in the middle of the floor feels strange. Perhaps they forgot it? It's strange that they brought something like this with them in the first place though.

Picking it up, examining it to see what it does. I saw a red button on its underside. Do I need to press it? There are words right above it that say press it. I was very curious.

So I didn't press it. Who pushes a random red button on something that doesn't belong to them and has no idea what it could do in the first place? It could be a bomb for all I know. Setting it gently on the side, I covered it with a towel to prevent unwanted peeking and sat down at the table.

I've got work to do, I'll bring it to the hang out tomorrow where they'll suck me dry.

I've finally finished everything for the trial, and I even have an hour to spare as the clock struck 2:00 pm just now. Quickly dressing in my ANHS uniform, I headed out to grab some lunch on my way to the school's special building.

A fast to eat and make sandwich should be satisfactory. As I walked into Samachi, a local deli, I was greeted by a nearly full store with mainly senpais, sitting down with each other, talking while laughing heartily.

Right by the entrance and out of the corner of my eye, I caught a glimpse of the clumsy orange haired senpai, Asahina Nazuna, sitting with the predator-like platinum haired girl I saw on my way to school the other day. Asahina-senpai was facing in my direction while the other was facing away and towards Asahina-senpai. Ordering my food, trying to stay as far away from them as possible, especially the silver haired one, I finally received it and booked it. I was just about to go out the door to eat my food elsewhere but I felt a tug on my shirt, halting me.

"Kouhai-kun, want to sit down with us to eat?" A mature voice rang out to my ears. I rotated my head only to see the crimson eyed senpai staring directly at me, her grip holding me in place.

"Uh, no thank you senpai. I'm kind of busy right now, sorry." I denied her request, hoping to be freed from this situation. I don't think anything too bad will happen and I am on a tight schedule technically but I still have around 40 minutes to spare.

"It'll be fine. Also, as a tip, it's not polite to turn down a request from a pretty lady, especially with a lie." She saw through my obvious excuse.

The main reason I turned her down is because something about her gaze unnerves me. While it's not as bad as constantly being watched by WR instructors, it's extremely uncomfortable in its own way.

"Thanks for the info. My name is Ayanokoji Kiyotaka, nice to meet

you," I introduced myself, waiting for a name back.

"Kiryuin Fuka. Pleased to make your acquaintance," she responded gracefully, adding her name along with a licking lips gesture. It's totally due to the fact she's eating and she spilled something.

Hesitantly walking to the table I circled around it. Deciding it'd be safer, I sat on the chair adjacent to Asahina-senpai, diagonal to Kiryuin-senpai. I'd rather have more distance than less, her actions are unpredictable to me as of the moment.

"Hi Ayanokoji-kun!" Asahina-senpai exclaimed.

"Hello Asahina-senpai," I returned a simple greeting to her.

Kiryuin-senpai shut her eyes and let out a light sigh when I sat down away from her. Once she opened them again, they had a glint. She moved her seat to be directly in front of me and worked her leg over to mine, kicking my shin. I showed no reaction hoping she would stop. First of all, ouch, that hurts even if I pretended it didn't. Secondly, how kid-like of someone so mature looking.

"How's school going kouhai? You're in Class D aren't you?" Kiryuin questioned. Ignoring the fact she already knew I was in Class D, was that really a question? Nearly anybody would be upset if they were stripped of all their allowance and informed they wouldn't get their dream future unless they were the best class.

"It's going pretty great, just extremely tiring," which was exactly the case. I want to sleep...

"That's pretty surprising, Ayanokoji-kun! I'm glad you don't have a *pointless* and depressed demeanor!" We both turned towards Asahina-senpai who yelled with joy.

Kiryuin-senpai looked away with an annoyed expression at what her friend did, only commenting, "Good to hear..." most likely at what I previously said.

Just stop it, Asahina-senpai. Even somebody who I believe is your best friend ignored you.

"It's nice to see that you are happy for me but don't pretend I didn't notice what you did there senpai. That pun put *zero* smiles on two faces." I joked, calling her out.

"Ah, at least I tried so who cares."

Why would she make fun of my lack of class points though?

We continued random conversations like these while eating for the past 20 minutes until I stood up to leave.

"I had fun senpais. I'll see you around," I walked away with a wave and approached the door until I was yet again tugged, but this time with a tight grasp on my shoulder.

"Wait just a second kouhai-kun. I have some very important rumors I need to confirm before you go," Kiryuin grabbed my attention, almost literally, and pulled me to the side near the restrooms. I peered back to the table only to see the nearly completely oblivious Asahina-senpai consuming a small piece of cheesecake, sliver by sliver, fully engaged in the taste of it.

After facing in the direction of the silver haired beauty, I gave a positive response, "Ask away."

Instead of denying, which would be more time consuming because knowing her personality, she would keep pressuring a response out of more. It's around 2:30 pm now, a walk to the school would take approximately 15 minutes from this store in Keyaki mall, leaving a free time frame of 15 minutes, give or take. Kiryuin-senpai wore a smirk at my answer and asked, "Did you achieve full marks on all the test subjects or was that a myth."

"True."

"How about the near world record time at the swimming pool?"

From what I remember, I got 21.42 seconds which is just a bit off from the actual record for 50m freestyle, 20.9 seconds. I don't necessarily expect to beat world records which need constant training in that one category. I haven't swam since the white room too, close to 13 months ago so I possibly was rusty but that is

besides the point. I'm a jack of all trades and master in all, except for socializing and maybe a few more like acting, but that doesn't mean I'm the best human at everything alive.

Getting back on topic, I responded to the waiting senpai with, "Yes, that's also true."

"Quite the genius here huh. I have two more questions. Are you dating a student named Horikita Suzune?" Kiryuin-senpai inquired about something I think is another rumor.

"Nope, just friends,"

"That leads me to my final question then but let me have your contact info first."

She basically demanded so I passed my phone over to her as she added her information onto my phone. As she passed it back, her crimson eyes darkened a shade and her pleasant to look at facial features morphed into the smile of a devil.

"How big are you in bed?" she asked, maintaining that grin.

"I'm 5 foot 9 inches (176 cm). Why ask for it in bed though? I'm the same height whether standing or laying down," I stated at her somewhat stupid question.

Kiryuin-senpai's face twitched for a second, a look of confusion popped up on her face then transitioned, until it was yet again replaced with a greater than before mischievous expression.

"Hohoh~ how innocent kouhai-kun. I meant your erect dick size, not your height."

That explains it but that alone doesn't make it any less uncomfortable to be asked that.

"Average, nothing more, nothing less." Falsely answering, which could also be seen as being modest.

"Don't lie, I heard of the countless compliments it got. I'll check myself if you don't properly answer," she stepped closer pressing

against my body now, her hand nearing my crotch.

"I think it's around 12 inches, maybe a few more on a good day. I haven't measured it at all though, just an estimate," I rapidly blurted out while grabbing her wrist, stopping her from any excess and unwanted movements. We are literally in public, in the presence of many people too.

"That's large... Since you told me your size, let me tell you my 3 sizes."

She leaned and put her lips against my ear, blowing on them slightly. She then whispered, "90, 71, 101," tickling my ear with her breath. Kiryuin-senpai then pulled away slowly, her face still lingering near me for a short while till she fully backed away. I glanced at her chest quickly after we separated, committed it to memory and looked away within a second. I guess she is larger than she already seems under her outfit...



(I'm no expert, I have no idea if this is good at all. I can try to count pixels and find out scale of image based on her height if you really want but this is just a guess)

I let go of her wrist, sensing she would t do anything more then staring at her unwavering face which showed no hint of a blush, I said, "Is that so. That wraps this up I suppose, see you around senpai."

"Bye kouhai-kun. Make sure to give me a call if you need anything. I could give you a great massage if you want~," she said seductively.

"Bye then."

I gave a wave to her as I finally exited the sandwich cafe. Checking my phone quickly I had 20 minutes to spare until the clock struck 3:00 pm. I strolled leisurely on my way to the Special building's staff room while thinking about the strange and confident senpai I just met. She reminds me of Koenji, just more attractive and less troublesome.

I might take Kiryuin-senpai up on the massage offer though. Based off what she said with no reason to lie and her demeanor, she might be quite the talented masseuse and I really do need one.

I'm not sure if it's surprising to hear but I had personal instructors who massaged me in my sleep in the White Room. It helped me to work optimally the next day. They incorporated once a few of us were left and the difficulty level was greatly heightened. The only problem was that I lost sleep at first but I quickly got used to it.

Like how my unlucky 'ability' usually worked, let's just say they touched some questionable places, leading to the majority of their disposal from the White Room. I never was able to tell if it was truly accidental or purposeful though but let's say some deserved it...

Arriving at the special building and wandering around on the first floor until I found room 118, I glanced at my surroundings. At first glance, it's a relatively nice building. Looking closer, obviously this structure is older than the school building, yet the multiple renovations it had made it appear new.

I peeked at the ceiling, and saw cameras much more spread out, multiple blind spots in view. This is another tell-tale sign unless they left such gaps purposely.

Heading down a hallway that began with number 110, I eventually reached the door of the staff room which had a tall muscular man

standing guard at the entrance. He was most likely there for preventing peeking and for the protection of what I assume will be a lot of people with high positions there.

He stopped me at the door, asking me a simple question, "Are you Ayanokoji Kiyotaka? Student ID on phone please."

I nodded and showed my Identity card on my phone which I previously set up and took out. As he shook his head vertically, saying, "Seat 5," he opened the door and moved to the side allowing me to enter the room close to 2:56 pm.

The room had a long table, enough to sit 16 people I assume, and it was nearly filled, 2 seats empty which would seemingly stay that way. Each chair had a little information pamphlet directly on the table set on it and those 2 out of 16 did not. I sat down gently on the chair I was told and the teachers of each first year class I think were also by me.



"Good afternoon Chabashira-sensei, Mashima-sensei and Sakagami-sensei as well," I addressed and greeted the teachers around me.

"Hi Ayanokoji"

"Afternoon."

"Hey, what about me?" The one I purposely did not address yelled.

"Oh, good afternoon to you too sensei," I said disinterestedly as I faced Chie-sensei, purposely not using her name.

Her face twisted in a pout as she screamed, albeit in a low voice, "I know you remember me Kiyotaka-kun!"

I did not answer and Mashima-sensei, seeing as it would probably be for the best, changed the conversation with, "Good afternoon Ayanokoji, I'm surprised to see a student here in this room. You bought admission?"

"Yes, I paid with points and I'm here to try to support Chabashira-sensei with evidence. I was also involved in this case and she's a great teacher so I believe it's only right." I explained, adding in a compliment to Chabashira-sensei to give my reason for being here more of a foundation. As I said that, she spun her head away suddenly with no one else noticing. Is she feeling embarrassed about a student helping her, the praise or a mixture of both.

"You have evidence? That's helpful I suppose. I wish both of you luck in the trial."

"Thank you Mashima-sensei, she'll be safe." I gratefully took his good will and said with confidence behind my voice, which probably did not work effectively, about the safety of Chabashira-sensei's job position.

He gave a brief nod and the clock struck 3:00 pm.

"Greetings everyone. Today we are discussing whether the teacher, Chabashira Sae, is guilty of purposely assaulting a student or innocent. Depending on the answer and it pains me to say, she could be removed from her position as a teacher." Chairman Sakayanagi initiated the trial, stating the current state of affairs, his eyes drifting to everyone's face, not lingering for more than a second. Based on his speech just now, I could assume he was against the idea of firing Chabashira-sensei.

"Now, let's go around with everybody who can vote opinions on the matter. My vote is that she should stay. Board member in Seat 6, would you care to continue?" Chairman Sakayanagi addressed and

asked for the participation of the person to my left, a short round man with a scrunched up face. The chairman also confirmed his stance, not giving any details, probably to let the rest develop their ideas.

"I think she should stay. She has proven to be a great teacher close to a decade that she has been here. The situation that got her here was accidental from what I believe," the man supported Chabashira-sensei suggesting she should stay.

"She not only kissed a student, but did so for 30 minutes during an exam while hugging him. This not only distracted the class, but there could have been possible people who cheated after seeing a window to do so. For that reason, we had to check everyone and the cameras multiple times, causing extra work for others. I say she should be fired," the man in seat 7 declared with good points throughout. All the facts are valid, with little to no room to argue or form a rebuttal. While he didn't say it outright, he clearly felt the kiss was on purpose, and just proving that one thing that it wasn't would be significant to this case. It's tied so far, with six people left to vote based on their opinion.

Let's see how this goes...

"I agree with what he said! Fire her."

"She could even be thrown in jail for having a sexual relationship with a minor! It'd be even worse if it was one sided!"

"Her record is clear and the cameras show no proof of such a relationship. She's innocent."

"That still doesn't settle the worst fact that was mentioned earlier!"

"Seeing the video, she might have been unconscious during the event, just as a chair slammed into her head after she tripped. Accident."

"Chabashira-San did multiple things that an asleep person wouldn't do. It's extremely rare to hug things as well as kiss them while rolling in their sleep. It was lined up too perfectly as well, we even

received reports of tongue action!"

After the last woman finished speaking, the room went silent and glancing over at Chabashira, she had a perplexed, surprised, and glum expression all at once. Overall there were 4 votes in our favor and 5 against us. Closer than I imagined, I am extremely confident now, I should be able to sway at least one person if not a few...

"The trial as of now is leaning to remove Chabashira-San from her position. Is there anybody else, who cannot vote, that has something they would like to say?" Chairman Sakayanagi asked aloud, scanning the room.

That's my cue. Raising my hand, I spoke clearly, "I have evidence that can help Chabashira-sensei."

Everybody in the room stared at me, some board members even scoffed at what I said.

"May I pass out packets and play a few videos Chairman Sakayanagi?" I politely asked and waited for permission.

"Sure, the stage is yours," he gave the go ahead and I stood, walking around the room handing each set of refined notes to everyone.

"I have 3 footage clips, one audio, two videos that I would like to show. On the first two pages of the pamphlet I just passed around, are the notes for audio, which I will start with first," I explained, reaching Chabashira-sensei and the other teachers after doing a loop. After I fully finished distributing the notes, I stood in the front center of the conference room, connecting my phone to the smart board and getting ready to play the video file.

Believing it connected, I glanced at the Chairman who gave a nod, confirming it and I said, "This audio clip was taken in the staff room with Chabashira-sensei."

"Wait what..." she muttered, clearly wondering and thinking back on the event I described.

The people in the surrounding area also gazed at her, noticing her confusion, probably tying the dots that she knew nothing of this.

Chabashira-sensei did exactly what I expected her to do, helping her case.

Pressing play, the noise filled the room. Everybody listened, shocked at what they were hearing. She was completely oblivious to the events that occurred, not even knowing she was out for 30 minutes. All according to pl-

"Ahhhn~♥□"

Wait what?

Constant moans were coming out of my pho- no, the speaker of the board, which is even greater in volume. The bodyguard can probably hear it in the hallway too, even with the noise canceling panels along the walls.

I immediately paused the clip which seemed to be that time with Kushida yesterday. If you're wondering why it started there, I split the footage into two parts. I planned to delete this one but kept it just in case. Looks like that backfired.

It really was strange, it's like the clip switched spots on my phone. I thought it went in the order of date created, not modified...

My eyes flew from person to person in the room. Chabashira-sensei had a blush on her face, and Chie-sensei looked like she would say ara ara~ any second now.

Mashima-sensei had a disappointed expression and Chairman Sakayanagi looked like a proud father, not that I would know, while simultaneously appearing depressed, confused and concerned. Everyone in the room looked away from me in second hand embarrassment with either a blush, astonishment or a look of disgust as if I were garbage.

"Is this a prank...?"

"Was that just a porn video...?"

"Kids these days..."

"I expected more of you..."

Mutters and questions filled the room, aimed at no one in particular.

"Sorry about that, wrong video," I apologized, utterly humiliated. At the very least, My name and Kushida's name was not mentioned, meaning everybody would probably assume I downloaded it. Even with that...

"This clip I am going to play now is the actual one. Once again, I apologize for the mistake just now." I said, about to press play.

" Ayanokoji, are you listening?"

Chabashira-sensei's voice resounded around the room.

"Ah, sorry. I heard you the first time, but was just shocked. You are clearly diligent and take school matters seriously so why?"

My voice this time asked a question. It gave every adult in this room a better understanding of the question and topic. I solely did not include it to get to the point, allowing them to think more so the information sticks easier. They're more likely to notice emotions behind a voice when in a thinking mode already, and if it goes from one thing to another quickly, they won't wonder why she told me this, at least for now.

"All because of an accidental peck on the lips."

This caused some of the members in the room to wear a perplexed look upon hearing Chabashira-sensei's words as well as her tone. They all knew, except for maybe the teachers, it was not a peck but the person themselves seemed oblivious.

"A peck? You were knocked out cold on top of me for 30 minutes straight and hugged me like your life depended on it though?"

"Eh, what do you mean? I did nothing of the sort. I remember seeing myself on top of you for a second and then got up. "

At this point, they were convinced this was either an act or genuine

confusion.

"I think you passed out during it, but to the security cameras in the room, it might have looked like you stayed there on purpose. Especially since you're quite clingy in your sleep."

This video, which just finished, would make the members against us reconsider what they were originally thinking, but they won't definitely switch yet.

"Any questions?" I asked as a formality. The little packets I handed out beforehand should address any that probably would come up.

As expected, they all shook their heads.

"This clip is the camera footage most of you probably have seen already, the incident in the classroom." I let everybody know and began the video right after.

The camera was in the back left of the room currently, but I edited the clip to show the best angle when necessary. Horikita-senpai provided all four camera angles in the room, which I was thankful for. Chabashira-sensei was walking towards my desk after I propped my test in the corner of my desk.

She toppled over, a little blur went right next to the scene and after the camera went into focus, she was already unconscious on top of me. The blur was a pencil that dug into the wall a few inches to the right of the camera. Everybody was shocked and even I was astonished when I saw the footage myself.

The scene changed to a different camera rewinded a few seconds back, showing her not so elegant fall. Stepping on the pencil, she did a full flip and tackled me to the ground.

Going back to the original angle, I held her rear, which I gave a full paragraph explaining why I had to do so, and Chabashira-sensei struggled to get to her feet, only kicking the chair that was already tilting on her way up which ultimately slammed her head down.

That inadvertently led to her juicy lips smacking against mine along with a side of extra sleep time.

I don't know why I said juicy just now, ignore that readers.

You could see me moving and struggling but she hugged me like I was a stuffed toy, wrapping her arms and legs around me, locking me into position. I wasn't sure where that monstrous strength came from but I couldn't stand at the time or I could've hurt her while doing so.

I could see some people avert their gaze slightly while still paying attention. This is to be somewhat due to the massive mounds that revealed themselves a little more than they usually do from the side. It was completely the same scene with some movement, me struggling, here and there so I edited it to speed up.

Chabashira-sensei's head started moving a little, making me have to slow it down again. The cameras can't see it at all in the first place, yet neglecting even some movement can cause problems.

I know what happened though.

It was a French kiss in which she violated my mouth in her sleep. I fought for dominance during the kiss but they don't need to know that. It'll only make matters worse

Due to the movement caused by the kiss, her crotch rubbed against my member which was erect at the time, lifting her hips up.

Something shook her from her sleep abruptly to which she got up and looked around, surprised.

I cut the clip there. It's completely unnecessary for them to continue watching only to see her stepping on my crotch.

After giving them 30 seconds to process what they saw and check the notes, I questioned once again, "Does anybody have any questions about the video?"

"What was the movement of her body after the sped up clip? The cameras couldn't tell and you were there in person," Mashima-sensei asked.

"I think it was her rolling around in her sleep, I'm not sure what else

it could be," I lied through my teeth.

After that topic was settled, a female board member asked what I hoped didn't come up in the back of my mind.

"Wait, I have one question. If she was truly unconscious, how did she lift her waist up? There's clearly a gap there..."

"Uh... that is...." I stuttered, unsure what to do.

Telling the truth would solidify the evidence even more but make it extremely awkward. I can't just lie and say I stored a baton in my pants, nobody would believe me. Maybe I should just tel-

"Oh, I know! She didn't do anything. That was Kiyotaka-kun's dick!" Chie-sensei exclaimed, somehow knowing what it was.

"Language!" One of the board members yelled.

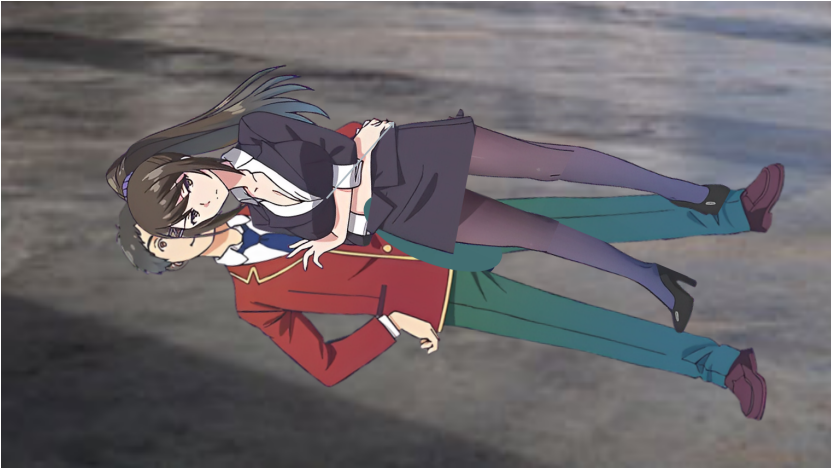
"Chie, be realistic. That's physically impossible. It would be more likely that he lifted her up when he was touching her rear." Sakagami-sensei said, fully confident in his words that would normally be true.

I wasn't and wouldn't ever squeeze her butt that hard you know.

"Zoom in! I guarantee it's that!" Chie-sensei rebutted, trying to prove her point which would be more believable if there wasn't drool leaking from the corner of her mouth.

"It wouldn't hurt to check, we have to do so anyways I suppose. Ayanokoji, zoom in." Chairman Sakayanagi said with a sigh, tired of their arguing was probably the reason why.

I nodded slowly and found a clip with a better view on my phone, and zoomed in, the board mirroring my screen.



(Oops, wrong pic.)



Multiple gasps flowed throughout the room at the scene. Mouths opened agape, slack jawed at the visible protrusion from my pants, pushing against Chabashira-sensei's stomach.

It was clear enough now that what Chie-sensei predicted with full confidence, was true. After knowing they got the point, I zoomed out, not willing to show it anymore.

"Anyways, I'm going to show the last clip now. Is that fine?" I asked, hoping to escape from the awkward atmosphere. Chairman

Sakayanagi gave his permission near immediately, definitely wanting the same thing I did.

"This takes place in the nurse's office, right after the incident." I gave some info before pressing play to the video that disturbed me most.

The scene showed Chabashira-sensei and I walking into the nurses office. I explained the brief gist of what happened to the nurse, who nodded and was seen exiting the room. Now for this, it would've been great if cameras allowed audio, but as previously mentioned, that's illegal.

The nurse sat the dazed looking Chabashira-sensei on the chair as she pulled out a mallet to check reflexes. While doing so might help, it'll do absolutely nothing in diagnosing a concussion which my teacher seemed to have. The people around the room looked around in confusion, probably knowing that it wouldn't help.

The nurse then said something else, making Chabashira-sensei look at her. Nurse-san then wagged her finger back and forth and Chabashira-sensei seemingly followed her, swaying slightly in her chair. A good test indeed to check for dizziness or double vision. The nurse said something close to, "Good you're okay." You can tell by reading the lips.

Chabashira-sensei then keeled over, vomiting on the floor right in front of the nurse who jumped back just in time. A few seconds after, she was toppling off to the side off the stool, landing on the concrete floor and all the nurse did was watch. She did not land in the puddle at all, which I blurred for the sake of the viewers and Chabashira-sensei, but had a hard fall nonetheless. The nurse watched, baffled, before going around the puddle and crouching next to Chabashira-sensei, putting a hand on her breast. Nurse-san seemingly sighed in relief so I guess she was checking her pulse but looking closely at her hand, I think she's squeezing a bit too much...

After a minute, the nurse halted, then picked Chabashira-sensei up under her armpits and tried lifting her constantly, but failed. Giving up, Nurse-san dragged her across the floor to the bed area slowly but surely. Once they arrived, she tried putting her on top of the

mattress and was met with failure again.

She attempted doing a princess carry, and ten different positions. The nurse even tried sliding her legs underneath Chabashira-sensei until her hips were beneath her back and thrust up wards in a crab walk position. Chabashira-sensei's already damaged head struck against the floor once again, and she winced in her sleep. Nurse-san gave up and got a blanket from the bed and threw it over her.

The final check-up the nurse did was to feel around my teacher's head while she was still on the floor, probably checking for a bump of any sort. Nodding, the nurse stepped to her desk, pulling out a single band-aid, and stuck it on the back of Chabashira-sensei's head right on the hair.

The nurse then gave a thumbs up to no one in particular then immediately went to an empty patients bed adjacent to Chabashira-sensei's, closing the curtain.

At least put a pillow behind sensei's head if you didn't know there was a pull out shallow step for situations like these built into the beds. They're unique to this school but you're the one who runs the nurse's office, shouldn't you know?

Also, the puddle of vomit remained on the floor untouched, and it didn't seem like the nurse would clean it anytime soon.

In all honesty, she probably fell asleep.

The video ended and the room was left silent, horrified at what they saw. Not only were one of the tests that were administered wrong, but another was carried out improperly. That's not mentioning the use of a band-aid not only on hair, but a bump, possibly two.

Seriously, the one time the school nurse didn't give an icepack...

They all also saw the laziness of Nurse-san who instantly lied down in bed after. The last dam that was holding the water back, broke, letting the adults know the whole thing was accidental for the most part. One, if not only reason, that was the confusion of the situation

was the report. Nurse-san said Chabashira-sensei, who vomited, fainted, looked unstable and was later found out to have memory loss, was completely fine. There was just a bump on her head.

"That wraps up the evidence I prepared. As you can see, the nurse gave a false report and didn't even know what she was doing. Chabashira-sensei also showed clear signs of a concussion. There are key-points showing it was accidental, the pencil, the unconsciousness and the concussion she most likely had. Thank you for sparing your time and listening to what I had to say," I bowed politely at the end.

I'm glad I got this last piece of footage. Not only would I bring to the school's attention that one of their nurses is absolutely terrible, it paints Chabashira-sensei as a victim of such a check-up. This would probably make them pull back their votes out of slight pity but mainly due to the information before. Side tracking their original thoughts which would go in the direction of disdain and immediately firing the nurse instead of sensei pretty much.

You were a great scapegoat, and you honestly deserve it for the health of the students and staff Nurse-san. I'm flabbergasted that she wasn't reported sooner. The new one will certainly be better, they'd make sure to check for that after kicking the current one out. I wonder how the hired one will be...

"Now that Ayanokoji-kun has finished, what are your thoughts on Chabashira-sensei? Should she still stay or go? Let's vote by raising our hands this time." Chairman Sakayanagi paused for a short while, before continuing, "For all in favor of removing Chabashira-sensei, raise your hands."

The room was completely still, not a single one lifted a hand. We won just as planned.

A wide grin spread on the chairman's face, "Can I take that as everybody believing she should stay?"

Proud head shaking in affirmation was seen all throughout the room. All of them thought the choice was obvious as if they knew so from the beginning, which the majority didn't.

Now, I should try to avoid Chabashira-sensei, at least where there are cameras, to avoid more accidents in the future. The situation would probably be near unsalvageable next time. She was staring at me currently, a thankful expression softening her usual stern face. Judging by her eyes too, it appears she would like to speak with me after.

"With this, the conference is closed. Chabashira-sensei is deemed 'not guilty' by all people with authority to vote in this room. I'm glad we all came to the same opinion. Teachers and Ayanokoji, you five are dismissed. We have to discuss another staff member's position that was brought to our attention. Have a nice weekend," the chairman ended the trial, and I packed up and prepared to leave as per what he said. I waited for the teachers out of courtesy, even if I didn't want to be near one in particular.

"Good job Ayanokoji. You successfully convinced the entire board, quite the feat," Mashima-sensei patted me on the back as we readied ourselves to exit the room.

"Yeah! Good job back there Kiyo-kun!" The unwanted baggage also complimented me. I don't know why I'm so rude to her in the first place to be honest. Is it because of the unsafe aura that surrounds her? Maybe.

"Thanks Mashima-sensei. I appreciate the praise."

"Hey!" Chie-sensei pouted in the background.

"I do have one question about the presentation. Where did you get the camera footage? Students shouldn't have excess to such clips," he inquired with a curious tone.

"The student council kindly provided me with it," I blandly said, not telling the whole story. He seemed to sense I wasn't going to explain anymore already so he dropped it.

"Wait. Chairman, wouldn't it be easier if he sent the video so we have it accessible this instant? It'd be faster instead of having to search for it in documents and I can share the screen. I am part of the camera department after all," A gorgeous woman with rare red

hair and yellow eyes asked in a polite way, making me stop just before the door, just in case my presence is still needed.

"Hm, I suppose that makes sense. Ayanokoji, sorry but can you please send the video to Makima-san right there before you go?"

"Sure, no problem. Bye Senseis," I waved and gave my farewells to the teachers behind me to which they reciprocated. "

Where can I message you ma'am?" I asked, walking to the seated woman.

"248-434-5508, you can message there." She said, slowly saying the number in 3 groups. It was fully typed, I delivered the video and she got the message on her side.

"Thanks, this helps. Anyhow, have a good evening Ayanokoji," she smiled and while most people would be moved to see such a beautiful smile, I felt unnerved for some reason. Did she have ulterior motives to get my number? Why? Should I delete and block the contact from my phone to be safe? No, that would be rude if she wasn't doing anything.



(They didn't do her butt justice in the anime, still loved it either

way though lol. Wait, I meant the anime, not her butt. Maybe partially her butt. Anyways, she is just a character, no powers or anything obviously. Personality will be similar but Makima is an add-on like Kuwahara, who might be worked on in the future but doesn't hold any significant impact on the story.)

Thinking about this would get me nowhere without evidence. Moving on, the chairman was going to promptly fire the nurse today huh. With that, I walked outside of the staff room only to see Chabashira-sensei. The bodyguard was there as well but he clearly wasn't waiting for me.

"Hi Chabashira-sensei."

"Hi Ayanokoji and thanks. I would've been packing my bags tonight if it weren't for you," Chabashira-sensei said, words full of gratitude.

"But you didn't have to do this, you know. Why?" Her mood changed, and she waited for an answer she was curious about, not demanding for a response like usual.

"It was no problem. I just didn't want to lose you Chabashira-sensei." I said dramatically.

She was truly useful and it would only work to my benefit if she is indebted to me. Another part was, if there was a microscopic chance of having another teacher like Chie-sensei, I could possibly lose all my brain cells and reasoning.

I did not mean reasoning in that way for your information.

She let out a sigh, then spoke, "I'm really tired of your problem with wording things incorrectly. I'm not sure if this was intentional or not but thanks again Ayanokoji."

I simply nodded and we walked in silence for the rest of our way back until getting to a point in the road. One way, the student dorms, the other way, the teacher's apartments. I only know this because Chie-sensei sent a text with her location last night...

"A-ayanokoji..." Chabashira-sensei stammered by my side. It seemed she wanted to ask about something but froze in a cloud of smoke from her head each and every time.

"It's okay, take it slow sensei. I have plenty of time," I assured her in order to calm her down.

"Ahem, Ayanokoji. Is there anything I can do to repay you? I feel guilty being rescued by somebody and giving nothing but a thanks," She cleared her throat and spoke confidently.

"No need, it's alright but thanks for the offer," I denied her considerate thought. There is nothing I desperately need and saying, "Help me later on," would be disastrous.

Her mood might plummet, thinking I only saved her to use her. I'd rather be on equal standing with the other classes so extracting information through her would ruin the challenges this school puts me through. It's also extremely risky to do such a thing as well.

Asking her to change her demeanor in class might improve the unity of everybody but asking someone to change how they act, even if it wasn't off the bat, is a big no-no.

"My goal would be completely decimated if I lost my job here, please let me do something," She pleaded.

Goal? I suspect she wanted to reach Class A due to some of her actions she took, but do not know the reason for it. I'm not all too curious though so it'll be a waste to hear it here and it has a chance to pop up at some point.

"Really, there's nothing I can think of. Do you have any ideas?" I flipped the question on her to listen to what she thinks is a worthy trade.

"U-uh, no! D-definitely nothing I c-can think of!" She stuttered near instantly after I asked that, her previous brave tone replaced with a nervous one.

"Then let's put it off for now. If you think of anything, let me know ok?"

"G-got it, here's my number. Doing it in school might cause attention you don't like right?" She passed me a business card with just contact info for a good reason. I'll put the info in later.

"Anyways, thanks. See you on Monday Chabashira-sensei." I said, feeling like the conversation came to an end.

"See you then Ayanokoji," she lightly replied with a smile.

I walked away and glanced behind me ten seconds later to see Chabashira-sensei's swaying as- to see Chabashira-sensei's receding figure going farther away in the opposite direction of me.

Mission accomplished as always.

My room, I arrived, to where I would relax for the rest of the night.

I flopped on my bed like I usually did, resting my head on my hands.



Toda- no. This week was surely busy. From the S-System revealed on Monday and an inauguration ceremony of becoming friends with benefits with Suzune. Tuesday was the first day I spanked somebody for the first time, who was surprisingly older than me as well.

Damn pervert.

Wednesday was the first day of the study group of mine that didn't end so well. Thursday, I got detention because I touched my teacher inappropriately. That was the same day Chabashira-sensei announced her leave, which added more things on my plate.

Friday was hands down the most tiring day I had since I came to this school while also being the most productive. I studied with my group, then studied and saved Suzune's group. I did lewd things with Kushida that same night, fought the Student Council President, and got evidence along with points. Private points and experience points. I also lectured and reformed Suzune's troublesome way of thinking.

Today, I was lectured by my tutees, pretty sure I was sexually harassed by a senpai and successfully followed through and saved Chabashira-sensei.

I got seven girls phone number today, which is a plus for all the trouble I suppose but tomorrow, I sadly have to accompany and buy a variety of items and consumables for 4 girls as well as hand back the forgotten box.

I hope I can relax for at least one week after that forced outing...

~Author's notes~

Haha, 10.42k words

Made new crazy thing cause i was bored (def not delaying writing)
lol



yes, kiyo has cat ears.

and yes, the chicken is eating some students while the rest of the students are riding on that same chicken.

They are riding the cock real well~



Now I want to see a mantis koji fic (idfk)

Hope you enjoyed, I'll do my best to get the next chapter out soon.

Anyways, PEACE OUT!

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Forced Outing Among Other Things

Reads: 6409 | Votes: 218 | Comments: 344

Here I am, waiting by the entrance of Keyaki mall next to the fountain at 12:15 pm for four girls. Typically men would be ecstatic to be in such a situation but I know.

This spells disaster.

Accidents after accidents would happen in bountiful amounts today, it was inevitable. I can only quiver in fear at what's about to come today. The worst thing is that's only part of it. Not only am I nervous as this is the first hangout that I helped organize, but people will also be bound to criticize me for walking with a large number of females. It doesn't help that it's also going to be fueled by my points alone but wait I shall or I might suffer a fate worse than this.

The only upside was that today wasn't as busy as usual even though it's a weekend but I guess it's still Sunday.

None of the girls have shown up yet, so I stood alone just staring off into the sky. Online, one of the tips was to arrive early and do nothing while waiting. Doing so makes you appear less bored and appear more polite is what a dating website advised. I know this technically isn't a date but I tried searching things up on Internet-sensei and was always directed to date tips no matter what I attempted. If it were a date, would it be a quadruple date? No, there'd have to be four guys too.

With nothing else to do, I continued looking at the scenery and

glancing at people who were out and about by the mall. I really would expect more familiar faces, seeing as there should be a person from my class about 1 in 12 people. However, most of my classmates have no points so I'm not utterly shocked. Maybe coming 45 minutes before the meeting time was a tad bit too much.

"Oh, is that the Pervy Prince~?" A random girl who I've seen with Ichinose on multiple occasions rudely called out to me, or at least I believe so. I'm pretty sure her name was Amikura Mako but it would be creepy to address her like that since we have yet to meet.

"Mako-chan! That's not nice!" Ichinose, who was standing by her side, scolded her probably for calling me that offensive nickname. You know it's a problem when everybody knows your nickname more than your actual name, especially if it's a bad one like Pervy Prince or Caped Baldy.

"Sorry about that Ayanokoji-kun," Ichinose bowed at 90 degrees, apologizing for her friend's mistake.

"Oh, it's okay. Sadly, I'm known as that so it's unavoidable that people might address me as such," I explained, trying to ignore the swaying mounds in front of me.

"I didn't mean it as an insult, sorry about that Ayanokoji-kun. It's nice to meet the guy Honami-chan mentions a lot, my name is Amikura Mako!" As she apologized for what she said, she managed to squeeze in a tease towards Ichinose and a confidence boost towards me all at once. She even introduced herself after that.

Ichinose, who stood upright again, started frantically shaking her hand in front of Amikura with a red and flustered expression.

"Mako-chan, stop that! I mentioned him only once or twice!" Ichinose said, making my confidence drop down a peg or two in that category, to the teasing monster Amikura. It seems she'll be quite troublesome huh...

"Nice to meet you as well Amikura. I hope we get along well," I spoke, disregarding the scene in front of me.

"Yup! Just not too well or Honami-chan might get mad~, " She once again teased. It's one after another with her, and Ichinose always seems to show a good reaction when she does so. Why would she get mad though in the first place? If it's because of love, it's not like she likes me at all.

After the situation between the two de-escalated, Ichinose asked, "So Ayanokoji-kun, are you waiting for someone?"

"Yes, I'm hanging out with four friends. The meet-up time is around 1:00 pm," I provided the information she wanted along with a little extra.

"Eh? That's 30 minutes from now though, why so early? From what it looked like you've been here for longer than that too..." she questioned once again.

"Hehe, Ayanokoji-kun. Are you going on a date and lying to us?" Amikura tried fishing out if I was being dishonest, making Ichinose turn to her with a surprised look.

"No, Internet-sensei told me it's polite to wait here earlier than the meeting time so I listened."

"It's usually 10-30 minutes beforehand... and Internet-sensei?" Ichinose tilted her head at my words, a confused expression evident on her face.

"So childish, I did not expect that of the Pervy Prince~. Anyways, we are meeting up with our friends too around 1:00 pm, mind if we keep you company?" Amikura once again called me by my unwanted title and wondered if she could stay. She might be doing so to see if I lied about a date being a hangout, but I don't necessarily care. I told the truth after all.

"What a coincidence and sure, I don't mind." And so many more minutes passed of us conversing. A girl named Shiranami Chihiro met Ichinose's side and they said they were waiting on one more.

Scanning the nearby street, I saw an elegant straight-haired brunette with sky-blue eyes, walking towards me at the fountain.

"Hello, Ayanokoji-kun, did you wait long?"

"Hi Matsushita, I just got here," I said, using the knowledge that I searched for last night.

"Haha, what a cliché line. Did you read a Dating 101 article or something?"

That's literally the exact name of the thing I read...

"So it was a date!" Amikura piped in, staring at me in disbelief as if I purposely threw ice cream on the floor.

Matsushita, finally noticing I was standing next to three other girls, said with a grin, "Oh hello. Ayanokoji-kun, did you say this wasn't a date?"

Stop fooling around, you're making things worse. Ichinose and Shiranami are spinning their heads at light speed looking back and forth between the two of us, probably trying to find a way to solve the situation. Amikura is grinning the same way as Matsushita.

"Because it is a hangout. Nice to meet you three, I'm Matsushita Chiaki. We have to wait for three more people so let's get along," Matsushita did a 180 with her attitude, smiling brightly at the girls next to me to which they all greeted themselves.

Not so long after, I caught a glimpse of the rest of my group for today. As they approached all together, they all said their greetings.

"Hello Ayanokoji-kun and Chiaki-chan!"

"H-hi Ayanokoji-kun and Chiaki-san."

"Good afternoon Kiyopon and Chi-chan!"

Amikura chuckled in the background, probably at the way Haruka addressed me.

"Hello, Satou, Sakura, and Haruka." I quickly said before Satou interjected, "Oooo~! Is that Ichinose-san? I'm Satou Maya!", way more excited than she should be.

Is Ichinose really that popular? She definitely has the looks for it and personality and now that I think about it, I have heard her name multiple times in conversation with others, mainly the three idiots.

Looking closely, I see multiple people no, a crowd of people even, walking by, staring directly at her fondly. Just what kind of a celebrity is she?

Some of those were also death stares toward me though.

"Nice to meet you Satou-san!" Ichinose greeted back as energetically as Satou and continued with, "My name is Ichinose, what are your names?"

The question was directed at Haruka and Sakura. One was frozen stiff and the other was quieter than they usually were. I forgot that both of them are typically the quiet type unless it's with people they somewhat know. Talking to one of the most popular girls might be quite nerve-wracking I suppose.

"I'm Hasebe Haruka," she managed to say, her usual energy lacking.

"S-s-sakura A-airi!" Did she stammer this much when we didn't know her?

"I'm Amikura Mako! Wait, Haruka. Are you and Ayanokoji-kun dating? He calls you by your first name~,," she teased once again and pointed out something I have yet to notice. She is the only one I call by her first name in the study group. Also, stop teasing somebody who is uncomfor-

"Who knows, maybe I am, maybe I'm not~!" Haruka did the complete opposite of how she was acting beforehand so she either just created a bond with Amikura or was trying to tease her back.

"Hoho~ Did you two do something lewd if you are dating already~?"

"I saw his dick!" Haruka yelled, causing it to go silent, only the fountain behind us made noise. Even the passerbyers halted, checking their ears to see if they heard right. Amikura went quiet

too, a blush completely taking over her face. Her mouth opened and closed like a fish eating food trying to get something out as a response but nothing came.

Haruka, knowing she won that battle, but not knowing it made things completely awkward for absolutely everybody shouted once again, "It was long, girthy, and thick and I moaned constantly when I rod- MMFMPPH!" Matsushita snapped out of it first and went to the save once again, covering Haruka's mouth before she could manage to make the situation worse.

The people in our class were still disturbed, even though they knew she was talking about the swimming class and were pretty sure they knew she was lying about what she was about to say.

Ichinose's group, however, was a different story. Shiranami looked like she was debating something in her head with a blush, Amikura looked like she regretted teasing somebody who has zero shame, her face the complete opposite color as her hair. Ichinose just stood there, zoned out and out of commission. I wove my hand in front of her face but she didn't react in the slightest.

While my face might be my usual, I feel violated and sexually harassed. What's so good about having a large one anyways, it just causes more problems...

Matsushita, taking a deep breath while still muffling Haruka's voice, yelled loudly, "It was just a joke that went too far, sorry about that!"

This crowd hearing this started to move once again and everybody's faces returned slowly to their original color while still pink, even Ichinose snapped out of it, but her face heated up instead, matching her strawberry hair color.

After a little while of fighting, Haruka gave up and Matsushita seeing this, removed her hand from Haruka's mouth.

"I still did see it though..." Haruka muttered and luckily, nobody caught it besides me, or all of hell would break loose once again.

"Alright, now that we have everyone on our side, we're going to go

now. Bye Ichinose, Amikura, and Shiranami. I'll see you three around." I said, trying to get myself as well as them out of this awkward situation.

Ichinose who fully resurrected said, "O-oh ok Ayanokoji-kun. We'll see you around!"

Everybody was silent and we continued to walk away, only the scuffling and stepping of our shoes along with the breeze and fountain to be heard. This was only the beginning of the day and something unlucky happened again. I sighed internally, thinking about what was to come, not paying attention enough.

Sakura was zoned out and tripped over a tree branch, falling and pushing me into the fountain, which was now the worst meeting spot that I could think of. Cold water ran through my shirt and hair, while my legs stuck out of the pond.



It would be refreshing if I did it intentionally but I was completely unprepared and it was cold as Cocytus beneath the ice, which might be an exaggeration but it still was extremely cold. I started breathing differently to control my body temperature with total concentration, which is a real thing that many people don't know about.

I kicked my legs and pushed up with my arms, regaining my previous standing position, and brushed my hair back with my hand to remove some of the water. After that, I bent at a 60-degree angle

and squeezed my shirt, twisting it enough in some spots, letting the water gush out away from me. I continued doing this even amongst all the chaos that was currently happening.

"Are you okay Ayanokoji-kun/Kiyopon!?"

Ichinose and her group checked on me too, which was easy to do seeing we only made a few steps away before this happened.

Sakura was apologizing to me so much that I felt guilty for some reason.

After finishing draining the water as much as I could, I wanted to take it off as well but might be taken by security if I walked around a mall shirtless. While my shirt might be wrinkly now, it's sunny at the very least so it should dry quickly. They're all gawking at me for some reason too.

"Pervs," I muttered and the few who heard me were taken aback, then averted their gaze.

After the situation settled, we bid farewell to Ichinose's group again and entered Keyaki Mall finally, while talking about the first place to go.

"Does going to the department store first sound good? I'm not really hungry right now and we should get Ayanokoji-kun a new outfit. His shirt is see-through right now, security might take him away even if he is still wearing something." Matsushita came up with a brilliant suggestion, also letting me just notice my shirt was transparent at the moment. No wonder why I had extra looks than usual from the people in the mall.

"Sounds good!" Satou exclaimed.

"I'm alright with that too, I had a late breakfast so let's get Kiyopon some clothes~." Haruka joined in but technically, I'm the one paying for them still am I not?

"T-that sounds okay. I'm sorry again A-ayanokoji-kun. I didn't mean to push you..." Sakura apologized once more, after the gazillion times she has already.

"I told you not to worry about it Sakura, I'm fine. Also, I think the department store is a good idea too," I spoke gently and agreed with Matsushita's idea. The vote was unanimous, and we headed towards the nearest department store which had both casual men's and women's attire.

We took a left and after a few seconds, everybody split up and they immediately started searching all the aisles with a serious look on their face like detectives at a crime scene. Why the sudden change?

I walked down row by row slowly until finding a simple white tee with no design costing 700 yen, which is quite the deal. Some other options came in blue or a strange sweater with "Oppai" on it. What kind of daredevil would wear that?

This store is quite convenient in that they match the majority of clothes here, and it saves a ton of time shopping in my opinion. There are some things, like a white shirt that are separate which is appreciated as that is all I want right now.

I turned around to gather the girls saying I found my option but to my luck, all of them were beside me.

"Hey, is this...", my voice trailed off after I noticed the serious aura surrounding them, even Sakura's was quite menacing. I couldn't see either of the four's eyes, their bangs, which pretty much every girl in this school has, covered them completely. Looking closer, each one of them had an outfit on hand and they all simultaneously said, "Try these!"

Why?

As I was confused, the shirt I had in hand was on the rack again and I could only see Satou there. Matsushita and Haruka pushed my back, making my heels scoot on the floor which surprisingly didn't halt me. Was the floor that slippery or do the back of my shoes have no friction?

Once in front of the dressing room with them all behind me, I looked at them confused again, and Haruka spoke up.

"Kiyopon, wear all of these! We're choosing the outfit you are going to wear, we'll pay for you once we come to a decision!"

Oh, so it's a competition between them but I get a free outfit regardless? I have plenty of points so it should be fine, but I assume they won't take no for an answer. They all are ecstatic, even the usually nervous Sakura and the level-headed Matsushita.

I nodded, showing I approved instead of putting up a fight and Sakura handed me her choice first, much to my shock.

"Ayanokoji-kun, try this!" she said, jumping up and down in excitement.

"Got it," I responded at the pretty normal option, something I might pick out if I found it.

Into the dressing room I went, and I stripped from my clothes and put on the set Sakura gave me quickly. I looked a lot better than the usual dumpster fire Yamauchi you can find at school. I'd say I'm slightly average now, quite an achievement if you ask me.

Exiting the dressing room, I showed them what I dressed into.



It was a pair of matte navy blue jeans with a white t-shirt and a gray overcoat. Once again I personally liked it, so what are their reactions?

They all saw me, looked surprised then averted their gaze elsewhere, even the pink-haired girl who picked it out. I saw a sudden light come from one of them for a second, not sure who did it or what it was...

"KYAAA!" A girl screamed by the register a distance away. Was it that bad or was that a weird yell for joy? She didn't appear disgusted. She tapped her friend's shoulder to which they turned and went wide-eyed. Why do I feel so exposed right now?

My hopes, my style, and my feelings took a major hit if they didn't already before.

"Can you please wear this Ayanokoji-kun?" Satou said, holding clothes in her hand while still looking away from me.

Looking at the outfit in question, I immediately said,

"No."

"Wear this," she said once again with a smile on her mouth, staring straight into my soul with no light in her eyes.

"Ok."

Defeated, I walked into the dressing room, undressed my outer clothes, and slowly put on what I was provided with.

Once it was fully on, I peered at the mirror and felt disgusted at myself, debating whether I should show them at all despite their instructions.

How did a thoughtful idea of letting me buy a shirt turn into a Dress Up Barbie show?

I came out in a torn black shirt at the waist and sleeves with white pants. I even had a strange mask she provided with it, kind of creepy if you ask me. To show more effort, I decided to do a pose fitting for it, making me cringe internally.



Satou and all the other girls stared at me this time nodding their heads in recognition of these clothes. Is it a trend to wear frayed or ripped clothes nowadays?

Not only were the four girls outside the stall waiting for me, but a crowd of 6 people, specifically girls were watching. Even one of the employees came over to see what the fuss was about.

"Ken Kaneki-sama!"

"TOKYO GHOUL!"

"H-hot!"

A few comments were coming from them and most seemed to be compliments so if that's the case, I don't mind too much. Who is Kaneki-sama though?

Wanting to finish this faster, I went to the next person in line, Matsushita and she passed me the clothes she picked out.

I changed on the spot, inside of the dressing room of course, and came out feeling proud and confident in myself, more than I usually am which is saying a lot.



(They made me the happiest person alive when they released this illustration :))

Quite the nice choice, similar to a formal dress attire but has a touch of casual as well.

The reactions of the gathered people were quite entertaining to look at this time. All of them were slack-jawed like they saw an extraterrestrial being, which I'll be optimistic about, hoping it means that I look out of this world good. No offense to Satou but it's surely better than the last one, I know that.

The first thing that broke the silence was an, "ah~", and everybody, even the few more members who joined the audience spoke, this time consisting of:

"I-is he a model?!"

"Aw, he looks so cool!"

"Take a pic!"

"It's my phone wallpaper from now on!"

"Send it to me!"

"I'm the horniest- er, happiest girl in the world right now to witness this masterpiece!"

"Who's he ♡♡?"

All of them seem positive enough. There were multiple snapping of phone cameras which made me shy away, my original want to blend in peeking out slightly.

Also, did someone just call me a masterpiece?

Now, this last one was going to be the worst, I can tell just what it is even if it was folded up in the blue-haired girl's arms.

"Haruka, do I have to? It's a joke, right?" I asked, fully doubting if she was being serious about it.

"Put it on~!"

"No."

"Put it on~!"

"No."

"Put it on!"

"Put it on!"

"PUT IT ON!"

"PUT IT ON!"

"PUT IT ON!"

The crowd chanted as people would at a football game, cheering their favorite team on at the last minute. I, Ayanokoji Kiyotaka, fell victim to peer pressure and went into the dressing room signing my dignity away.

Don't say I lost it already, readers. I still, very much, have it. I might have to take you to a rooftop in the future if you mock me.

I swear I could imagine water on my cheek, the first tear I shed in years coming out of my eye. That was a lie, probably from the nervous sweat my body exuded, but still...

I finished dressing into the abomination and stomped the tacky white boots I'm wearing, making the newly appeared phone that peeked through the dressing room curtain, quickly disappear.

This time, I peeked out of the dressing room at the crowd of 20 people waiting. No way in hell am I going outside, Haruka planned to humiliate me from the beginning ever since she asked about the hangout. She had to have done so.

Surrendering myself to the onlookers, I fully stepped out of the room robotically.



I watched a fair share of anime to know.

It's a literal Magical girl costume. Why did the store supply these for men and why did she pick it out is beyond me.

There were many things wrong with this. Not only am I wearing a skirt, but I also have a crop-top-like shirt that exposed my stomach and a glossy pink large ribbon on my left shoulder. The white boots go up to my knees, and my thighs are fully exposed.

If my smile somehow got posted to the forums and it was bad, this

had a 100% chance of being there as well, but it's better not to think about it.

Anyways, I would've probably fallen head over heels for a girl in this, especially if she had top-tier thighs, but me? Wearing this? Just look at what your masterpiece has been reduced to White Room. I guess it's a loss on that man's part.

Just like in the white room, I reverted back to how I acted then, shutting off all emotion and letting myself zone out so I don't have to deal with the shame and embarrassment this entails.

The onlookers commented on multiple things, ranging from, "I didn't know I needed this..." to "Make him try more things on!" There were plenty of surprised gasps to bloody noses as they all gawked at how I looked right now. I'd assume this outfit has a positive impact due to their reactions and the blushes I received. However, I heard of 'rotten' girls at one point, some of them might be what that definition entails.

In the next instant, I was surrounded. A girl at my arm lifted it, trying to hang off of it. Somebody on my back climbing me. Another daring one slid on the floor, facing upward, and tried to peek up my skirt. They even snapped a photo. I nearly threw a familiar classmate when she jumped towards me, clinging to my chest, and asked to take selfies.

This went on for 5 minutes until the crowd dispersed slightly, the staff helping to settle the commotion while taking glances at me as well.

"Kiyopon~! This is going to go viral!" A blue-haired girl shoved her phone in my face and I stared blankly at the suspected photo on the school media page. It had 15 likes already, despite it being released a few minutes back.

"So it seems," I continued to look at the phone, responding to what the person said.

"You okay?! You sound more monotone than usual?" This time a brunette girl peered upwards at me, a voice in concern. I should

switch back now.

I turned 173.8 degrees and entered the changing stall, taking everything off and dressing myself in the outfit I was going to buy, whether it was their favorite or not. I returned to how I usually act at this school while dressing, and I analyzed the scenes whether I wanted to or not. Should I report everyone who did something strange? No, I caused the commotion but know this, I remember all of their faces so I'll make sure to stay away. I only felt one pure gaze of interest with nothing else attached to it so maybe they were fine but if there was only one like her, that says a lot about what I wore...

I exited the staff room and went straight to the register, buying the first outfit. Luckily, the only upside to this whole thing was that the store let me take all of the outfits free of cost for the advertisement. I'd rather them not have given me two certain outfits as I would never wear but it felt rude to constantly deny gifts even though I attempted to do so.

Maybe I'll ding dong ditch some random room on my floor to spread my pain. That's one way to dispose of my unwanted magical girl- or is it boy?- outfit. Because I'm nice, I'll make sure to see that the room I ding dong ditch is somebody around my size so it fits them at least.

I think I saw a magenta-haired guy down the hall in room 420, maybe I'll drop it off there...

Now, it's the girls' turn to pick out their outfits that I have to pay for. While I could say I had been tortured enough already, put on a show, and make them feel guilty or flat out say I won't buy them anything, that would not only ruin my relationship with them but also my image. I'm not the type of person to go back on my word, and I've got points to spare so it's fine.

I want to suggest outfits for them to wear too like they did with me

but I might be labeled a pervert more than I already am. What a world we live in...

This time, instead of splitting up and hunting for outfits separately, we all stuck together. This is very appreciated because it would be extremely creepy if a guy browsed through girls' clothes alone. Some might say I could browse the men's clothes on the other side, but I'm scared the four over there might pick something out for me again when they are done with their shopping since I'm in that area.

We passed through the first aisle, which consisted of casual summer wear, heck, half of the aisle do. They were all short sleeves with long baggy jeans. I thought they would skip the row of clothes until they found a soft pink shirt next to a lighter shade of blue type, both paired with different colored skirts and an opposite color blazer, very similar to our school uniform. Embroidered onto the tops were simple **E L I T E**.

"Hey! We should get this to match! It's cute isn't it?" Satou voiced her opinion, making the others look at her choice.

"Huh, not bad... Sakura and I could take a blue and you and Haruka can take a pink, does that sound alright?" Matsushita agreed and then suggested who should take what. I personally think her decision was good as well. While Haruka could take the blue as well, it might look off with her hair based on the color, It's kind of hard to match shirts that aren't white or black with a large group of people.

"Let's try both on and see what works best!" Haruka exclaimed enthusiastically, probably happy at the idea of matching clothes and Sakura shook her head in confirmation as well.

"Let's change into blue first then," Matsushita said and they all began to walk to the girls changing stalls, leaving me isolated outside. They occupied the four back changing rooms, Haruka, Satou, Sakura, and Matsushita were the order they were in.

Just before I thought of going elsewhere, Haruka stuck her head out from the curtain and said, "Kiyopon~, wait outside for the four of us in the middle over here, ok?"

I nodded my head slowly, showing I would do so but why here? Not only is standing in front of a dressing room inconvenient, but it was also even worse that the women's undergarments were behind me. Bras, panties, stockings, you name it, they were there. I'm not getting strange looks. Not at all. It's usual for a guy to wait in front of a changing room for girls right next to the underwear.

I simply tilted my face down, staring at the floor, not wanting to peer elsewhere. I felt prickling gazes scanning me as I waited, the looks softening soon after.

Thank god most of the people in the store know we five are hanging out together so they are more understanding, otherwise, someone might have called the mall cops on me, who has been standing here for a few minutes now.

"Done!" Satou stepped out first. Her were styled with a blue overcoat like they planned and a pink undershirt. They did not set the skirt color that came with it, instead, they choose the color they favored best, Satou in particular, choose the pinkish-red skirt option.



"H-here," Sakura spoke right after, dressed in nearly the same outfit as Satou, just with a white skirt instead



"I'm done as well." Matsushita exited her stall third with the same style as Sakura. Now we were waiting for Haruka.



Anyways, they all look quite nice, to be honest. We just waited in a comfortable silence staring at each other until 30 seconds passed and Haruka came out as well. She probably came out later because she talked for a short while before going in.



They all sported the look surprisingly well in this blue color. I wonder if they'll choose the pink or capri color in the end. Also, where the hell did Haruka get a hash brown from? Does she just keep a stash in her bag? They all even looked at each other, scanning the outfits, nodding, fully ignoring the food in Haruka's hands like it was natural. I suppose my guess was wrong, she was probably busy eating that while changing for some reason...

"So, how do we-"

"You four look great, not bad. The word on the shirt pops out nicely t," I praised how the clothes looked on them.

They just stared at my comment, which I could tell Satou was going to ask for.

"W-who'd say you can compliment us..."

"Huh? P-pop out?"

"P-pervert."

"Don't gawk at me Kiyobaka!"

It seems they misunderstood what I was trying to say. When I mentioned pop out, I had no intention of describing their breasts pushing it out, I meant the embroidery done on it. I tried explaining myself only for them to immediately go back inside the stall, presumably to change into the next outfit. A couple of minutes after the word pervert echoed through my head persistently, they came out in quick succession, Sakura first this time. They appeared considerably faster than last time, less time waiting, which is nice.









"These are amazing too," I praised them once again since I felt like they were waiting for something. They smiled at what I said, even when before they were this close to strangling or shunning me.

"Hmph. Flattery will get you nowhere," Haruka said, clearly ecstatic.

"Sorry about before, I was talking about how the words stuck out even with an overcoat on," I attempted to fix the situation slightly.

"Ooooooh," They said in unison, patching up the previous incident.

"Anyways, which do you like more Ayanokoji-kun?" Satou stepped closer to me and did a spin. I think I almost saw her panti- down boy, I have no need for you yet.

"I think both look equally good, to be honest, which do you four like the best?"

I stayed completely quiet after, not wanting to say anything more this time. They look amazing in the outer pink color too, I feel like it might be a hard choice for the four of them to make.

"Trying to weasel out of it huh? Not that your decision matters, I like the blue more either way," Matsushita joked then fully admitted my decision wouldn't change hers, not that I expected it to in the first place. Soon after Matsushita said her choice, the rest of them voiced their decisions which happened to be blue anyways.

"Blue it is, now let's see the price..." I stepped towards Sakura who was closest to me and lifted her chin up with my hand because I saw a glimpse of a tag previously under the collar.

Now, what's the price you might ask?

"12,500 yen..." I unintentionally muttered.

50,000 yen together for four of these together.

This is pretty expensive, but I guess the style and material are similar to an actual uniform which is typically 40,000 yen, maybe 60,000 yen for the ANHS uniform if we weren't already supplied them free of cost. This means this price is pretty good for an outfit like this.

"A-a-ayano-k-k-k-koji-kun!" "Sakura stammered and I peered at her face that matched her hair color and her nervous eyes which were darting around the room refusing to make eye contact with me. Once her eyesight focused on me, she slowly closed them.

I quickly stepped away, noticing the uncomfortable stares at what I just did. Sakura didn't pass out as her eyes fluttered open

completely with a sad, embarrassed, and confused expression. Why did she close them in the first place? Does it help her focus maybe? However, hearing a number, they immediately looked at their price tags and their jaws dropped. Good, the thing I just accidentally did was completely forgotten. They then scuffled back to put away the clothes until I said, "Wait."

"I'll buy them. I did say two outfits, after all, I never said the price. The next set has to be around 5,000 yen or less though, ok?"

Their jaws fell even further when I said that until they screamed, "Thank you!" while pouncing on me for a hug.

"No problem..." I slowly said during my fight against my internal, maybe external now, problem. I never knew hugs felt so warm and comfortable, maybe it was because of their genuine thanks beforehand? Their breasts that were pressing against me the whole time during the hug? No, it was probably because it was the first time I was hugged, on purpose I mean. To be honest, it's probably a mixture of the second and third though.

I didn't know what to do in a situation like this. Do I hug back? I just decided to remain still as I was before. It's kind of hard to hug four people at once and I feel like this would be one of those one-sided things where it's okay for women but not men.

After a half minute of enduring the scary at times but also gentle looks and the hard-to-breathe hug, they separated from me slowly. They then headed down and skipped to the next clothing section, whistling whilst doing so. They didn't comment on what occurred just now but hugging is natural for them I guess. I see them do it all the time after all.

I should wear multiple pairs of underwear now, maybe it would lessen the semi-conspicuous bulge from below. Much to my luck none of them noticed though from what I could see. I just followed after them like nothing happened either, glad at their obliviousness.

Beginning their search below 5000 yen and finding their desired outfits, they showed their options with proud faces to each other and me, allowing me a sneak peek before they entered the

curtained stalls to try it out. They all seemed to be pretty stylish options but I'll just have to wait and see if they work well.

With nothing else to do, I ignored the section behind me and peered out of the front window, until I saw a cart stacked with boxes near the ceiling hitting my back. I couldn't even see the person behind it before I stumbled into the 2nd dressing, staring at its occupant who had nothing but panties and a bra on.

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1hRWw0g95eT-IQAZf5vMClvsTQu_LPCA5/view?usp=sharing

(This link is to an image. I reached the maximum and this is one of my worst ones so I linked it instead. If it doesn't work, try the link in the comments lol)

It was lace ones too.

"Uh, nice to see you here Satou."

She was looking at the mirror side wall then turned towards the noise and stared at me blankly, almost as if she was doing the most complex formulas to tell if she was hallucinating or not.

Satou.exe has stopped working.

She stayed like that for 5 seconds until the situation got to her, the heat starting to rise in her face.

Screaming imminent, I took a step closer to get behind her back and covered her mouth with my hand to prevent the noise.

"Mpf! Mphmf!" She struggled to speak, with no intelligible words coming out.

"I know this seems bad, but it's an accident. I swear. I'll explain it after but causing a commotion here could lead to suspension or expulsion for me." She fully froze and stopped her movements in order to escape upon the words 'expulsion'.

After it sunk in for a few seconds I removed my hand knowing she wouldn't yell anymore and walked toward the exit of the stall, only

to hear outside, "Huh, where's Kiyopon?"

The already terrible situation just got worse. If I exited Satou's stall, I'll be executed but if I don't it'll make it seem like I abandoned them. Abandoning them seems safer in my opinion. Footsteps that were already close became louder and Haruka popped her head into this stall only to see a surprised expression on Satou's face.

"Oh sorry, do you know where Kiyopon is Maya-cha?" Haruka popped her head back out and asked a question while still outside the stall.

"H-hm? He's not t-there? Maybe he w-went to the bathroom? If he did, go back to your stall to wait and eat your food stash..." Satou pretended as if she had no clue and suggested Haruka go back inside her stall, which was extremely beneficial to me.

If you are wondering how I disappeared from Haruka's sight when she looked in the room, I just hid myself. If she glanced up she might've found me.

Right after her footsteps neared, I jumped up to the ceiling, putting the end of each one of my limbs in each corner, almost like Spider-Man might in a movie.

https://drive.google.com/file/d/1MzR-pYn667DBcw_uh1Onu8Y2VtoXPn2n/view?usp=sharing

(Another image link lol)

This also was the cause of Satou's surprised expression when Haruka peeked in the room, which was strange in the first place but is to be expected as they are the same gender.

Still was strange though.

After hearing a curtain slide over to the right of us, I muttered thanks to Satou as I landed silently on the floor beside her. I

proceeded my escape and exited the room, without a single rustle of a curtain or stomp of a foot, until I was in the same position as I was before I was unknowingly pushed.

Not even ten seconds after, Matsushita stepped out of her stall dressed in a fancy white top and a smooth blue skirt. Over the shirt, she had a thin yellow jacket making her appear even more elegant than before.



"That really suits you, Matsushita, You look amazing in that," I complimented her with my true thoughts. I almost wanted to tilt my head, wink, and do a thumbs up but the last time I did something similar, a tee-hee face in particular, I was scolded and received disgusted looks.

"T-thanks Ayanokoji-kun," she replied back.

Haruka, hearing commotion outside stepped out as well right after Matsushita came out.



Haruka is wearing something that feels relaxed but at the same time is formal somehow. Nonetheless, she looks great. I was about to compliment her until Sakura came out as well.

Sakura exited in a thin white sweater, a striped skirt, and black stockings with a smile on her face. She didn't have her glasses on, perhaps she forgot them?



"I'm glad I have a photographic memory..." I thought to myself, happy to see this scene. While I wouldn't be swayed by any tactics revolving around phenotypes and fashion, that doesn't mean I can't appreciate them.

"Ayo? What does that mean Kiyopon~?" Haruka asked, seeming to have heard what I blurted out loud.

"Did I say something?" I feigned ignorance.

"Yes, something about photos." Matsushita this time chimed in, either to remind me or because she knew what I was trying to do.

"Oh yes. I said, 'Too bad I don't have a good quality camera, otherwise, we could take a picture together.' I think. I didn't know I voiced my thoughts out loud though." This in itself is a lie, but it is relatively true the phone camera quality isn't that great, at least the ones the school provides. They wouldn't hand out the latest generation of Apple or Samsung phones, instead it's a... I'm not even sure which company it belongs to. Due to this school being run by the government and the restrictions on each device, I wouldn't be surprised if these phones were manufactured for this school specifically. The camera quality is probably 720p though.

"Yes! We should take a picture! Airi-chan, you have a camera rig-huh, Is Airi-chan not out yet?" Haruka shouted in agreement with what I said and started searching for Sakura, who was beside her. If I didn't catch a glimpse of her without glasses before, I might have done something similar, even Matsushita joined in looking around for her.

"H-Haruka-san, I'm right here," Sakura said, raising her hand weakly. She was almost near tears, probably at the fact nobody noticed her existence.

"Huh, who are you and why do you know my name? Eh, wait..." Haruka's confused voice completely evident trailed off and put a finger on her chin as if she was pondering something.

"SHIZUKU!"

As soon as she shouted that, Sakura looked petrified. Shizuku is an idol from what I heard, I only saw a glimpse of her on Ike and Yamauchi's phone, but I never really thought they were the same person. I didn't remember that until I heard her stage name just now but this is bad. Everybody in the store is peering here with

curious eyes, mainly at the pink hair a few can see over the stalls.

Sakura was still frozen stiff, the only movement sound movement she made was, "S-Shizuku? S-Shizuku?" like a broken record player. Moving fast, I ran into the stall she was previously in and saw...

No one, which I'm grateful for.

I wish.

A girl with purple hair, a ponytail on the right side of her head, and the rest flowing to her thighs entered my field of vision. She wasn't fully naked, just taking off the other black thigh high on her leg that was bare but was still clearly confused seeing me. However, her eyes bore into my very being with a glare that can kill.

"Sorry, just came here to get something," I explained, averting my gaze from her the rest of the time, and then scanned the entire room for the set of red glasses. I found them right on the bench, retrieved them, and quickly jumped slightly back into the confined room. I narrowly dodged the unexpected kick, which involved a leg fully lifting and slamming down, hitting with the heel.

That was aimed at my back by the unknown girl next to me. Her reaction time was immediate, and unlike Satou who thought to scream first, she was not hesitant in the slightest to try hitting me. I can tell she wasn't that skilled in fighting but that's beside the point. She was tilting backward about to fall, head in the trajectory of the crashing into the mirror that was nearly the height of the room. If I left her, even if I'm in a rush, she could be hospitalized, and I rather not be the cause of such an event nor let anything like that happen.

I leaped to her side, catching her legs which were flailing in the air with my left arm, pulling her close to me. Noticing I still wouldn't close the distance in time, I released her legs and a split second after slid on the floor, managing to slip my right arm under her back right below her shoulder. Knowing her upper body was secured, I kicked my right leg out, which skidded across the floor, to the approximate location her rear would land.

I'm sure all of you know how painful it is to hit your tailbone on something hard right?

Due to the small space, my head slammed into the back wall, creating a loud thud similar to a decibel level you might expect for a bass drum. The wall even reverberated slightly from the impact and my head has a burning sensation. I looked to my side, and due to my taller stature, my head was the only thing that collided with the wall, and could feel a soft sensation on my leg, opposite to the hard floor on the other side.

I think she had enough mass on her rear that my previous worry was unfounded, It's impossible for her to hit her tailbone with that amount... My hand feels full as well and it's soft enough for me to know it's not a shoulder.

"Ahn~."



Without looking and based on the sound I just heard, it's her breast.

I immediately tried to separate from her but she beat me to the punch. She literally slammed her fist which was near her chest into my groin. If I didn't experience this repeatedly in the white room and didn't have a high pain threshold it might have worked. She hit my rod which was shielding my seed carriers more anyways.

I stood up, checking my condition briefly before leaving this ungrateful woman whose life I just saved. Might be dramatic, but mirrors are nearly always made of glass, who knew where the shards could've landed? Anyways, I could tell I wasn't injured much at all, my head probably wouldn't even form a bump. I can't say the same for the drywall, which now has paint cracking and an indent right below the bottom of the mirror though. Feeling like it was time to leave before she tried attacking me again, I ran back to Sakura post haste.

Passing through the curtain, I can see a lot of people gathered. Everyone had their attention on the room I just exited, leaving Sakura wide open. Their eyes followed me though, it would be impossible to discreetly hand back Sakura her glasses. I could run past her and try to slide them in her hand or perhaps snatch her up and run around the corner with her, while simultaneously putting her glasses on and setting her on the floor in the other aisle. I only thought of this because she still looks completely unresponsive, and I don't think I can trust her to react to me handing her glasses.

You might be wondering why I am going so far for her. If she is Shizuku who is an idol, it would change everybody's actions toward her. Some might try to get in her goodwill, praise her, or do countless other things. All of those include her being surrounded, which is the opposite of what a shy person like her would want. If she wanted that, she wouldn't try to hide her identity in the first place.

The point is, I relate to her in not wanting to stand out. Although I was made to due to multiple circumstances that's not important right now. If I can preserve her peaceful life, I should. Unlike me, she might have a nervous breakdown and even drop out of this school if she gets found out.

Now, to commence the second idea I had, I got ready to scoop her

up until somebody behind me yelled, "Pervert!"

I didn't need to look behind me to know it was probably the purple-haired person I met just now but that was just the distraction I needed. I could feel the gazes falling off of me, redirecting to probably the stall once again.

In that time frame, I fully reached Sakura, who was still zoned out as I thought, and slid the glasses on her face precisely, being careful to not poke her eye.

Once that was done, I grabbed a mask I had handy in my pocket, and a large tie-dye leather overcoat to my right putting both on the way intended. I then reached for the well-misplaced wig, which was long silky blonde hair, and plopped it on my head. I think the hair and coat were made for women but oh well.

Noticing gazes on me once again, probably wondering where that running kid who exited the same stall went, I stood taller with my shoulders broader than usual and combed my fake hair back with my hand.



"My my, for what do I owe these amount of stares? As expected of this perfect self. This many eyes upon me is only natural," I changed my tone of voice, matching a certain narcissistic classmate of mine, and acted like him as well, cringing on the inside the whole time. I managed to contort my face slightly to match but it might have

looked slightly unpersuasive. I, by no means, look like Koenji. I just acted like him as he seems to repel people pretty effortlessly. Nobody should really question which class I am from or my name so this was the safest option to escape being put on trial. Some might notice it's me, due to the similar pants but I'm sure the four people I came here with wouldn't mention it. Right?

Everybody looked away, immediately disinterested. Correction, it appears nobody was able to identify me, even my friends. My study group failed to notice but I guess that's how sublime my perfect acting skills are.

Now let's drop this pseudo mindset before it starts contaminating me.

Purple-chan was completely ignored at this point, nobody believing what she said or everybody too occupied with something else. Looking at her now though, standing in front of the stall, one of her legs are bare, and the buttons on her shirt are slightly undone. Once she gave up, she looked down with a shriek and hurried back into the room.

I feel bad for her but good for me I guess. I'll remember her face so I can apologize at a later date. I hope I can receive one from her too, but with her stubborn personality, that appears impossible. I don't even know her name though, or her class so who knows when we will meet again. We have to get out here quickly or she might find me though...

"Wait, why did I walk over here in the first place? OH SHIZUKU! Where is she?!" A voice filled the room, reminding everyone of the original reason they came. Wait, was that Yamauchi? Thanks to him, my existence was even more a foreign thought in their heads. I feel somewhat grateful to him for the first time.

Sakura, who finally came back to earth, began to panic until Haruka walked towards her, hugging her while saying, "That's where you were Airi-chan! I was looking for you. Do you know where Shizuka-san went?"

Sakura shook her head no in response after a brief pause and sighed

in relief when Haruka stepped away and stood on her tippy toes, searching for the disappeared idol who just so happened to be her friend. Satou then appeared and I forgot that I haven't seen her in the outfit yet.



She wore a forest green top with a tie-on maroon skirt done neatly in a bow.

"You look great Satou, great pick," I said but was suddenly returned with a disgusted glare. Why was she- oh wait, I'm still wearing the disguise. Swiftly taking off the wig and mask, and coat right after, I faced her once again but she just looked extremely perplexed.

"Why were you dressed like that Ayanokoji-kun?"

"Uh, I just thought it would be cool," I made up a lame excuse which I thought the opposite of to which she responded with, "You look cool already all the time, looking like a dork won't help."

I don't know if she was complimenting me, insulting my impromptu disguise, or maybe a mixture of both.

"Ara ara Maya-san~. Is that a confession?" The rare, once-in-a-blue-moon teasing Matsushita popped out, targeting Satou, who was

nearing a red tomato in color.

"N-n-no! He just looks stupid!" Satou defended, full-on dissing both me and my costume. At least that clears up that she wasn't complimenting me, even if it was disappointing.

"Hm, what's happening?" Haruka, who gave up on her idol search appeared back.

"Nothing at all. Now, everybody has their chosen outfits right? Let's go to the register, there's no line right now," I didn't explain anything to her and suggested we all go to purchase what they have. There was no line at all as I said, due to the fact people are still scouting and strolling around in the hope to catch a glimpse of Shizuku. Is Sakura that well-known as an idol?

Everybody reached an agreement and we- no I- paid for all the clothes at the register, a whopping 60,000 yen with tax. They had a buy 3 get one free option for the first option they selected. We exited the store and continued our outing to a dining place we decided on was MagRonalds. I think they wanted to go easy on my point balance after spending that much.

My balance was still pretty high of course but I normally should have 10,000 points, almost like the number of words in this chapter right now, left in their eyes. They probably assumed I was very frugal in my spending before now, hence why I was able to afford it.

I wonder how angry Horikita-senpai would be if he found out I used close to a twelfth of the points he gave me for other girls besides Suzune...

At least they, especially Haruka, should go easier on me than before out of the imaginary shame of bankrupting me. They each held their own shopping bags in consideration to me, which beforehand, I imagined them forcing me to carry them. That's already an improvement.

Entering MagRonalds, a small modern building about halfway full, we headed towards a kiosk and selected what we wanted. Not only was MagRonalds selected because it was cheap, but also due to convenience. Haruka, Satou, and Matsushita said they planned to do something following our lunch, but they refused to tell Sakura and I. They mentioned we should eat lightly, for whatever reason, and eat on the go or else we would miss it. That means it's scheduled and probably booked, so what better place to get a meal from than a fast food place?

Each one of us just ordered a cheeseburger or chicken sandwich. I chose the chicken sandwich as it tastes better in my opinion, everybody else ordered the other. I ordered an extra sundae for myself right at the end and I paid the reasonably cheap price of 2,500 yen by tapping my phone on the order screen. Not even after 2 minutes, we received them and started walking, with Matsushita leading the way. Eating while walking makes me apprehensive that I might drop my sandwich or most importantly, my ice cream.

If you are wondering why I ordered a sundae even if we were in a rush, I'll list four reasons.

First off, Ice cream is amazing.

Secondly, I can eat ice cream as fast as I want without getting a brain freeze at all.

Thirdly, I believe they said lightly as we might do something that either will cause us to vomit or get a cramp, and I should be fine with both. I have a durable stomach and haven't gotten a cramp since I was 11 years old. It's not like we are going to a fitness center anyways unless Matsushita, Satou, and Haruka are exercise addicts.

Lastly, Ice cream is amazing.

"We are 10 minutes away," Matsushita's voice rang out, giving us an estimated time of arrival. That also reminded me how large this Keyaki mall is if it takes 10 minutes to get to the place when Magronalds is in the center. I could possibly guess it's on the outskirts of the mall but I have no idea what lies in the direction we are heading. I don't typically take a trip to the mall at all...

"It starts at eight! Walk faster!" Satou exclaimed, clearly excited, and rushed us because of the event that seems to start at 3:45 PM, maybe 4:00 PM

I ate my main meal bite after bite and then spooned my ice cream into my mouth leisurely, 1 scoop every ten seconds. If I needed to speed up or chug it at the end, I'll do so but I rather savor the taste at this moment. All of us just made a straight line and weaved through the considerably packed crowd, full of much more people than earlier today, while chewing on our food. Well, you don't chew ice cream but I'm sure you understand what I mean.

Eventually, Matsushita stopped in front of our destination. A movie theater.

"Now, we are here! Prepare for the movie!" Satou turned around, being dramatic for no reason I can think of and we entered the lobby. I've never been to a movie theater in my life but that's to be expected due to my childhood and all. However, I never understood why one would go outside, and watch a movie when you could watch the movie at home instead. I understand they bring in more money versus the online counterpart most of the time and usually release new things earlier but still. There's a chance for spoilers or a noisy group next to you from what I hear. I also heard going with others makes the experience more enjoyable so maybe I'll see what that means here.

"W-what movie are we watching?" Sakura stuttered, and a scared look appeared on her face. I'm pretty sure even she knows or at least has an idea of the genre.

"Halloween Kills!" Haruka shouted this time, mentioning a horror film. It's not even the middle of Spring right now, why are we watching a Halloween movie? I have another question too...

"Uh, how does a holiday kill? Is it a mysterious phenomenon like tree roots or decorations moving?" I asked, genuinely confused.

"Haha, no. It's a slasher film and a person kills people on Halloween night. You haven't heard of Micheal Myers before Ayanokoji-kun?" Matsushita inquired while chuckling slightly at the start.

Who?

I can assume it's the killer but I don't know anyone with that name at all and she said it like it's well-known.

"Oh, got it," I just pretended to know, otherwise, they might question my upbringing. I can definitely imagine Haruka asking what rock have I been living under. It's beneath Mount {Redacted}'s peak where I grew up to be specific.

We started walking towards to ticket stand, and each paid for our own ticket for which I'm glad they didn't pin it on me again. Each slip of paper had a theater number, a seat number, and a row letter with 4:00 PM stamped on top.

"Ok, let's use the restroom before it starts. It's terrible when you miss some of the movie because of having to go during it. Let's meet up at the concession stand once done, ok Ayanokoji-kun?"

Matsushita suggested an idea I fully agreed to. The movie begins at 4:00 PM, at least that's what it says on the ticket, so we have more than enough time to use the bathroom. In Haruka's eyes, I probably used it at the clothing store, but we all just ate so it's understandable.

Walking into the Men's bathroom, I stood at the urinal in the completely empty restroom. I had to go with the shorter one, not because of my height but uh, another reason.

I did my business and just as I was about to finish, somebody stepped beside me, in the other urinal. I didn't look at them, it's rule #1 while using the bathroom, but there are plenty of other toilets they could've used, why chose the one directly adjacent to me? It was uncomfortable but I could tell they had no bad intentions, not sparing me a glance either. I flushed, stepped away, approached the sink, washed my hands, and walked out of the room.

Was that Hirata in the mirror reflection just now?

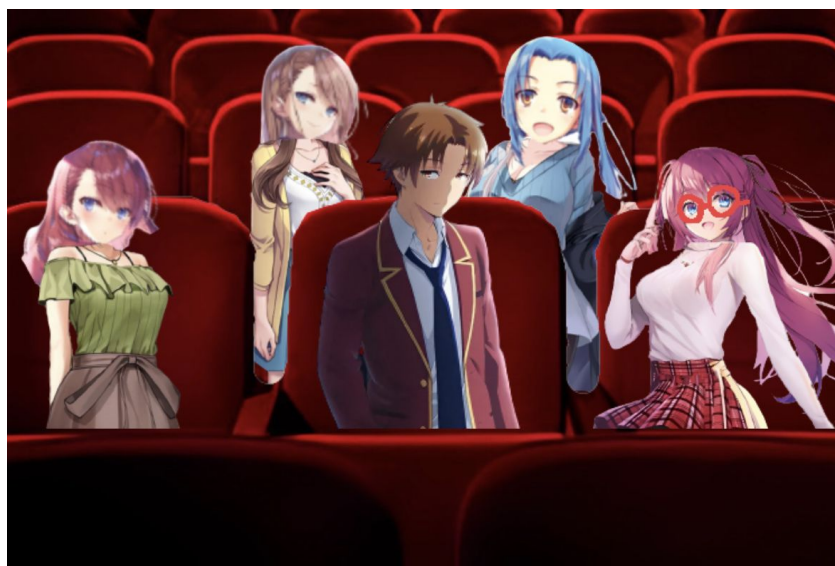
I believe he and Karuizawa are dating, so he possibly might be here with her watching a different movie than us. The slasher genre doesn't do romance well, it usually kills it.

Anyways, I waited near the food for the rest of my group. Once they walked over, we decided on what to get, purchasing a large popcorn along with 2 large juice cups.

I held onto the drinks while Haruka held onto the popcorn, she held it a bit low and too close to her in my personal opinion but if it's comfortable for her, so be it. Matsushita also grabbed straws and cups to split the popcorn and juice into instead of having to pass them around the whole time. I honestly thought we would skip this but Satou proclaimed, "Food improves the movie mood!" to which I agreed.

However, food improves any mood.

Strolling down the right hallway, we finally entered the movie room, which should begin in 5 minutes from now. We were near the center middle of the theater, Matsushita and Haruka were in row F and the rest of us were directly in front of them in row E. This seating arrangement allows us to talk more freely instead of the line placement I originally imagined they did.



"Airi-chan. Are you excited about this movie? It was rated really high so I'm excited!" Haruka asked Sakura from behind, to which she shook her head in denial saying, "Horror movies aren't really

my thing..."

"I didn't think you would enjoy them Airi-chan but it should be fun! How about you Kiyopon?" Haruka questioned me next.

I don't think the word horror and fun typically match unless you're a psychopath of some sort but I get what she means.

I've watched only one thriller or horror movie in my entire life. The name of it was Countdown.

I didn't understand what made these films so interesting and I wondered throughout the whole thing, are these people dumb? I know they are fictional but still, don't skip the terms of conditions, especially on a suspicious app like that. Is seeing shadows walking around your house and hallucinating that scary?

"This is my second horror movie so maybe?" I spoke monotonously while praying this movie would interest me at least a little.

"Only second? I can't wait till I see you cower in fear." Haruka creepily hoped for me to yell probably wanting to see a change in my expression but seriously, word it differently and try not to sound like a delinquent antagonist.

I just nodded to her words and the lights around the room began to dim. The final commercial ended, and something about Mr. Clean, and a studio name popped up with a globe animation.

To all the people who haven't watched this movie, I will not spoil it. After all, I'm not a heartless monster who adds people to my toolkit.

Anyways.

Throughout the movie which didn't make much sense to me at all, there was a killer named Micheal Myers just as Haruka said.

He had some mental issues and never said a single word throughout it but he survived unreal situations.

He also seemed to possess super strength of some sort helping him escape from being dead.

Murdering people and murdering some more, the gore was plentiful in this horror creation.

Sakura to my left almost fainted and let out squeals at everything that can be remotely classified as scary although it makes sense due to the amount of the color red.

Haruka was there making fun of her although I could tell by her pale complexion full of complications.

During the movie, Satou was similar to Sakura, just toned down but made physical contact with me, making me wonder in my head.

At one part she boldly held my hand and squeezed it as if her life depended on it for the movie's duration.

How lewd, don't give me a reason to spread your legs and cause an 'accident' that makes somebody bred.

Matsushita was similar to how I acted during the movie showing little reactions.

Why did everyone else in this theater scream in dread?

Now that the movie ended, it was 5:50 PM. It wasn't the best I've watched but interesting nonetheless.

What's so scary about a guy who can't run?

The suspense I guess.

The five of us exited the movie theater without a single word. Sakura stumbled the whole way, and Satou lagged behind slightly. Haruka tried to skip to show how 'energetic' she was, but her other mannerisms still suggested otherwise.

I understand why everybody else didn't say anything but why didn't Matsushita speak? Her actions in the theater don't show she was scared I believe, but why is walking like a robot that's in dire need of WD-40?

We continued walking with no word, all the way to the dorms as it was getting late. Into the elevator, we went until I finally spoke up.

"Was the movie that bad?"

They all jumped a little, slightly out of sync, at the words I just said. Either the sudden noise spooked them or it was scary for them indeed.

The elevator neared the floor 4 seconds later and I left them with, "Good night then, I'll see you four tomorrow at school I guess."

I stepped out of the elevator, leaving the awkward atmosphere behind but I'm sure it lingered with me, even now when I'm in front of my doorway. Maybe I should make sure they're alright, it feels rude to leave them like that anywa- what's this tugging at my sleeve?

Tilting my head to the left, I saw the four people who I thought left already at my side. Satou, the one who caught my attention, asked with puppy dog eyes, "Ayanokoji-kun... can we sleep here tonight?"

Eh?

"You all want to sleep here?" I wondered if I heard that right so I had to ask. That's not allowed in this school because of the curfew from what I know. Or possibly it's due to the school frowning upon sex which I'm certain won't happen here.

They all just nodded, and the ones in the back did puppy dog eyes as well besides Sakura who had a staring competition with the nearby floor.

"You sure? I am a guy, who knows what could happen," I bluntly warned, trying to make them rethink their decision. Much to my dismay, they didn't and immediately shook their heads vertically. If I were to be optimistic, it shows they trust me. Imagining it in a pessimistic way, they don't see me as a proper man.

"Fine, come in before somebody sees you gathered here..." I would've put more of a fight up but it's 6:00 Pm, around dinner time. The number of people circulating through the dorms is

extremely high right now, as most high schoolers go out to eat. I wouldn't be surprised if someone in this hallway came out of the room in the next ten seconds. If I need to, I could kick them out later. In a nice way of course.

Their depressed and pleading appearances switched to relieved and ecstatic expressions right after. I held the door for them, entering last with a quick surveying glance of the hallway. The coast was clear with no one having seen us enter.

With a sigh, I shut the door behind me and proceeded to interrogate the four girls that already got comfortable like they owned the place.

"What made you want to stay here?"

"The movie was really scary..." Matsushita voiced her thoughts, sitting on the bed while staring at her feet glumly.

So she was scared despite her appearance which hinted otherwise most of the time. It felt sudden but I guess that's how Matsushita deals with slasher films or anything in general.

"It'd be safe if we were with someone athletic like Ayanokoji-kun. You were close to breaking the swimming world record so I'm sure you can put up a fight!" Satou enthusiastically praised me for continuing what Matsushita mentioned, having high hopes I could protect them.

"You overestimate me..." I said knowing I won't be able to protect that well. I can probably ward off somebody like Michael Myers by myself. I imagined multiple ways to take him down and I believe, based on the time of each swing or movement, I am slightly faster, in reflexes and speed. He seems to pack more of a punch though but I'm trained to beat the odds. Knowing his durability, I'd imagine cutting him up to pieces would be the best. I wonder if I could get away with murder in school if it was self-defense against a well-known killer.

If it wasn't a fictional serial killer but somebody with a firearm, I can't dodge bullets. I can judge the direction and the position of the

gun to estimate bullet trajectory, moving beforehand. I'm still human though. If multiple people with guns raided the room, we'd be doomed unless I get my hands on a gun. They actually underestimate me in that case.

Moving on, both of those circumstances are extremely unlikely, nigh impossible. They have no need for physical protection so I believe they think of me more as insurance and an emotional support pillar currently.

In the few seconds I thought about all of this, Satou responded with, "You shouldn't lie Ayanokoji-kun."

"No, it's weird that you think I can beat a serial killer who has survived impossible things..." and that's exactly the truth. Why does she have high expectations for me to protect them when they don't even know half of what I'm capable of?

"Anyways, where are you going to sleep? What about food?" I questioned, genuinely curious on their response.

"That doesn't matter Kiyopon~!"

Oh, I'm sure it matters greatly and it's concerning how you're pushing it off like that.

Sighing for the second time in this room, I finally asked, "What about showering then?"

"Oh, about that..." Haruka's voice trailed off, creating suspense as I waited for her answer.

Are they going to go off to their rooms and come back after? I doubt they'll just skip showering altogether, especially when a boy is aware of it. So what then?

"We all have pajamas packed with us! We even brought shampoo and body wash!" She exclaimed and put her fists on her hips, proud of their preparedness. However, there are multiple things to consider based on what she said.

They all coordinated it together if Haruka is aware they were all

prepared. There is no way girls usually pack pajamas in their bags from what I know.

They may have planned a sleepover from the beginning, the horror movie was just the cover and planned reason for it.

She didn't have to mention body wash, so now my imagination is running amok into things that shouldn't be thought of in the first place.

'The water droplets off of their white skin', is just one of the safer thoughts that crossed my mind.

We're all friends. I shouldn't be wondering how they look when they shower.

Knowing that they prepared pajamas, they probably readied their uniforms for school tomorrow morning as well so there's no need to ask unnecessary questions.

"Nice to see you're prepared then. Does somebody want to shower while I cook?"

"I'll go first but you can cook?! What are you making?" Satou volunteered and pondered what I could be making while gathering her clothes.

"I have ingredients in my fridge to make a chicken vegetable stir fry, so that's what I'll make. Hopefully, you guys enjoy it," I never cooked for anyone else, but I believe my food is palatable but I'm not the best person to ask about that. Anything is better than the White Room Chop I was fed.

"Can you make green tea too? I want some more!" Haruka asked, piling more things on my cooking list. Tea isn't hard to make, so I nodded without any qualms.

"I can help you cook Ayanokoji-kun," Matsushita offered to help.

"It's fine, I can't make a guest cook. You can watch TV while you wait, I'll be in the kitchen," I denied her offer and she backed down knowing I wasn't going to. I feel more comfortable cooking by

myself anyways.

"Don't peek Ayanokoji-kun!" Satou yelled, poking her head out the bathroom door and warning me playfully.

"I promise I won't," I reassured her.

If I do end up peeling, it's not my fault, it's my curse.

It's not like it's possible if she locks the door like a normal person anyways. Doors don't just fall down, right? There's a shower curtain too so it's not like she would leave it open.

Looking over to my left, I can see and hear the Television set that was just turned on a began cooking.

Wait, what's that strange scent? It's gone now, maybe I just imagined it.

I minced garlic and onions to add into the recently heated pan on the burner, and soon after, I cut the chicken breast into strips, dropping it into the browned onions and grilling it on the pan. While that cooked and I stirred it, I added the broccoli I split into three parts vertically, and the sliced small cubed bell pepper. I also added the cut cabbage and string beans into the mixture, giving it another stir before adding seasoning like shoyu in for taste. I cleaned up while picking the pan up, flipping the contents inside occasionally, and set water in the kettle to boil for the tea.

After I completed everything, I served the food on the table where the girls were already waiting without me having to say a word. While I cooked, Satou and Haruka have already showered and were dressed in their pajamas.

"Are you planning to become a chef or something? Just the serving setup and the appearance of the food is making my mouth water!" Haruka complimented my cooking saying something completely obvious. They were practically drooling on the surface of the table before I even set the food in front of them.

Scanning their expressions, I noticed something in the background. Did my towel fall off of that? Why is it exposed now?

"Thanks," I simply spoke, grateful for the praise disregarding the thing I noticed.

As we all sat down, we all said, "Itadakimasu!" And dug into our meal. This definitely was one of the better things I cooked.

We all finished the decent-sized meal within ten minutes, tea included.

"That was better than the expensive food I bought last week! You're a great cook Ayanokoji-kun," Matsushita this time said and commended my culinary skills.

"Can we have more tea?" Satou inquired, clearly waiting for more.

"Thank you, Matsushita. I'll make some more after everyone's showered Satou," I answered, to which the latter pouted. I'm sure it's not that satisfactory but perhaps she's a tea fanatic. The same would apply for the rest of them who also pouted and that's unrealistic.

Knowing they'll get some of my brew after they shower, Haruka and Satou rushed Matsushita and Sakura who were already moving fast.

I gathered, and washed their plates despite their offers to help again and sat down on the bed, looking at the television that was playing a movie. I haven't a clue as to its name but don't care enough as it's just been in the background. Haruka and Satou seem to be intrigued by it so that's fine.

Matsushita who just got out of the shower, dressed in sleep attire, sat on my la- at my side watching the movie along with us, Sakura going in the shower now. Matsushita's hair glistened in the dim light that was currently on. I turned my eyes away after a glimpse, my method of being respectful.

I might be mentally identifying everything I saw that affected me with my perfect memory but that's not necessary information. I'll withhold it and keep it to me and me alone. Why are my thoughts straying in this direction repeatedly?

Waiting some more and hearing the water turn off in the bathroom,

I got my pajamas, just a t-shirt with sweatpants and my other necessary piece of clothing. I don't like that the three in the room were watching me the whole time I readied to wash myself.

As soon as Sakura got out, I entered the bathroom, locking the door behind me.

If Sakura just got out of the shower, I wonder if she left the bathwater. She's an Idol so I can surely make a profit off of it.

I would never do that, I'm not even sure why it crossed my mind...

Stripping to get into the shower and struggling to take off my clothes, mainly due to my unexpected awake member, I turned on the shower and stood in it, cleaning my body. I switched it to cold after realizing I'm overheating. Am I sick? How so sudden and why? I should be practically immune to a lot of sicknesses and the ones I'm not, my immune system should handle for the most part.

Dressing and exiting the bathroom, I could tell something was definitely off. The girls, who I expected to be watching the movie, sat in complete silence gathered in a circle in front of the bathroom door.

"Uh, what's wrong?" I questioned at the strangeness of the situation. Why would they wait for me in this manner even if they had a question?

"Kiyotaka-kun, can we call you that?" Satou spoke up, requesting permission to use my first name. I guess it was about time, I'm on a first-name basis with Haruka so doing so with them should be fine. I didn't want to sound creepy, hence why I didn't ask them first.

"That's fine with me. I'll call each of you by your first names now. Maya, Chiaki, and Airi," I stated, accepting her recommendation.

"Then..." Maya said and they all stood up abruptly.

"Impregnate us!" they all said in unison, shocking me to my very core.

They jumped at me, tackling me to the floor. Chiaki laid on my left

arm and left leg, trying to keep them in place. Sakura did the same with the right side and Haruka and Satou started to untie my pants to disrobe me in my confusion.

Making a quick decision, I broke free from their grasp, propped myself to my feet, and stood in a fighting stance, fully ready to repel them.

"Sorry, I'm not ready to be a father yet. It'll only hurt for a second." I denied their plea. Why did my words make it sound like it was fine if we didn't do babymaking?

Dancing through the girls who were in the middle of getting up, I chopped each of them on the neck right below the ear in rapid succession, reaping them of their consciousness.

Now, what caused this? It seems that their, and maybe even my sex drives are abnormally high. It would explain this nonsense but I had to check. I crouched down next to Haruka who was closest to me and ran my finger in circles on her stomach.

"Ahhhn~!"

That created a louder moan than I expected but that meant something indeed heightened our lustful sides, an aphrodisiac of sorts. I thought back to the events of the night.

It certainly wasn't the food we bought or the food I made, including the green tea. That means wasn't consumed, and we can scratch off the injected through needle option.

Was it through a gas we breathed in? It had to be in a closed room to be effective, meaning it was in this dorm room. That would explain the scent I picked up while cooking.

Is it the...

Walking over in the bedroom to the dresser, I picked up the object they left in my room yesterday. The button was pressed and was blue in color, opposite to the red it was previously. Holding it close to my face, I got a whiff of the smell I remember from earlier. It was this. Who pressed the button and better yet, why did they have such

a thing in their possession? It released an aphrodisiac gas, why is it sold?

Pressing the button, it returned to its previous red again, hopefully turning off.

Could be useful later on...

I opened the window to air out the room and headed back to the girl pile. Lifting Airi to the bathroom and setting her down, I pulled one of my extra toothbrushes out and brushed her teeth. Even after all that happened, I can't let them go to sleep without brushing their teeth, that's disgusting.

So even if it took 15 minutes for all of them combined along with weird moans, their tongue wrapping around the toothbrush, sucking and swallowing the contents in their mouth, it was all for the sake of hygiene.

After I finished each one of them, I tossed them on the mattress, gently obviously, as they fell into a similar position they did the other day.

For my safety, but mainly theirs, I grabbed my spare sheets and headed inside the bathroom, purposefully not locking the door. They might need to enter here when it's morning, and the aphrodisiac should be fully worn off by then. While they should sleep through the night, I can always place them back if they awaken.

I was preparing myself for sleep, and brushing my teeth was part of it. After drying the interior of the bathtub with a spare towel, I laid a comforter inside the tub grabbed a pillow and blanket, and hopped in. I set an alarm for early tomorrow morning as insurance, knowing I'll wake up before it anyways despite the comfortless shuteye I might fetch. I should futons at some point specifically for sleepovers like this

~Author's Notes~

Word count: 14.5k

20th chapter!

Picture spree, a total of 22, 21 edited by me. Apparently, 20 is the limit you can post per chapter on Wattpad lol. I put some links on here with images I couldn't fit, I'm sure you saw them lol.

What would be a cool image?

Ayanokoji head-chopping Hiyori (a suggestion made by [Mrswager561](#) , this is inevitable either way now :3)

or

ANHS school with strings connected on nearly every important character, all leading to Ayanokoji's hand (suggestion by [achillingdude](#)).

Vote on these two or come up with an idea of your own.

The final chapter of volume one will contain some extra edits and art, which is gonna be a flashback to multiple things from other POVs.

The classes hearing about the T-Rex (Suggested by [Tomorrow216](#)), misc store purchase, the ding dong ditch gift mentioned in this chapter, and probably some other things is some examples.

One final thing. After finishing volume one, I'll fix some things that were pointed out to me. Grammar mistakes, misspellings, and stuff like that. I'll do my best to not edit stuff with comments on it, I especially need to preserve the 100+ comment-long cursed

discussion. More photos mainly the headers, will be added as well



Hope you have a good day, and fun while reading this, bye-bye.

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Preparations With a Side of Complications

Reads: 4974 | Votes: 178 | Comments: 163

My eyes opened welcoming the shower head and the tub I'm in. Rising from my sleep meant it was probably 4:00 am. That or something foreign and unwanted woke me up. Quickly checking, it was indeed the time I imagined.



Although I wanted to stay in the tub, I stood up and took care of my hygienic needs. I exited the room, grabbed some water, saw the girls sleeping on the bed, and snuck back. I then started my daily body conditioning right in the middle of the bathroom floor while letting my mind wander.

Why did today have to be Monday?

Whenever there's school, there's trouble yet I guess that happens either way.

Finishing my upper body and lower body workout, I snuck out of the room without a single creak of the floorboard and proceeded with my training, running, for cardiovascular exercise.

It was 4:45 am, I don't want to wake them up yet but I'll do so when I get back. That is if they're not up already.

While running, stride after stride, I thought about what I should-no, have to do today. Everything is pretty much correlated with the mid-term, essentially just three things.

One of them is the daily studying with Haruka, Chiaki, Maya, and Airi but I for some reason feel as if it would be postponed.

The remaining two aren't necessarily important at the moment but I'll plan how I'll go about them. It's best to zone out while exercising anyways.

Jogging back inside after I fully completed my daily training regimen, I was met with a deserted room.

I initially expected them to be sleeping yet there wasn't a single one in sight. They even tidied up after themselves, the bed done neatly. My nose tingled as a scent of Febreze met it.

Why did they use an air freshener?

Ignoring that, their extra effort spared me some time and from the hassle. Talking to them after what happened last night would be quite the task but let's hope we can reconcile soon.

Let's not question why they brought an aphrodisiac, more specifically to my room and activated it intentionally.

I'm sure they don't like me, hence why I don't see a need to think further unless...

Were they trying to expel me?

No.

They would've taken themselves down too and I don't think I've given them a reason to hate me.

That is if you don't count me kissing, touching, and some other unmentionables without their permission.

They have no malicious intent toward me so I might just be overthinking it.

Right?

On a different yet somewhat similar topic, there has to be a way to lessen some of the accidental accidents. With all of the skills I possess and the accuracy I have with my body, how do I keep on getting into these situations?

Most of the time they're unavoidable, like when I had to catch Suzune or Purple-Chan because they could've gotten hurt. That is understandable, but I should've at least been able to stick my landing.

Putting my head up someone's skirt and grabbing another's breast when I landed was not desired at all.

The only thing that can explain these phenomena is that I'm doing it subconsciously, in other words, purposely.

Wait...

That would explain how I always fall in a weird way.

If my stance on the bus was sturdier and I was holding onto a bar in the first place, I wouldn't have tumbled to the ground with

Kuwahara-san and Kushida...

If I ducked out of the way or at least caught Ichinose from the side, she wouldn't have yukadon'd me. Same with Chiaki. If I had my legs against the back of her chair, it would be impossible for it to fully collapse in my direction.

From catching Suzune, Hirata catching me, kissing Suzune, and collapsing with Chiaki, Maya, Suzune, Karuizawa, and Shinohara, if I had positioned myself in a slightly different spot, perhaps the situation wouldn't have happened.

That pretty much applies to nearly everything else that happened too.

The one example I can't fully explain is Chabashira-sensei tripping on a pencil and hugging me in her sleep. Thinking back on it, I think that pencil had an A.K. written on the side and I suppose I could've made her trip in my direction with enough precision.

Impossible for me to have predicted she would be an aggressive pillow squeezer in her sleep but the initial cause seems plausible enough.

It's unthinkable that I would do all of these on purpose ever since I was little though, so let's just say they all were indeed accidents and bad luck for the sake of my sanity.

Oh, I should start getting ready for school. I have to leave early today.

Arriving at the large archway of the educational institution, I stepped through, heading in the same direction as usual. However, I passed the classroom with no intention of entering it in the first place and knocked on an office door.

The office specifically belonged to Chabashira-sensei.

If she wasn't here, I would've checked the staff room, but to my

luck, I heard rustling and movement behind the door

After a brief 15-second wait, the door swung back, and the first thing I saw was her face. Not her cleavage that always was revealed.

Seriously, the school should provide her with a custom-size uniform if it's too tight in the chest area. Never mind, scratch that. They wear their own clothes meaning she picked them out herself. If anything, that doesn't make it any better.

"Oh, Ayanokoji? What do you need?" she asked, with an expected confused look. It's not an everyday thing where students want to talk to a teacher at 7:30 AM even though school starts an hour later. It might have been a bit early, but I want to relax before class started.

"Good morning Chabashira-sensei, can I come in? I would like to talk about the upcoming Midterm Exam," I stated, staring at her directly in the eyes. Her gaze was unsteady unlike mine though.

Right after, I raised my left hand slightly, cupping her cheek to hold her face in position.

"A-ayanokoji?!" she stuttered all of a sudden, her eyes moving around, probably thrice as fast as before.

"Sorry, stay still. It'll be over soon," I assured her somewhat frantic tone of voice.



She went at ease for a second like she was elevating to heaven but...

I pulled my face closer, inspecting her face, mainly her pupils that looked like spirals again. Soon after she closed them, and stopped her struggling which was much appreciated. Lifting my right arm in the same orientation as its opposite, I rubbed my thumb against her closed eyelids cleaning them from any foreign objects.

I, of course, checked my fingers beforehand (Ahem) for their cleanliness but while previously looking closer at her eyes, I couldn't see anything of the sort but I suppose you normally can't. Her pair in particular though kept twitching as if she had some dust caught in it, hence why I tried to rub it away.

I'm glad she understood what I wanted to do and closed her eyes without me having to instruct her to.

Now you might be wondering why I went out of my way to aid her and the answer is simple. Not only does it help me get in her goodwill some more, improving my image, and so she listens to what I say clearer.

Touching a beautiful women's face was just a side accomplishment that I only thought of after I did so.

I released my hands, dropping them at my side, and backed away slightly saying, "All set then. You should be able to see better now."

Chabashira-sensei's entire body twitched slightly and she opened her eyes slowly, wearing a frown on her face. Was she disappointed or confused and why? Shouldn't she be smiling and thanking me for helping her? I guess she normally doesn't smile but still, what's her deal?

I can imagine her being confused because maybe I did it suddenly, but then why she closed her eyes is beyond me.

Typically, heroines in a school anime do so when expecting a kiss. Keyword, heroines. This is a teacher, a serious one at that, and wouldn't be classified under that category, especially if the protagonist is a student. There was no way she expected such a thing in the first place.

These assumptions, along with some others, repeatedly circulated in my brain and they're not adding up.

"What's wrong sensei?" I stared at her, attempting to sound worried. It'd be better if I asked her than needlessly overcomplicating it in my head.

"N-nothing, come inside Ayanokoji," averting her gaze once again, she spun on the spot, and stepped into the room, holding the door open for me.

"Excuse me then," I walked in, puzzled why she blatantly lied but decided not to question it anymore. In the center of the office a similar size to the dorm rooms, I sat on the chair that just so happened to be positioned in front of her desk.

After shutting the door and clicking the lock, she walked around me and then her table in an orderly fashion and perched herself in a seating position on her swivel chair. I don't see the purpose of swivel chairs. Sure, you can move them easier, but they have a wider frame, might scoot slightly under you, and are usually heavier. I prefer having a solid foundation but the invention I guess is useful when it's for individual use. It'd be terrible if they filled classes with them and if they for some reason did so, they might as well use bean bags instead for seats. Why am I having a debate of my opinion on Swivel chairs inside my head? Even if it only took a few seconds, I shouldn't waste Chabashira-sensei's time.

"So what do you need Ayanokoji?" She asked, awaiting my answer with a look of curiosity.

"I have a question about the Mid-term exam, specifically the scope of topics," I replied and added a short pause before continuing with, "The other day when at the library, I passed by a student from Class 1-B and it appeared they were studying completely different. It's either we had the wrong topic or they did. Which one is it?"

I fully presented what I knew, that was necessary, to get an answer from the get-go. While I could've just waited for her answer just by asking the question, she may have dodged the topic, continuing the conversation for no reason.

Knowing that the students weren't studying past our current level due to the similar difficulty scale, I am already aware of the answer but need the actual material.

Chabashira-sensei, knowing she somewhat owes me for saving her, should hold no qualms about providing the answer. *Should* hold none, but then what was the reason to withhold the information in the first place?

I could imagine she wanted to teach the class a lesson by making it difficult for them, experimented, or maybe even tried to weed out the students bad at academics but there isn't much of a benefit to inquire her thoughts behind it if I somehow have the gist of it already.

Maybe for the request, I should ask her to be more relaxed in class as that might unite everyone more but I'll have to wait for a while to do so. It might seem like I'm criticizing her way of teaching and we aren't really in a relationship for me to give her pointers on how to teach, even if I did help her. She'll be more likely to carry it out better if it's later anyways.

"O-oh, the material for the Mid-terms changed just recently. I must've forgotten to tell the class about it. I'll spread the information in homeroom today," Chabashira stuttered, blaming it on forgetfulness, and announced exactly what I planned to ask her to.

"Thank you Chabashira-sensei, I appreciate it," I expressed my gratitude, kind of at least.

For a second, I thought she would ask me, with hardly any connections to spread it. No, I was sure she would. Maybe she stated she'll do so because she knows I'm not well connected with my classmates, felt it was her fault, didn't want to pin something on someone who helped her, or a mixture of all three.

I could've just handed it to Kushida to spread the material amongst the class but I'm glad I was saved the hassle of asking someone who I'm not fully sure I'm on good terms with. We did do some things, but that doesn't change the fact she might imagine me to be untrustworthy. It was just a couple of days ago that I found out about her other side.

Either way, I'm glad I was spared the trouble of passing the news to our class.

After that, we sat in brief silence. Finishing what I needed to say, I stood up to leave the room about to say my farewells until she uttered from behind me, "Ayanokoji. W-why don't you call me Sae-Chan-sensei like the rest of your classmates?"

"Oh? I always thought you disliked it. If you prefer I call you that, I'll do so," I vocalized my former thoughts but accepted. Whenever students like Ike called her that, I could've sworn I saw her twitch slightly, the cause of my line of thought. Sae-sensei is faster to say

come out smoother than the uncommon last name 'Chabashira' (not that it's bad), so there were no factors that would've made me not agree.

Sae-chan-sensei had a faint smile on her face from my response and added, "Thanks, but can you drop the chan when you do so? It's kind of childish although it does make me feel younger..."

"Sure, I'll do that then Sae-sensei," I once again answered positively to her request. I stood staring at her, the atmosphere growing awkward until she stood up, presumably to let me out of the room.

Thinking about it as she walked over she was trying to joke about the feeling young again thing right? Me completely passing over that joke may have caused the current mood of the room...

"Okay then Ayanokoji. I'll see you in hom-ah!" Sae-sensei let out, just before she tripped towards me because she stepped on a pen. The pen shot forward hitting the wall behind me and I caught her in my arms, glad nothing strange happened this time. However, due to my stance not being fully ready to catch her, my right leg dropped back to rebalance myself but that made me even more unstable.

It just so happened that the pen that was the initial cause of this, hit the wall behind me and due to Newton's third law and the angle it hit the trim, it shot back and was in the exact position of my right heel.

At least this isn't a pencil but still, it's like my life is Final Destination except the Unnatural force isn't searching for lives but romance instead.

How lovely.

Due to my backward tumble, Sae-sensei who I had a hold of followed my movement. All this inevitably led to my back against the wall and me in a seated position on the floor. Sensei fell, one of her hands for one of my thighs, her face in between my legs.

Correction, her face pressing directly on the part between my legs.



After no time, she lifted her hand, looking up at me. She froze, not moving a millimeter when she noticed the precarious position she was in. She just stared at me with a red face, like a maiden who saw a famous male idol but was too shocked to say anything. Me being the idol in that statement makes it incorrect but whatever. Move your head please, I'd rather not be caught nor stay in a strange orientation such as this.

A voice rang through my head, advising, 'The doors are locked, plenty of time till homeroom, and I'm sure she would be willing, tell her to suc-'

'Shut the hell up.'

'S-s-sorry...'

And so the voice, that made random appearances went back into hibernation. Hopefully forever.

Soon after the other persona retreated, I started to move first as Sae-sensei didn't show any sign of doing so. Getting to my feet while holding her arms, I hauled her to a standing position with me.

"Anyways, yes, see you in homeroom Sae-sensei," I replied to her

previous unfinished statement, excusing myself from the room after unlocking the door, not waiting for a farewell in return.

I walked towards the still-empty classroom, sat at my desk, and leaned forward, resting my head on my arms. I took a slight nap, waiting for homeroom to begin. Eventually, the noise of chatter began to fill the room but I swear I heard movement by my desk before then. Maybe Suzune or the Professor just sat down but I swore I heard laughs too...

Lunchtime came swiftly. Just like she promised, Sae-sensei passed around new sheets, explaining how this was the new topic for the tests. Some students groaned after going through it slightly, knowing their last week was somewhat wasted.

Suzune was beside me, looking as if she was formulating the best plan of action to study and manage the new topics with even less time, same with the other tutors then.

Due to the time they had to think about it, they seemed more focused and relaxed but had uncertainties they haven't figured out just yet. Suzune asked, "Kiyotaka-kun, what are you doing for lunch?" which was understandable. She might've been looking for my perspective and the route I would take for this. However, I have to do other things...

"Well—", I started to decline her offer but was stopped by an energetic voice belonging to the most popular female in the room.

"Ayanokoji-kun. Do you want to eat lunch together? I have no other plans today."

Kushida suddenly jumped into my vision.

"Oh, sure Kushida. Would you like to eat with us Suzune?" I asked, even though I was sure what her response would be.

"No thank you. I already have something in my schedule, so excuse me." Getting up quickly, she left the classroom by herself, denying

my offer.

I know she didn't have plans as I was sure she was asking if I'd like to eat lunch but got it. She needs to think about how to tackle the exam problem which especially applies to her tutees. She wouldn't talk as much when Kushida is present so she probably considered it to be an unfruitful use of time.

I'll make it up to you soon Suzune, I didn't miss the disappointed pout your profile had when you turned away.

"Sorry, Ayanokoji-kun. Was I... a bother?"

"No, no, it's fine, I needed to talk to you about something anyways."

"Oh, that's convenient, what a coincidence huh?"

"Yes..."

Kushida, shifting her focus away from me, looked at Suzune's back and waved "Bye-bye~". How can such an innocent phrase sound somewhat aggressive even if used by an innocent voice?

Suzune just ignored her and continued walking.

This meeting was planned out by Kushida, I could tell her motive too. After discovering her secret the other day, I feel like Kushida is trying to keep track of me more blatantly. Even though she said she believed me, anyone would be scared that I might tell someone which I understand. I predicted this, but I was surprised it was on the first day of the week we got back in school.

Works for me either way though.

"Would you like to eat at Pallet Cafe Ayanokoji-kun?" She inquired, wanting to know our lunch destination.

"Eh, can we possibly eat at the cafeteria instead? I would rather eat there instead," I suggested, for various reasons. It's not usual for someone of Kushida's status to eat lunch with someone like me. If we eat at Pallet, we may be noticed by more people and it might appear as more of a date due to the higher formal environment.

"Oh! Do you not have enough money? I did hear that you bought clothes for your study group so that's understandable. I could pay for you, it's fine," Kushida took what I said and gave it her own reason which was plausible.

"Thanks for the offer but I have enough money, I couldn't make you pay for me. Let's go to Pallet as you seem more comfortable with that," I spoke, somewhat shocked she was willing to offer me food with the current state of things. I have plenty of money, probably more than her, so while I could've gone with the flow and made her purchase the food, it felt morally wrong.

Hopefully, we won't get as much attention as I previously thought and I suppose I could do what I planned here. It might cost more private points though.

Also, the fact she knew what happens yesterday with me, gossip sure travels fast...

When the two of us arrived at the cafe, I was overwhelmed by the number of girls there.

"What is this, there are so many girls..."

More than 80% of all the students were girls. From scanning the cafe, I could only see four or five males inside. Terrifying, especially for someone not adept at communication like me.

"It's not really a place where boys eat," Kushida added the obvious, I mean the fact females filled the cafe detected many.

Another factor was the menu. It was filled with items like pasta and pancakes, which girls would like, but athletic people like Sudou would only complain that the portions were too small. The only boys here were ikemen and playboys. They were either sitting with another girl or multiple other girls.

"I think the school cafeteria is better after all. I feel uncomfortable. Shall we head back Kushida?" I voiced my honest opinion, not wanting to stay here much longer.

"You'll get used to it. Koenji-kun comes here every day, you know?"

Look, he's over there." Kushida, as expected, restrained my escape making us stay here by giving an example. She pointed towards a large table with a lot of seats around it. I could see the figure of Koenji surrounded by girls.

He had his usual self-important attitude and was laughing heartily acting like a king almost.

I did never see him around lunchtime, neither at the store, classroom, or cafeteria; is this where he always went?

"He looks popular. Those girls are all third-years." Kushida is also surprised, just a simple glance at her face and I could tell. She wasn't acting that way either. The parts of the conversation we did overhear between Koenji and the senpais, bolstered our shock twofold.

"Koenji-kun, say 'aah~'."

"Haha~! Older girls are definitely better~."

Without feeling timid in the presence of third-years, he ate his meal practically glued to the girls. They fed him and we're hanging on him. His personality causes people to evade him so maybe these girls saw something else in him. I suppose he is athletic and attractive and appears relatively smart but for upperclassmen to be swarming him-

"That guy, he's really something..." I uttered out loud for Kushida to hear.

"It looks like his name has been talked about here and there," Kushida informed me, making me drop my previous assumption.

I see, are those girls doing it for the money? He is the heir to one of the richest Companies in Japan as he stated in his introduction. Gold Diggers.

"What a sad world we live in." I let out a sigh right after, upset at the sight in front of me.

"Those girls are only being practical. You can't afford to eat with

only your dreams." Kushida said in defense of them, which is technically true. In society, the survival of the fittest does still exist. Companies can swallow other companies, and workers can get promoted if they're good enough but the bad employees might be laid off, fired, or demoted.

These upperclassmen are like leeches attaching to their host. They might receive their fill in the earlier stages, but the longer they latch on, the higher risk of getting caught and thrown away. The chances go up exponentially when the host is intelligent and observant. Considering Koenji's personality, he knows they're in it for the money and he probably won't help them, at least considerably, after they graduate.

"Would you do that too?" I asked to create an idle conversation.

"I like to dream more. You know, someone like a knight in shining armor?"

That makes her standards sound freakishly high but if she engaged in sexual activity with me, it's probably far lower.

"A knight in shining armor, huh."

We found seats as far away from Koenji as possible.

"How about you, Ayanokoji-kun? Do you like someone like Horikita-san?"

"Why'd you bring up Suzune?"

"You're always with her. Isn't she cute?"

Well, I do think she's cute but I think beautiful would be a better descriptive word. Cute provides me with a picture of innocence while beautiful is an image of maturity.

Her personality can have its downs though.

"Did you know? You've been drawing attention from the girls for a while. You were even on the ranking list that the first-year girls created."

"Attention. Me? And what kind of ranking..."

It looks like I was rated by the girls when I wasn't aware.

Is it the same kind of ranking that the boys did with the girl's breasts?

"How many kinds of ranking would there be? The ikemen ranking? The wealth ranking? The grossness ranking? And the—"

"... You can stop. I don't want to know anymore."

"It's fine, it's fine. You were ranked third on the ikemen ranking. Congratulations! By the way, the first place is Satonaka-kun from class A. The second was Hirata-kun, and the fourth and fifth were both boys from class A. I feel like Hirata-kun got a lot of points because of his looks and his character."

As one would expect from the star of class D. He was noticed by the girls in the other classes too, I'm surprised I am ranked 3rd out of the 160 guys in the first year. Was ability also a factor in being an ikemen, not just looks?

"Is it ok for me to be happy about this? Also, what's with the high ranking?"

"Of course and I want to say you're higher on the list because of the way you act. You were also pretty high on the gloominess rankings too, but hearing an apparent gloomy guy give good advice and act cute and clueless at the same time, the gap moe is so high!" She tried to explain it to me but...

What in the world is gap moe? I also can't comprehend when I appear cute at all either.

After a slight pause, she frantically said, "I-I heard that from a friend, of course, I'm just saying their thoughts."

"Thanks to your friend then," I simply commented. I'll just search up gap moe later, feels like a waste of time to ask now.

"Y-yep! Now let's see..."

Kushida positioned her phone in a way where both of us could see it without any uncomfortableness. There were several lists of how the boys were rated, mainly positive.

There was a disturbing ranking titled, 'Ranking of boys who should die'. Let's say I didn't see that.

"Are you not happy? You're ranked third."

"It would be different if I cared about being popular, but I don't feel anything much," I responded.

I appreciate that people nominated me as an ikemen but I feel like the effect is lower than when mentioned to me directly. In fact, I don't remember ever having gotten a letter with a heart seal on it from a girl. Maybe I'm up there just as a joke, which means I'm the opposite of an ikemen? No, females normally wouldn't do that and it would be hard to gather a high amount of people to do such a thing in the first place.

"Are a lot of people participating?" I asked, wondering if the ranking meant much. Let's say all first-year girls participated, and 32 votes went to first place, 30 to second, and possibly 10 to third with the rest of the votes scattered. The third-place position could be far behind the top two, which I'm guessing is what happened

"Yea. There are a lot of people who participate, but I don't know the total vote tally. The people who comment are also anonymous~"

In other words, it's not very reliable as well.

"Anyway, I think you're at a disadvantage. I think you're definitely someone worthy of being an ikemen, but you don't stand out like Hirata-kun. You're not particularly well-spoken, so you're missing something, you know?"

"Thanks but that hurt. I know that already you don't have to tell me."

Hirata, while I was academically and more physically capable, he was FAR more talkative. Because of this, he had very leader-like qualities but was more of a pacifist, so he would be more likely a

leader's right hand, uniting the class. He was similar to Ichinose in that regard as I can't imagine either being rude, unlike Kushida here. I'm sure Ichinose would make faster decisions if it came down to it but who knows? I haven't seen them in action yet, these are just my speculations.

"S-sorry. I probably should've held back." While my mind drifted elsewhere, Kushida brought me back with her apology and seemed to reflect on her harsh words. Not for very long that is since she changed the topic nearly instantly.

"Um, during middle school, did you have a girlfriend?"

"Is it bad if I didn't?" I attended the white room, so having a girlfriend was impossible, not only due to the fact of the literal 24/7 monitoring but there was no one in my generation for a while. It's sad but even if I somehow was enrolled in a normal middle school, I doubt I would have made a girlfriend in it.

"... So you didn't. Ahaha, it's not particularly bad." Kushida chuckled but what's with the sudden question? Also, based on how she's acting now and her goals to get along with everybody, I'm sure she never had a boyfriend, hence why she's in no position to laugh at me.

Thinking about the concept of dating deeper, what's the point of being in a relationship when you're that young, even when in high school? Is it to build experience? I feel that out of the plenty of people who are couples in their teenage years, the vast majority wouldn't have a lasting relationship.

This could be caused by multiple factors, whether people moving on, not being able to maintain a long-distance relationship if one goes to college or a job elsewhere, and more.

Maybe teenagers just date due to their abnormal hormone levels that run rampant.

If I ever do date someone in my high school career, I hope it's due to love that compelled me to do so, not the curiosity I have burning in me at this moment.

"Anyways," Kushida yawned while leaning back in her chair, stretching her arms above her head, and then proceeded to talk, "Ayanokoji-kun, the reason I invited you to eat lunch with me was to keep an eye on you and I'm sure you know that."

I nodded at her, showing I was aware of her motive for asking me out to eat, to which she said outright, not hiding anything, "I'm just asking, but if you had to choose between Horikita-san and me to be your ally, who would you choose? Would you choose me?"

"I'm no one's ally or opponent. I'm neutral."

She posed quite a troublesome question but I answered immediately. If I didn't, I could appear to be weighing which one I should go with, weakening what I said.

"I think there are matters that can't be avoided by just being neutral. It's fine and all to oppose war for example, but you'll be wrapped up in it at some point, you know? If Horikita-san and I fought, it would be nice if you cooperated."

"Even if you say that..." My voice trailed off, to which she spoke, "Keep that in mind. I'm expecting you to help me."

"If you ask me to help, I'd think that the first thing you should do is explain the situation," I stated because after all if I have no clue what she wants I certainly cannot give a definitive answer no matter who it is.

Still smiling, Kushida shook her head, denying what I said with, "No, the first thing is to make sure we trust each other."

"I suppose that's true but..."

Both Kushida nor I understand each other too well.

Sometime down the line, when we trust each other more, I may be able to understand Kushida better.

That is to say, if I can fully trust someone in the first place.

If I'm forced to, who's to stop me from creating my own side? Wars

sometimes involve more than two opposing sides and only one can triumph unless a truce is formed. I could create my path. Instead of expelling Suzune with Kushida or doing whatever Suzune might do, I could try to make them see on even ground and fix their conflicting opinions, being the truce maker.

If that doesn't work and I'm targeted, I might be forced to play my hand and snuff out the flame of the side who made an enemy of me or possibly both.

Before our conversation continued, the waiter came by and took our orders after the long wait. The cafe was packed but this is honestly great timing. Saying our food choices from the menu, the waitress jotted them down and then walked away.

"Kushida."

I randomly said her name after I was quiet for a while so she looked at me in curiosity.

"Now that you told me why you called me here, I might as well say mine," I answered, standing up from my seat suddenly.

I looked at all the students in the cafe who were sitting down. After about 20 students, I found my target student who was isolated and sitting alone at a table for four right behind me, poking a tomato in their salad, seemingly bored. The student every now and then raised the food to his mouth while looking around, almost waiting for something.

"Alright, let's go."

"Um, ok then," Kushida didn't put up any defense and quickly complied, standing next to me. We have around 5 minutes at the minimum to retrieve the goods so we have to hurry.

We walked over to the student and sat down.

"Excuse me. You're a senpai, right?" I asked the person who appeared to be an upperclassman, confirming it before continuing the conversation.

"...Huh? Who are you?" He quietly looked up, with an uninterested expression and spoke with a tone of disappointment.

"I am Ayanokoji Kiyotaka of Class 1-D. Senpai, you're also in Class D, right?"

"...What does that have to do with you?"

Kushida looked at me in surprise, asking "How did you know?"

It was just an assumption, but the food gave me some idea.

"The only thing he is eating is the cheapest thing on the menu. It's not very filling, is it?"

Senpai was eating a salad, like I said, the lowest-priced thing that's not a snack or drink, in this cafe. While I could've been wrong, it would be a better use of our time if he was in Class D.

"What the hell, making me feel annoyed," he groaned and probably would've tried leaving if he had already paid for his meal. I'm glad this isn't the type of store where you pay up-front but even if it was, the next thing should catch his interest once again.

"I have something to ask you. If you listened to me, I would show my gratitude."

"...Gratitude?"

He said in a small and puzzled voice with an expectant looking his eyes.

"Do you still have problems with the midterm from your first semester? Or if you know someone that has all the previous test problems, can you let us know who he is?" I requested, informing him what I needed.

"Hey, do you even understand what you're saying?"

"It's not anything surprising. I don't think it's against school policy to use old test problems to study."

"Why are you asking me?"

"That's easy. I thought it would be easier to cut a deal with someone without points. Honestly, the salad isn't the tastiest. Of course, things are different if you actually like eating that for lunch. What do you say?"

"...How much?"

"10,000 points. That's as far as I can go."

"I don't have any of the problems, but... I know someone who does. If you want to ask him to help, you need at least 30,000 points."

"30,000 is way too much. I don't have that kind of money."

"How much do you have, then?"

"...20,000 points."

"Then 20,000 points... No, 15,000 points will do. Nothing less."

"15,000 points, huh..."

"If you would go as far as to ask a complete stranger about past problems, you must be really desperate. After all, the school expels everyone who fails. I've already lost a lot of my friends."

"I see. ...Ok. I will pay 15,000 points."

"Then the deal is good. Of course, you'll have to pay in advance."

"I don't mind, but if you go back on your word, I won't forgive you. I'll make sure you get expelled."

"...Fine. I don't want any bad records. If rumors pop up that I ripped off a kouhai, I probably won't be forgiven."

"Now then, senpai, since I will pay you 15,000 points, can you give me a freebie? I want to see the answers to the mock test."

"Alright, I'll include that. Well, I think that whatever you're trying to do is useless, but sure."

It looks like senpai understood what I was thinking.

"Thank yo-"

"Oh, that's where you two went, here's your food," The waitress popped up from the side with the orders in hand placing them one after another. Kushida ordered miso soup, with a side of rice while I ordered seared steak over rice and Omelet rice.

"Thank you, ma'am," I said, then turned back to the senpai in front of me.

"Pleasure doing business with you, this is for you-" I slid the steak that I didn't plan to eat in the first place over to the Senpai to show even more gratitude. While it was unnecessary, I felt it would leave both sides happier.

"Really? Thanks then," he took the plate with a grateful expression until the waitress spoke up once again asking, "What would you like on your customized omelet rice sir?"

There was such an option? What'd be the best thing to put on an egg? Oh, think I came up with something.

"Can you please write 'Freedom' on it, please? Thank you." I requested and she nodded after a slight pause, picked up the ketchup bottle, and nearly put the tip downwards on the egg. I said nearly because rather than the egg, it went on my hair, face, torso, and left leg.

As the waitress tried to write my loved freedom, a person who passed behind her spanked her rear. I'm not sure if I'm the only one who saw him do so but the guy quickly fled the scene. Due to the shock of it happening and the standing position she was in, the cafe employee arched her back, causing the Ketchup bottle to face upwards, directly at me instead.

The spank that led to the waitress flinching, made her squeeze the ketchup bottle, too hard and at the wrong target. I was covered in ketchup and in my peripheral, I could see Kushida almost laughing and the upperclassman trying to hold back a laugh as well.



"S-sorry, I-" the waitress began to apologize but I stood up, causing

the chair to slide, I sped walked towards the entrance, grabbed the culprit who initiated all of this by his shirt collar, and dragged him back to the crime scene.

"You're innocent, he did the spanking which caused this,"

"H-h-huh? What are you talking about?!" The guilty ding-dong-slap senpai argued, feigning ignorance.

"There's a camera right there, it should show it, " I state, pointing my index finger at the dome above us then continued, "Learn not to sexually harass people like that. It's horrible. You could've made this waitress here lose her job."

I lectured him while holding him in place still, not loosening my grip in the slightest, and he quickly gave up and accepted his week of suspension and month of guidance, which was not worth the less-than-a-second hit he dealt.

Seriously, why? At least know how to be less conspicuous about it.

After the situation was resolved, the store paid for our food as thanks and an apology. I then called out to the classmate I came here with.

"Uh, Kushida. I'm going to clean this off in the restroom now, I'll *ketch up* with you in ten minutes or so," I informed her, slipping something else in but did not want to stay long enough for her to react, so I headed away without an answer from her.

She probably was cursing me inside her head right now and I could imagine the senpai facepalming. Even the waitress I rescued from possible firing was probably cringing or wearing a forced smile like Kushida.

I shouldn't have said that in *Heinz sight* .

Walking inside the public men's bathroom, I was met with a dirty greenish blonde-haired female, similar to Hirata, at the sink washing her hands. As soon as she saw me, she screamed, "Pervert!"

with a scowl evident on her face. Even though she was the one in the wrong.

No matter how tempted I was to yell back at her with, "Idiot!" in the same manner she spoke to me, I held the urge back and instead said, "This is the men's restroom you know."

She stared at me with a dumbfounded expression, until she stepped out of the room, and turned around the corner probably to look at the sign. Due to the fact it was a walk-in bathroom with no door, I could still clearly see her as she rubbed her eyes, repeating the process after each time she looked up.

Following that, she was playing peek-a-bo with the sign?

Eventually, she walked away, never saying another word to me or apologizing at all.

And I thought I had mental issues.

After cleaning up the tomato mess, I made my way back to the table, walking through the almost deserted store. Only Kushida was seated at the table, the senpai left it seems.

Honestly, I think he was there trying to grab a girl's attention, I can't think of any other reason for a poor person to be there when they aren't waiting for anyone. He seemed to be expectant and bored simultaneously when he was alone.

Moving on and after giving Kushida a light greeting, I devoured the food at a swiftness you might see in a professional speed eating contest, a shame I didn't get to enjoy and savor the wonderful and fluffy taste. We had to go as class began in around 10 minutes.

"Shall we head back then Kushida?" I suggested to the girl who surprisingly waited for me. While we won't have to run, it's not like we could walk leisurely either so I appreciate her patience.

"E-eh? Yeah sure..." she looked at me like I had three heads though, and what I believe to be her true self even popped out for a second,

her face filled with judgment.

Stop staring at me like that. I'm not a masochist who might enjoy such a glare...

"So how did you think of that- no, why did you buy the questions from that upperclassman?" Kushida asked after we walked briskly for a minute, while still staring straight forward.

"It's just insurance to make sure that Sudou and the others don't get expelled. They are studying with Suzune, but their scores, Sudou's especially, were concerning," I explained

Kushida rotated her head, eyes on me now, and argued, "But this might turn out to be useless. Past questions are past questions, right? This year's test may be completely unrelated."

"The problems may not be exactly the same, but there will definitely be some similarities. The last mock exam gave me that hint." Leaving off on a hook, I somewhat answered her somewhat valid concern.

"Hint?"

"You noticed that there were really hard problems along with easy ones, right?"

"Well, yea. Those were the last problems of each section. I didn't understand those questions at all. I don't know how you solved them Ayanokoji-kun..."

"When I took the test, those were problems that second-years and third-years were learning from what I can assume. In other words, they don't expect first-years to be able to solve those problems. Isn't it useless to throw in those kinds of unsolvable problems? They're probably there for a reason other than to actually test us. If the problems on the mock exam were the identical same as previous mock exams, what would happen?" I elaborated on what led me to believe they were identical, letting Kushida piece the rest together.

"...If I saw those problems, I would be able to ace the test."

Correct, and the same thing is applicable to the midterm.

Soon after, I got a message from the third-year senpai with an attachment. It was the old tests, both the mock exam and the midterm. He sure worked fast and somehow gathered them within minutes. I'd like to believe he had them in possession and only said he had to ask a friend to make it seem like more work.

First, I checked the mock test. The key question is, are the last three problems the same?

Kushida also tried to look at my phone.

"Are they? Are they the same?"

"It's completely identical. The problems, sentences, and all the words are the same."

"That's amazing! If we showed this to everyone, it would be an easy success! Don't show it to only Sudou-kun, but everyone else too!"

"No, we won't show it to Sudou, Ike, Yamauchi, or anyone else yet."

"W-why? You went as far as to use so many points."

"If they hear that these are the test questions, they'll lose all motivation and focus. Above all, overconfidence is the biggest problem. The midterm may not be the same as the mock test; there's a possibility the problems are different on the midterm."

It's essential to keep in mind that these old tests are insurance.

"Then what are you going to use them for?"

"Release these problems the day before the test. Then we tell everyone that these problems are roughly the same as this year's test. What would everyone do then?"

"That night, everyone would try to memorize the problems!"

"That's how it is."

Ike would pull an all-nighter to do so as he previously planned before and I'm sure the others would attempt the same.

The students who don't understand the basics probably can't memorize all the problems in a single day. But, it's not difficult to understand the problems beforehand. We're not trying to get the highest score possible on this next test even if it may hold some benefit. We're trying to avoid failing. If we ask for too much, the plan might fail but with this, we can probably get everyone to pass in Class D.

If we really want to be extra safe, we would only provide the idiot trio with them, that way they are certain to pass and we don't have to worry about the rounded class average getting in the way. They should be fine with Suzune's teaching and everything though.

"Hey... When did you think to get these old tests?"

"I had an inkling that the old tests might be similar ever since the midterm was mentioned."

"Eh!? T-that early!?"

"When Sae-sensei first mentioned the midterm, she was speaking in an unusual manner. Even though she knew Sudou and the other's grades and attitudes, she spoke with absolute confidence. In other words, she was conscious that there was a surefire method to save them."

"Is that... the old tests?"

The reason why Sudou, Ike, and Yamauchi were all admitted to this school, despite their academic ability, must be connected to this somehow. If they can't get good grades by studying hard, this is a sort of escape route for them. In other words, it's possible for everyone to get near-perfect scores by getting the old tests. That's how I understood it, at least.

Technically, we should be able to exploit it every time but I'm sure the school might have limits, otherwise, students would take the easy way, not learning much of anything at all. The limit is

presumably the tests after this mid-term being different than what any other year took, perhaps on a three-year cycle, revised when the school system needs to. It's not a viable strategy to use consistently, just a temporary shield that later has no benefit.

"...Ayanokoji-kun, you're really observant, aren't you?"

"I'm just being cunning. I don't want any one of our classmates to drop out so I was looking for a way to reliably pass."

"Is that so," Kushida sighed, an audible fuun~ escaping her mouth. I could care less about some of our classmates being expelled personally. However, the problem is how the class would take it. While expelling early could lead to early growth, the class isn't united well enough to endure such an action. Class D might split apart before it even came together in that scenario.

"I have a favor to ask. Could you say that you got the old questions? Say that you got the old tests from a third-year senpai that you get along with," I requested Kushida to do the honors of presenting it to the class and taking the credit. If I did so, the class wouldn't be as trusting and while it would improve my image when they see I was right, I'd rather not have the attention.

It's still early on in the school year and we have no set-in-stone leader, if I put myself out there, I instantly become a candidate for leader.

"I'm fine with it, but... are you really ok with that?"

"I'd like to avoid trouble and public speaking. I'm sure it's obvious that I'm never trying to be a leader, and passing these around openly is the opposite of that. Also, our classmates trust you. It'd be a lot better for you to tell everyone else."

"...Ok. If you say so." Kushida hesitantly accepted, whether it was her mask or not, I was genuinely unsure.

"Thanks. I appreciate it Kushida."

"Well then, let's keep this a secret between us."

"Sounds good to me," I entirely agreed with her approach, I was after all the one who influenced it.

"Don't you feel like there's some kind of trust between us when we withhold this kind of secret?"

"Not sure but I hope so," and hope so I did.

"Thanks," Kushida curtly replied. I don't know what her thanks were exactly for, though as she said it out of the blue.

Ignoring that uneasy feeling I received from her actions, how amazing would it be if trust did indeed materialize just now? Sadly, I'm sure I'm far away from partaking in such a thing at this moment.

For now, I'll go one step at a time to ensure I, and the people I consider friends, remain at this school.

~Author's Note~

I suppose this took a while to post for 9k words.

Achillingdude's idea won and i threw together this dumpster fire!



Please point out my mistakes if you happen to come across them

whenever I write. THANK YOU!

Fine, I admit it, I was slacking a little. In these 15 days, the only productive things I did besides studying and taking Midterms is making a kitchen shelf out of scrap wood and designing some other stuff I have to make,



and rereading part of COTE volume 2 as a refresher. (One of my

least favorite volumes personally)



Everything else I did consisted of:

Watching Newly Released Animes: (Angel Spoils me Rotten, Inukai-san's dog, BOFURI S2)



Catching Up on New episodes: (Eminence in Shadow, Demon School, and Blue Lock)



Starting new mangas/manhuas (finishing some): (Angel Spoils me
Rotten, Roshidere, Blue Lock, The Beginning after the End)



And Catching up on new manga chapters: (My School Life Pretending to be a Worthless Person, 100 Girlfriends, Arcane

Sniper, Transcension Academy, Komi, Demon School, One Punch Man, and Is this Hero for Real?.)



That's not including the amount of time spent on Reddit, and reading fanfics here...

I made those collages to make myself feel better but I think it did the opposite. All of these are good in my opinion though, (except Inukai which felt like a fever dream lol) so feel free to give them a try.

Anyways ba-bye, I'll try to upload at a faster pace and stop delaying.

PEACE!

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Misfortunate Luck

Reads: 4458 | Votes: 186 | Comments: 167

Almost 2 weeks have flown by before I even noticed and it was the day Kushida shared our findings. In other words, it was the day before the mid-term.

During this time, I'm proud to say I haven't made any accidents. That is if you don't include a run-in with a 2nd-year blonde student who yukadon'd me, almost kissing me. Did I mention that it was a he? I luckily put my arms up just before he fell fully and based on the positioning of my hands, he toppled over to the side.

Another case was a schoolmate who is incredibly oblivious and nearly walked and fell into an open manhole on the way to school. Not sure why it was unintended or how she didn't notice, I pulled their shoulder back, which created a loud moan one might expect from an Adult Video. The number of stares at us and the number of explanations I had to provide... she was sensitive, to say the least.

The final situation was a senpai, at least I believe so, who licked their lips after wall-slamming me who was in a corner with one arm acting as a wall trapping me on all sides. If I didn't escape, that hand might have actually sexually harrassed me as she ran her hand up my left thigh, bringing it ever so slightly close to my crotch.

Let's say there was an unconscious upperclassman left deserted in an empty classroom. I heard they had no memory of why they were there just recently too.

Moving on from experiences I wish I did not have, Kushida's voice rang out from the front of the classroom, slightly lower than usual.

"Excuse me, can everyone listen to me for a minute before you head

back, please?"

Everyone in the classroom stopped packing up to leave, even Sudou who was this close to sliding the door open stopped and looked in her direction. The only one who left not willing to give an ear to Kushida was Koenji but he was always like that anyways. Though, getting 38 out of the 39 students to listen is an amazing skill. As expected, Kushida was the perfect choice to present this. If I tried, most people would probably leave the room right after I got their attention.

"Thank you," Kushida said with a smile and walked down from the podium, handing a stack of papers to the students seated in the front row to pass back. As she did this, she continued her announcement.

"I know everyone has been studying a lot for your test tomorrow so great job! These papers I'm handing out right now can help you when you study tonight, so good luck!"

Murmurs began to fill the classroom as everybody gradually received their sheets. The first person to say utter something out loud was Karuizawa.

"Huh, test questions? Did you make these Kushida-san?" she directed a question at Kushida who smiled and responded, "No, it's surprising but a third-year senpai I'm familiar with gave them to me yesterday after school. Apparently, they are old test problems!"

"Old test problems? Are they valid?" This time, Suzune asked questions, asking for their authenticity.

"The senpai told me that in their first-year midterm, the questions were nearly identical! If we study this, we all should be safe!" Kushida exclaimed with a smile.

This led to everyone in the classroom cheering loudly enough to pop a few ears, swarming Kushida with praise.

"Seriously Kushida-chan? Thank you!" Ike hugged his test in happiness like a girl who received a gift from their crush.

"You're our savior Kushida-chan!"

"Wow, this changes everything! Thanks, Kikyo-san!"

That comment might have caused some flinches in the boys, Ike and Yamauchi in particular if it was a male that called Kushida that. It was Mii-chan, who was practically jumping for joy like everyone else.

"What the hell, if we have these problems, doesn't all of our studying become useless?" While laughing, Yamauchi was complaining at the same time. My prediction was completely right, he would've quit studying entirely. Well, there is my deal with them so perhaps that would've kept them motivated.

Thinking about that, I still haven't prepared for this mixer thing at all...

"Sudou-kun, do your best while studying today."

"Yea. Thanks."

Amidst all the excitement, Suzune appeared more relaxed. However, that is not to say she didn't instruct people like usual. Sudou also received the problems happily, too distracted to make a comment like, "I was already going to..."

"This is a secret from all the other classes! Let's all do well and succeed!"

Ike shouted out loud with determination, but I had to agree. There's an extremely low chance for other classes to know about this, and I'm not even sure if they'll need it in the first place, considering the class sorting system. There's no need to send help to the other classes who are our enemies unless we receive something out of it.

Nonetheless, no matter how questionable Ike's personality is at times, especially in the face of girls, he is surprisingly a core member of the class. Not just anybody can speak up like that in the first place after all. He can unite the class more, but he can also separate us due to his actions at times...

Everyone, after taking the encouragement and boasting about how they'll get a perfect score tomorrow, returned home in high spirits.

"Kushida-san. Good job."

Suzune, much to my shock, went up to Kushida and praised her uncharacteristically.

"Ehehe, is that so?"

"I never thought to use the old tests. I'm also thankful that you went to see if these questions were still valid to use."

Looks like Suzune, who doesn't have many friends, didn't come up with the idea at any point. It may have been different if she had plenty of connections, but I still somewhat doubt she would've thought of something like this with no hints. That's just a hypothetical though, who knows what would actually happen since she is rather intelligent.

"It's nothing special. I'm doing this for my friends, after all. I'll see you tomorrow Horikita-san and Kiyo-kun!"

Suzune looked taken aback but quickly recomposed herself and silently looked at Kushida, who was inserting her textbooks and notes into her bag. I don't know what suddenly cause her to call me with such a childish nickname though.

"Wait, Kushida-san. Before you go, may I ask when you got sick?" Suzune abruptly said, and I myself am unsure why she, in particular, asked for her physical health.

Kushida reacted to the question, putting her index finger on her chin to express she was thinking.

"Uhhhh, I want to say it was Friday I think. All it is is just a sore throat though, nothing serious. Why do you ask Horikita-san?" Kushida replied then flipped a question to Suzune's random one.

"I just wanted to check on my classmate's health, that's all there is to it," Suzune answered with a frown evident on her face, and looked to be mulling something over in her head.

For what reason, did she have to tell such an obvious lie? I'm certain she wouldn't blink if one of the Class D students vanished besides criticizing them in her head for making the class lose points. What made her ask Kushida that? I'm sure Kushida had similar thoughts to mine but before we fully gave up on the idea of asking, Suzune initiated another topic.

"Kushida, I just want to confirm one thing," she called out in a serious tone before Kushida left, with no honorific involved like she previously did. It was clearly intentional, yet the only conclusion I can draw is Suzune being angry.

I've never called anyone with honorifics either unless they are older in age. I suppose it can be considered rude but it'll feel uncomfortable to switch when I haven't done so my whole life. They're not necessarily compulsory anyways.

"Hmm? Confirm?"

With a seemingly confused but willing-to-listen smile, Kushida waited for her next response as stood up, and grabbed her bag. This can be taken as her being tight on time or simply doesn't want to listen. That's nearly impossible to think when all you are aware of is her innocent angel-like side with beyond-this-world kindness.

I can guarantee and bet all my points that she was insulting Suzune, complaining, or sighing in her head in a fed-up manner, repeatedly.

"I need to confirm something because you said you wanted to keep cooperating with me."

Suzune looked straight at the smiling Kushida's profile, and asked, "You hate me, don't you?"

"Hey..." I unintentionally muttered.

I was wondering what she wanted to ask, but that was entirely unexpected as much as it was bold.

"Why do you think that?" Kushida's mask didn't falter for a second, just keeping the same smile she had since the start of the conversation, yet to direct it at anyone.

"You're not answering because it's true... am I right?" Suzune, not backing down, questioned her true feelings once again.

"...Ahaha, you got me."

Kushida put on her backpack and slowly lowered her hand back down to her side, and then she finally faced Horikita while smiling.

"Yeah, I really hate you."

She replied directly, without trying to hide it.

"Should I tell you the reason?"

"...No. It's not necessary. It's good enough to just know the fact. It just means that I can now talk to you without any hesitation from now on."

Even though she was told directly that she was hated, Horikita calmly replied to Kushida, who took that exact moment to finally leave.

We could've used that information, but knowing Kushida, I doubt she'll actually mention it, at least at this moment in time.

The day of the Midterms has come and Sae-sensei walked into the completely quiet classroom with a smile.

"No absences; looks like everyone's here," she stated, continuing, "This is the first obstacle to being able to stay in school. Does anyone have any questions?"

Hirata spoke for the class saying, "We have been studying diligently for the past few weeks. I don't think there will be any dropouts in this class."

"You have a lot of confidence, Hirata. Let's hope that's the case," Sae-sensei replied, muttering the last part which was still pretty

audible.

If someone here, despite all their confident expressions, does fail, I'll be flabbergasted. They had everything handed to them on a silver platter, all they had to do was put in a little effort, so how would they fail?

Lining up the tests by tapping them against the table, she then passed them out. The first period is social studies. I guess you can call it the easiest test among all the subjects for the majority of people. It's often not a favorite but the same applies to it being the opposite.

"If no one fails on this midterm and the finals in July, everyone will get a summer vacation."

"Vacation?"

"Yea, that's right... You'll be on a dream-like vacation on an island surrounded by the blue sea."

Something as grand and expensive as that for passing exams? I know this school is run by the government but I kind of find it difficult to believe that's all there is to it. I would dwell on that topic a bit more yet the whispering around me, mainly from Sotomura as that was the only voice I could actually hear saying, "Summer and the beach... we'll be able to see the girl's swimsuits..."

Oh, there's that too isn't there? I wonder how Suzune or Kushida would look in a swimsuit. Actually, the same applies to pretty much every girl, in this class or the other classes.

I'm sure Sotomura wasn't the only one who thought this as the class, mainly the boys, were seemingly flipping the idea over in their imagination.

"W-what is this strange pressure..."

Sae-sensei took a step back from the pressure she felt from the students who became motivated to insane amounts

"Everyone... Let's do our best!" Ike shouted suddenly and that wasn't

the end of it.

"YEAAAAAAAA!" Nearly everyone screamed in agreement, whether it was to experience what it's like on an island or the chance of swim attire in play. Some of Class-D were surprised, taken aback by the spontaneous yell.

I even shouted or at least attempted, blending in with the confusion and noise. My voice probably sounded like a mouse squeaking compared to a lion roaring.

"Pervert," Horikita glanced at me only to insult me then turned her gaze toward her desk.

"At least try to say that without a blush Hornikita..."

No more sound came out of her throat and she sunk into her chair, turning a deeper red.

Before long, the tests were handed out to everyone. And with the teacher's signal, everyone flipped their test and drilled holes into it with their eyes. Looking through the problems, I quickly scanned over the whole test.

Can my group pass the test?

That wasn't a concern, even before Kushida passed out the questions. The bigger concern is whether the trio can pass it.

I checked if the questions were similar to the old test questions and was relieved to find all the questions are recognizable. I didn't look at the questions too carefully, but I couldn't see any differences.

Almost all of them were written verbatim, even the question that mentioned Karuizawa's 72 eggplants was identical.



On that topic, there was some chatter and jokes about it in the class chat last night, mainly due to Karuizawa having her name used in the test. They mentioned it was even weirder that the school chose eggplants in particular.

I saw a message from Yamauchi saying, "She needed 8 for each hole
□."

Doing that math, means there were nine holes, but why that number specifically?

**(A/N: It's the emoji giving Shrek head face, change my mind. □
□□)**

There were multiple concerning messages insulting Yamauchi after

that.

I didn't really understand why as I shut off my phone but I'm pretty sure what he said was another load of nonsense, hence the words that dismantled his pride as a human.

Thinking about it, it doesn't make sense why somebody would need that many in the first place, it was severely unrealistic unless you were an eggplant farmer. They could've used "Karuizawa's 72 hair ties" or maybe "Karuizawa's 72 pieces of paper."

Anyways, it was obvious that I could get a near-perfect score if I memorized all the answers. I could do that without doing so though. Peering around the classroom, I didn't see any students that looked confused or impatient. Seems like a good majority of the students did some last-minute studying.

Yikes, I let my thoughts wander for too long, I should hurry. I rapidly solved question after question in order to get my wanted rest in between exams.

During the second and third periods, the test continued with the Japanese and Chemistry sections. While I was solving the problems, I realized another thing. The topics that Suzune taught are pretty consistent with what the test covered, meaning she had a pretty decent understanding of the test scope. I knew that already but it was almost spot on.

And then it was the fourth period. Math. All the abnormally hard problems that were at the end of the mock test are, without a doubt, in this test. Pretty much everybody doesn't understand what it means along with the formula, but they should've done well if they memorized the answer. I'm glad this school doesn't score on whether you show your work or not, otherwise, everybody who remembered the answer would get half points off. I might actually have to show the work too, making calculating in my head essentially useless

Soon after, it was break time. Students were stretching, yawning, and cheering at how well they imagined they did. Some of the study group members, like Ike, Yamauchi, and Suzune gathered, and

Kushida and her group joined in on the conversation too.

"This is an easy pass!" Ike exclaimed, practically jumping for joy.

"I feel like I'll get a 120 this time!" Yamauchi, while overexaggerating, at least seemed confident about high marks meaning he should be fine.

"I for once agree with these two morons..." Shinohara muttered, just in earshot of Ike who retorted, "Don't act like you're so smart yourself Uggo!"

He practically agreed he was an idiot. Shinohara and he bickered without holding anything back, and Yamauchi just stood there, trying to say a word against what Shinohara called him but there was absolutely no opening to do so.

Arguing aside, Ike was pretty relaxed if he could argue like that, the same applies to everyone who was chatting and laughing around the room. Though clearly frustrated at them ignoring his existence, Yamauchi also looked pretty relieved, especially when Kushida was within a 5-meter radius of him.

"Kiyopon! I think I aced it!"

"I scored high too! I never felt so excited after taking a test."

"I think I've done the same as Haruka."

"I-i don't think I aced it but, I know I passed!"

My group consisting of Haruka, Chiaki, Airi, and Maya surrounded me as well expressing their confidence in their grades to me and each other.

"Well, that's reassuring. Good job girls, you worked hard," I praised them and their efforts and they just stood there accepting it. Haruka acted haughty while Maya and Airi visibly shrunk. Chiaki just stood there after giving a "Thanks," her eyes were far away, something else in her mind made her attention drift elsewhere. In times like these, telepath powers would be handy but that's an invasion of privacy I suppose. Hopefully, she solves it soon.

Anyways, they all acted more distant than usual, not only Chiaki but a noticeable change in each one of them. The least obvious was probably Haruka, but the awkwardness was still there. It's been like this ever since the aphrodisiac incident the other time. They apologized and I forgave them, thinking it was an accident. There's no reason or way for them to seduce me after all.

They should back up a little though because whether I'm mentally swayed or not, too much collision is unhealthy for my teenage hormonal body.

Shifting my attention elsewhere in hopes of controlling the natural circulation of blood in my human body, my eyes came upon the lone student in the corner.

While everyone was almost celebrating before they even completed all of the tests, Sudou was reviewing the material in his seat. While it wasn't like nobody was doing so, the gloomy atmosphere and the desperate look on his profile spoke volumes louder about how much he needed the extra study time.

"Sudou-kun, how are you doing?"

It seems I wasn't the only one who took notice of his demeanor as Kushida called out to Sudou, a 'worried tone' evident from her fully healed throat.

He just continued staring at the questions with great focus, not acknowledging her words at all

"Sudou-kun?" Kushida asked, now closer to him to draw his attention.

"...Huh? Oh, sorry, I'm a bit busy," He responded to Kushida, finally taking notice she called out to him but he remained staring at the English questions, a thin layer of sweat visible on his forehead.

"Sudou, by any chance... did you not study the questions enough?" Ike asked a question that most of us who saw the situation thought to which the person it was directed at replied, "I did everything but English. I dozed off in the middle."

Sudou was getting irritated. In other words, this is his first time looking at these questions. It's even worse that his weakest subject was English to begin with.

"What!?" The majority of us were shocked, to say the least.

While it was somewhat predictable, hearing he wasn't able to study it at all was the jarring part. Sudou only had about 10 minutes of break time left to go over these problems before the test started.

"Dammit, none of these answers are sticking in my head."

Which makes complete sense. English is different from the previous tests and isn't that easy to memorize. In the first place, trying to memorize all the answers in the next 10 minutes is practically impossible unless you have perfect memory.

While it could differ from person to person, stress could be another factor. Perhaps he's the type to become more frantic under pressure instead of improving, almost like a worn-out sponge, struggling to absorb as much water as it originally did.

"Sudou-kun, memorize the answers that are shorter and worth more."

Getting up from her seat, Suzune moved next to Sudou, advising him thoroughly on the best plan of action.

"O-ok."

Thereupon, he started studying in the exact manner Suzune instructed as all of us remained silent, Suzune giving him tips here and there.

With that, 10 minutes quickly passed by, and the unforgiving chime rang.

"I did what I could do. Before I forget, I'll try and do all the questions that I crammed first."

"Yea..."

And then the test started. While all the other students started solving the problems, Sudou was having trouble. Occasionally, he tapped the pen on his head while thinking and kept pausing while writing. But no one can help him now. The only way to pass the test now is for Sudou to work his way through by himself. I averted my gaze. I shouldn't be drifting around when a test is in session and went to work

After the last test finished, we all gathered around Sudou once again.

"H-hey, how was it?" Ike asked anxiously.

"I don't know... I did what I could, but I don't know how well I did..." Sudou seemed to be slightly uneasy as well, his answer fully expressing it.

"It'll be fine. Since you've studied hard, things will turn out well. I think." Ike said with certainty at first, but the two words at the end did not make it convincing whatsoever.

"Dammit, why did I fall asleep!?" Sudou was tapping his fingers against the table in irritation.

"Well, sleep is an important part of your daily routine, you spend about one-third of your time doing it. Quality sleep and getting enough of it at the right times are as essential to survival as food and water. Without sleep, you can't form or maintain the pathways in your brain that let you learn and create new memories, and it's harder to concentrate and respond quickly. Who knows, maybe sleeping last night worked to your benefit, keeping you more focused on the previous tests than you usually would," I said, trying to inform him and answer his question.

While Sudo was probably exhausted from club work, I'm sure he had a decent rest last night, he just succumbed to exhaustion a bit faster than he should have. It would've been best to study English first but it's not like we can go back in time now, and why are they staring at me like that?

"What are you, a walking dictionary...?" Sudou just stared at me

with focused eyes that snapped out of focus constantly as if he was looking at an optical illusion.



Is that considered a compliment?

Suzune nudged me out of the way slightly and stood right in front of Sudou. Nobody saw it, but my hand ended up brushing Kushida, in a questionable place. She made quick eye contact with me, with a brighter yet somehow more menacing smile, but didn't comment on it at all, just fixating her gaze on the situation in front of her instead.



"Sudou-kun."

"...What is it. Are you lecturing me again?"

"It was indeed your fault that you didn't go over the last part. However, as you said, you did your best when we were studying. You didn't throw in the towel even when it was difficult. With how much effort you put in, I think you should feel proud of what you did."

"What's this, are you trying to comfort me?"

"Comfort? I was only speaking the truth. When I look at Sudou-kun, I understand that studying is difficult for you."

Suzune was actually praising Sudou. None of us could believe that this was really happening. It even shocked me who she has complimented before. It seems she really developed since the start of the school year, being able to talk to me freely and other people not in a commanding way.

"Let's wait for the results."

"Yea..."

"Then... one more thing. I have something to correct."

"Correct?"

"Earlier, I said that your hopes of becoming a basketball pro were foolish."

"Why are you reminding me?"

"I looked into how one could become a basketball pro in this world. I learned that it was a really difficult path to get on the professional scene."

"Isn't that why you told me to give up? Because it's such a reckless dream."

"It's not like that. I know you have a passion for basketball. I know

that you probably understand how difficult it is to become a pro."

It was her usual attitude, but this was clearly an awkward apology from Suzune, something she usually would never do.

"In Japan, there are a lot of people who want to become pros. Among those people, there are also people who want to become internationally known. You're part of the latter group, right?"

"Yea. The incredibly foolish me is trying to become a basketball pro. Even though I might be stuck living a sad life as a part-time worker, I'm going to succeed."

"When you said you wanted to become a pro, I insulted you immediately, undermining your determination to do so. Looking back on it, I regret it. Someone who doesn't know how difficult and hard of a goal it is to achieve has no right to call it stupid and foolish. Sudou-kun, don't forget the hard work you put into studying and use it for basketball. You'll be able to become a pro with that kind of effort. At least, that's what I think."

Suzune's expression was the same as usual, but she lowered her head to Sudou.

"Sorry for what I said back then. ...Well then, goodbye."

Leaving behind her words of apology, Suzune left the room only taking a single glance behind her at me for who knows what.



"H-hey, did you see that? Horikita apologized!? And that nicely!?"

"I can't believe it...!"

Ike and Yamauchi were in complete shock, and Kushida too despite her silence. Most of my shock dissolved from earlier and at this point, I felt almost proud, like how a student would after bringing home a test with 100% and showing it to their parents.

A normal student with a normal family that is.

Regardless, I was still proud of her growth. She admitted that Sudou did his best.

Sitting in his chair in a daze, Sudou looked at Suzune as she walked out of the classroom.

A short while after, he put his right hand over his heart and looked back at us.

"T-this is bad... I... I think I'm falling in love..."

Excuse me?

~Mid-term Results Day~

Walking into the classroom, Sae-sensei looked around the classroom in partial surprise. Everyone was waiting in suspense for the results of the midterms, leaving the room completely mute. It is rather puzzling, the thing I don't understand too well is how everyone was certain they passed but now that it's the day of results, the vast majority is cowering away from them, nervous they failed. I suppose that's basic human psychology though.

"Sensei, I heard that the results will be released today, but when exactly?"

However, before she even greeted the class, Hirata asked a question that indirectly keyed her in on the reason for the silence.

"There's no need for you to be that eager about it, Hirata. You probably passed," she stated, not really answering his question. I find it hard to imagine him failing unless he deliberately did so I agree with the latter part.

"...When will they be released?" Not getting his answer, Hirata asked once again after a slight delay.

"Well, now is a good time then. There isn't much time for certain procedures if we did it after school."

At the words "certain procedures", some of the students had a visible reaction.

"What... what do you mean?"

I'm almost sure she means expulsion. They have to gather belongings after all and send the student on their not-so-merry way once they are expelled. The question is whether she was saying it to scare us or that there was an actual student forced to leave.

"Don't be confused. I'll explain it now."

After all, this school likes to explain the details all at once. She stuck the paper with everyone's names and scores on the board, a few simple magnets holding up the posters. The poster was huge to be completely honest, otherwise, the people in the back row would've had a hard time reading it.

"Honestly, good job. I didn't think this class would do this well. In math, Japanese, and social studies, there were over 10 perfects."

Looking at the row of 100s, the students were cheering. The class average inevitably raised, and just by adding all the numbers up in quick succession and then dividing 80 mentally, one student was walking on thin ice.

The only grade is Sudou's English score which might fail him. Four of his grades were a solid 60 points. His English score was 39, which might cause him to be just a few tenths short of passing.

"Woohoo!!"

Sudou stood up and shouted in relief, unaware of his possible expulsion. Ike and Yamauchi stood up at the same time and cheered with him.

There was no red line to be found on the paper. I felt Kushida glance at me with a smile but I did not return her gaze. Suzune appeared to be relieved from what I can process from my peripheral, her cold exterior was still on display though.

"You saw it, right Sensei? When we put our minds to it, we can do

it!"

Ike had a triumphant smile, speaking too soon.

"Yes, I recognize that. You all did well. Sadly-"

Sae-sensei had a red pen in her hand, alarming pretty much all of Class D.

"Huh?"

Sudou leaked out a concerned voice from his mouth as sensei drew a red line right above his name, signaling the end of his time at ANHS.

I guess this school really prefers suspense, or perhaps It's just our homeroom teacher's way of doing things. Maybe Sae-sensei is a sadist and wanted to raise everyone's hopes just to crush them right after. They could've just put a line prior after all.

"W-what the hell? What does this mean?"

"You failed, Sudou."

"What? That's a lie, right? Don't bullshit me, why did I fail!?"

Of course, Sudou was the first to protest. He denied the authenticity of the glaring truth in front of him and looked for a way to get out of it.

Not only Sudou but the entire classroom did a complete 180 from cheering to an angry uproar in a split second.

"Sudou. You failed the English exam," Sae-sensei repeated.

"Don't fuck with me, the passing grade is a 32! I passed!" Sudou yelled, completely enraged and spewing profanities.

"When did anyone say that the passing grade is a 32?" Sae-sensei asked a question that was hard to refute if they thought for a bit.

"No no, Sensei said so! Right, everyone!?" Ike, however,

immediately shouted in support of his friend Sudou.

"Nothing you say will help. This is the unmistakable truth. On this midterm, the passing grade was a 40. In other words, you were one point short. Almost, but not quite."

Sadly for Sudou, it's true as she said. It was never mentioned it had to be that grade. It's pretty similar to the 100,000 points everybody thought was guaranteed, most people didn't read between the lines once again.

"F-forty!? I never heard of this! I can't agree to this!"

"Then, should I tell you how we decide what is a passing grade?" Sae-sensei questioned and not waiting for an answer, wrote a formula on the board.

" $79.6/2 = 39.8$ ".

"Last test, and this test as well, each class has a set passing grade. And that grade was half the average."

In other words, anything lower than 39.8 was a failing grade.

"Well then, that shows how you failed. You got a lower score."

"Impossible... Does... does that mean, I am expelled?"

"Although it was a short time, you did well Sudou. After school, you will be asked to fill out a dropout form, but you will need a legal guardian. I'll contact them for you afterward."

Seeing everything progress so casually, all the students knew that it was actually happening.

"The rest of you, good job for passing. On the final, please work hard to do the same and pass the test. Well then, onto the next topic —"

"S-sensei. Is Sudou-kun really dropping out? Is there no way to save him?"

Hirata was the first to reach out to Sudou even though that very person hated him and verbally insulted him, sometimes right in his face.

"It's the truth. He got a failing grade, so he will have to drop out."

"...Can we see Sudou-kun's answer sheet?"

"Even if you look at it, you won't find any mistakes in the grading. Well, I expected you guys to make a fuss about it."

Taking Sudou's English exam answer sheet, she passed it to Hirata.

Hirata looked through every question with a gloomy expression, drawing the same conclusion the school did.

"There are no mistakes..."

"Well, if that's all, homeroom is now over."

While her tone didn't express any sympathy, just before she left the room, her facial expressions were a flurry of emotions. Frustration, disappointment, depression, nearly anything negative you can think of was there. Jealousy was evident as well, though I haven't a clue as to why. Any second chances, Chiyabashira-sensei ruthlessly announced his expulsion. Knowing that any comforting words would have the opposite effect, Ike and Yamauchi stayed silent. Hirata was also the same. And sadly, it looks like one portion of the class was relieved. Are they happy a hindrance to the class has finally been kicked out?

"Sudou, come to the staff room after school."

"...Chabashira-sensei. Do you have some time?"

Although she had stayed silent until then, Suzune quickly raised her hand to the surprise of many. While she talks out loud once in a blue moon, she never really does it unless keyed in. It was astonishing that judging by her timing, she would defend another student.

Let's hope that's not just wishful thinking. There is always the

possibility she can roast him like a pig above a campfire, setting his expulsion in stone. That'd be even sadder since Sudou mentioned he might be developing feelings for her...

"That's unusual, Horikita. You're raising your hand. What's your question?"

"I calculated the mock test's average to be 64.4. Dividing that by two, you get 32.2. In other words, higher than 32. Despite that, the passing grade was a 32 by truncating the decimal point. That's contradictory from this time. Doesn't that make mean this one is inaccurate?" Suzune fought but not only is this the best school in Japan, meaning errors are near impossible, but the factor of rounding instead was there. I'm sure she assumed this might be fruitless in her head, but she persistently tried to save Sudou, using everything at her disposal.

"Y-yea. The passing grade should be a 39 then!" Ike also screamed desperately in agreement once again, continuing to look on the bright side to save his friend, which was pretty noble behavior.

On the other hand, Yamauchi, who is also really close to Sudou, hasn't uttered a single word.

"I see. You anticipated Sudou's grade to barely pass. Only your English grade was low, after all."

"Horikita, you..."

Sudou looked at the board, finding Suzune's name near the bottom as Sae-sensei said that. The other students looked at the paper once again, their expressions clearly displaying their bafflement. Even though four of her five grades were perfect, she got a 51 on her English score.

"You really—"

Sudou realized what she did.

And by no mistake, too. In order to lower the average grade, she purposely lowered her own grades.

"If you think my opinion is wrong, please tell me why the calculation differs between the last test and this test."

The last ray of light. The last bit of hope.

"I see. Well then, let me tell you one more thing. Sadly, there's one error in your formula. Rather than truncating, we rounded the tests. The last test rounded down to 32, this test rounded up to 40."

"Tsk..." Suzune tried, but it ultimately failed, making her efforts useless.

"In your mind, you probably noticed that the score was rounded. But clinging onto that possibility... well, that's too bad. The first period will start soon, so I will leave now."

Horikita had no more ways to retort and stayed silent. She wasn't able to counter her words, and her last hope was shot down. After leaving the classroom, the door slammed shut and the whole class was silent.

While trying to face the reality of having to drop out, Sudou looked at Horikita, who tried to stop him from failing by dropping her own grades.

"...I'm sorry. I should've dropped my points even further."

Horikita slowly lowered her hand.

Even 51 points were considerably low and one person dropping their grade by 10 percent wouldn't really change the outcome. Sudou would still be expelled and if she dropped her grade to the 40s, she herself would be at risk.

"Why... You said that you hated me, didn't you?" Sudou wondered deeply, trying to understand

"I'm just doing this for myself, don't misunderstand. It was in vain, though."

Classic tsundere phrasing.

I slowly got out of my seat.

"W-where are you going, Ayanokoji!?"

"Potty Emergency. Explosion Eminent."

I did not want to say that whatsoever. I needed everyone to remain here. If I simply said that I'm going to the bathroom perfectly at this time, Suzune is bound to get suspicious. Since I said something more serious, the thought of the bathroom would linger in their minds longer, which should be just enough time to halt Suzune. I would rather her not come as it could prolong the conversation and she'll definitely try to pay for what I plan to buy.

I exited the classroom ignoring the dumbfounded stares and quickly caught sight of Sae-sensei's ponytail just as she turned the corner to the stairwell. Following after her in a casual way, not hiding behind pillars like an idiot or stalker, I remained completely silent. She ascended up the stairs to which I did the same soon after, all the way to the rooftop. Once she neared the fence, I stepped outside as well, clicking the door behind me.

"Ayanokoji, what do you need? I suggest you hurry because classes will begin soon," Sae-sensei spoke, not even turning around to look at me. While I was blatantly obvious on purpose, not once did she look back so it's strange she knew it was me.

Besides that, if she knew I was following her, why chose the rooftop in particular? The reason doesn't matter much as I am grateful it happened to be this location due to the single entrance leading to it.

"Sae-sensei. Is it fine if I ask you one question?"

"A question? Is that why you ran after me?" she rhetorically asked, as if she was speaking to herself, continuing with, "I'm all ears then, go ahead."

"What's your outlook on luck?"

"What a sudden topic. I expected something else but isn't that vague? Do you get anything out of it even if I answer?"

"It's very important."

"If I speak my opinion, then luck is random, and unpredictable. You never know if you could be lucky to win the lottery or just lucky to wake up in time for an event."

"Yes, I also think the same way. Whether you're lucky to do either of those, it's always an inconsistent variable. You can't predict the winning numbers for the lottery nor can you know for certain when you rise from your sleep. However, is a situation that is set up considered luck?"

"What do you mean?"

"For example, let's say a human plans to eat a wild deer. They have everything prepared, and a trap in place and they successfully catch it and repeat the process, with the same result each time. That can be considered skill correct?"

"I suppose so..."

"Even if so, how can we not say he was lucky to have caught it? The probability he succeeds may be near perfect, but you can't be definitive and say, 'always', hence luck is involved. You can even say he was lucky the deer was nearby, or lucky that it was hungry, making it fall for it easier. Luck can be applied to nearly anything. Wouldn't the guy be considered lucky that he was able to learn to hunt? Due to the vagueness of luck, it's essentially success or failure apparently brought by chance and it can be influenced by actions you take. Studying for a test will provide more luck to scoring high and if you get the maximum amount of marks each time, you are lucky to be educated well. But what about the flip side to it?"

"Couldn't the hunter be unlucky if the deer managed to escape his trap before he can finish it? The hunter catching anything could be viewed as lucky but what about the animals in the same situation? They're unlucky to be in the vicinity of the hunter and unlucky to be fooled. There are two sides to things in the same scenario and more often than not, It's positive and negative. Yin and yang, the light and dark are balanced. Newton's third law of motion states for every action in nature there is an equal and opposite reaction. Not

only does it apply to the idea of motion but to other things in the universe as well. A balance."

I paused for a bit, grateful that Sae-sensei just stood there, not attempting to leave, and listened to my thoughts attentively. If I drag this out for too long though, I'm afraid we would be short on time, not being able to address the main reason why I am standing before her.

"Lucky to win the lottery but all the others are unlucky. Lucky you woke up, unlucky because your dream was stopped abruptly. A similar situation applies to Sudou's predicament. The fact that I had to ask about the test material change changes things. If you took action and mentioned it sooner, Sudou might have been fortunate enough to pass. Even then, I suppose that would raise the test average, Sudou still being unfortunate to have an inadequate score. He was unlucky to have fallen asleep while studying English but lucky to have had more sleep improving his chance to score higher on the others. This leads me to this; though all the questions, our points, and the threat of expulsion are the same among all classes, only class D is treated unfairly, lowering our chance to succeed."



"I guess so, but are you saying you can't agree to that? It'd be extremely difficult to change any of it now, it's all in the past,"

"I understand that sensei, but difficult doesn't mean impossible. You

just indirectly admitted there was a way, if not multiple at this point in time to reverse Sudou's predicament."

"Ayanokoji, I personally have a high opinion of you. Certainly, getting the old test questions was a correct solution. Furthermore, coming up with that idea even goes beyond common sense. But you distributed the questions to the class and raised the average test score. I think there's merit in coming up with that idea."

"Kushida also helped in getting those questions, so I did nothing special."

"I know that you didn't openly admit it, but there are upperclassmen too. I also know that you got the test questions from a third year."

Somehow, my actions were discovered.

"However, despite having a solid start by getting a hold of the test questions, you messed up at the end. That was why your plan didn't work. If he memorized them more thoroughly, Sudou probably wouldn't have gotten a failing grade in English. Why don't you give up and let Sudou drop out? Won't his future be more comfortable then?"

I wanted him to fail though as he could learn a lesson from it. I suppose it looks like a miscalculation on my part but truthfully, it's going swimmingly.

"To be honest... his future probably would. However, I decided to help out this time and who am I to not allow Sudou to pursue his dream when I'm capable of doing so?"

This is what makes me vastly different from that man. While he removes the troubling or weak beings, I prefer to use my knowledge and nurture them, bringing out their full capabilities.

Although, this in particular might just be a helping hand to Suzune, goodwill to Sudou who was one of my few male friends, or rather saying that I'm not giving up yet and rebelling against that man's beliefs. I have one last surefire method.

From my pocket, I took out my student card.

"Huh?"

"Please sell me one mark for Sudou's English test."

"..."

"Hahahahaha. That's an interesting proposal. As I thought, you're different, that's what I like about you. I knew you figured anything when you bought admission to the trial, but to think you would try to buy points. This is a school you know? Certainly, you could use it that way. Do you even have the money to pay me, though?" Looking at me in astonishment, she laughed loudly and quieted down appearing meek for some reason after.

"Well then, how much is one point?"

"Y-yes, a very difficult question indeed. No one's ever asked to buy a point before. I'll give you a point for 100,000 points."

"Sensei, you're cruel. Isn't that too expensive?"

There isn't a single person in the class who hasn't used a point at all.

"Is it 20 million to save from expulsion overall then?"

"How did you..." Sae-sensei's mutter just now proved my shot in the dark was accurate.

I could've just asked outright and I'm sure she would be compelled by the school to answer, it's not hidden. It would have been embarrassing if I got that wrong but if you really think about it and do the math out that's a lot.

While I'm sure you can pay to save an expulsion directly, I'm sure this is the cheaper, but limited route. Let's say the class average was 40 like this time and somebody scores a 0 on every test. That's 5 tests, a collective total of 200 marks need to be bought. Buying every single one would be a whopping total of 20 million points.

It's strange how it's such a round number and I get why it would be

hard to amass, making it hard to save students. I only said it out loud due to those and the want to not have Sae-sensei underestimate and take advantage of me. I'm not holding back all too much, but I certainly do not want to be responsible for my class. I'm sure you can tell my interpersonal social skills are lacking despite my knowledge and the number of languages I know. I'm sure she would be fine if I didn't do anything but who knows?

"Math," I stated, not elaborating at all to where she just frowned. Not staying on the topic for too long, I spoke, "Fine, I'll pay for it."

Holding out my card for her to take, a dumbfounded look engulfed her facial features once again, she still grabbed the card and looked down at it, then glanced up at me as she asked, "You sure you have enough?"

I just nodded in affirmation and she took out a device and proceeded to set up the process from what I believe.

"Alright, I'll agree to sell you a point. I'll take a total of 100,000 points from your accou- Oh my," I'm assuming she saw the balance but after another brief period of alarm, she just sighed and said, "I'll ignore the baffling amount of points as it's just about time to head back to class. Tell the rest of the class that Sudou's expulsion has been canceled."

"Is that fine?"

"You promised to pay 100,000 points, and you have the funds, so it can't be helped. See you in class."

Sae-sensei talked with an amused tone and walked away, towards the roof exit.

Pulling out my phone, I texted Suzune about Sudou's expulsion being canceled, asking her to take credit for it and spread the word around. While she would be hesitant to do so, I'm sure she'll listen.

I'm glad that's settled. Out of all the different scenarios, I'd like to believe this was the best one. I could've just paid for the points in class but that would ruin my shadow cover. I really don't want to be

put near a leadership position which may have been inevitable in that scenario.

There's also the option to lower my own score, much like Suzune did which would've just let Sudou squeeze by. I didn't know what his test score would be until after so it wasn't the best method. That would make Sudou look at me and Suzune in a better light and while that is appreciated, It'd be best to make it fully directed at her instead of me.

Putting it one target like that amplifies the amount of positive feelings and since he already holds her in pretty high regard, it'll make him easier to manipulate and give Suzune a more devoted follower.

Another thing, some others might think that if I didn't want to do it, I could've messaged my seatmate or perhaps even whispered to her, "Buy a mark for his test," and transfer her the required funds and more later if I had to. That would put her in a leader-type position, garnering favorable images from our classmates and most importantly the loose canon Sudou.

However, the one flaw is the points. While I didn't know at the time it was 100,000 points, if she paid an amount more than her allowance, it might cause some conflict. Hopefully, people would be proud of her for managing to get more points, questions would sprout up like weeds. Not only that but some people might be jealous or angry she didn't share the nonexistent method earlier, labeling her as a greedy human sadly, even though she sacrificed 100,000 points to save somebody else.

I'm sure someone like Hirata would say similar things like that to defend her, but those feelings would still remain. I'd rather my friend (**with benefits**) not get hurt due to the fact I used them as a shield, though, I believe she could care less about what they think of her. For that very reason, I'll mention what happened here on the rooftop to Suzune and have her take the credit as it's better for the rest of Class D to be in the dark. She'll receive praise, with barely any room for insults to wiggle in.

Man, society these days-

"Oh, the door is locked," Sae-sensei muttered while patting around her body in search of a key. After a short while her eyes widened as she took out her phone to type something before her eyes widened even further. She just walked back to me soon after.

"Ayanokoji, use your phone to message Chie, please. I'm pretty sure you have had her number since a while ago. We'll be stuck up here for a short while, we need someone to open the door. You are already tardy to your next class but I can assure you it will be excused," she instructed me so I can assume her phone died while she was in the process of doing so.

As much as I don't want to open the chat, I did so anyways as Sae-sensei said. Classes started already then so will she see it if I message her though?

Peering over my shoulder, I'm sure she saw the 23 notifications from Chie's profile that I haven't read. I haven't even clicked on it and didn't plan to do so until now and Sae-sensei just chuckled at seeing how I ignored her. Pressing her icon, I caught a very brief view of the messages, and I immediately called her.

I don't think Sae-sensei read it fast enough but one of the messages was, "Can you come in my place tonight Kiyo-kun?~" I'm glad I never opened it up.

The wording...

The phone rang once until it was picked up almost immediately and the recipient screamed, "Kiyo-kun!"

Sae-sensei whispered to herself in the back, "She always picks up the phone after the last ring for me..."

Ignoring it, I said, "Sae-sensei and I are stuck on the roof. Can you please send help?"

"Not even a, "Hi," to your favorite teacher, you're really straight to the point aren't you? And here I thought you would take me up on the offer I messaged you but wait!" Chie said with a dramatic gasp,

"You didn't even open it, you meanie.~"

"Sorry, but I think if you put '*least*' in front of '*favorite*', I think you'll have it right. I'll check them from now on though..." I joked slightly with her before assuring her I would keep an eye out for the messages. As much as I want to ignore her, she is still a teacher at this school. I'm sure she would've said to check them, so I said it first, closing this topic of discussion.

"Ouch, how blunt~. Good though, check them! Anyways, what are you doing on the roof alone with Sae-chan? Was what I mentioned last time actually correct!?"

I'm assuming she meant the, "dominated by a younger man," she was talking about in front of the staff room. Sae-sensei didn't utter a single word throughout but the speaker was on, so she heard everything. Her face was red but she tried playing it off with a sigh. Also, isn't Chie a bit more teasing than before?

"Can I take that as a yes?" I asked, not commenting on her previous response.

"Hai!~"

and with that, I cut the call.

Wait, wasn't she in the classroom just now?

~Author's Notes~

9.1k words.

I'm proud to say that there are only 3 chapters left, **The Mixer**,
■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■■ and **SS: In Their Eyes** .

Also, if you have suggestions on where I could add photo edits in, they are always welcome. I could totally add more of them in this chapter and the past ones. Anyways-

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>

Merciless Mixer

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After successfully getting off the roof and rescuing Sudou from his presumably inescapable expulsion, a couple of days passed.

Currently, it was just before school on Friday and the class quieted down significantly from the previous noise they created. Suzune, while posing a few questions about my sudden request, complied with it, only asking for a full explanation within the week. That resulted in my detailed explanation session of Sudou's saving to Suzune Saturday night. The class praised her, and I can say she definitely raised her image in each and every one of their eyes, especially with Sudou.

Maybe an exception for Kushida as her hatred probably grew bounds for Suzune taking the spotlight.

Despite the celebratory atmosphere of everybody passing, one thing was certain though. I needed to set up the Mixer I promised the trio. I sent over the 10,000 points as promised on the very day of the exam, and they showed their appreciation by spamming my phone with message notifications, saying they really needed it after a short thanks.

Yamauchi was the first one to mention the Mixer, almost screaming at me through my phone, making sure that I didn't forget.

To be completely honest, I had a plan since day one and placed it in the back of my mind. While I originally thought of inviting my study group, in other words, Chiaki, Airi, Maya, and Haruka, I decided against it though.

Not only are the five of our relationships distant at the moment but neither Airi nor Haruka would do good at a social gathering with people they don't know, especially when two of the boys might be perving on them constantly.

I decided just to think about it after the exam as the mixer was only promised if all three of them passed, after all. If one was expelled, it would be nonexistent for the other two, even if I knew all three would pass in the first place. There was no point in gathering all the people beforehand if there was a chance it would be canceled.

I sent a message to the trio, saying, "I'll gather them now. Saturday night sounds good, correct?"

After they all gave immediate confirmation and a few messages following, I shut off my phone, sliding it into my pants pocket.

As much as I don't want to assign it tomorrow night, Today is too fast and next week would create too many complaints from them. I asked before if it could be during the day and they explained to me that all proper mixers are at night or something. That scrapped Sunday as it was a school night.

I would try to ask Suzune if we can postpone the meeting to another day but she vehemently denied my request. At least the times don't overlap, the Mixer starting at 6:30 PM, ending a couple of hours after, and another starting at 10:00 PM, hopefully taking less than an hour.

Yamauchi doesn't even sound the least bit grateful, messaging, "Hurry! The sooner the better!" At least Sudou and Ike didn't rush me needlessly as he did.

Sighing, I grabbed my school bag off the wall hook, popped on my shoes, and made my way to school earlier than usual.

Near arrival, I beelined straight towards my destination and waved to the girl leaning against a pillar.

"Good morning Kushida."

"Hi, Ayanokoji-kun! What made you call me here so early?"

I texted her just last night to meet in the special building by the left flight of stairs, 30 minutes before homeroom began, and she agreed almost instantaneously. As for why I called her here-

"I just needed a favor and was wondering if you could help me out. If not, it's no big deal," I propped my back against the wall directly parallel to where she stood, facing her directly.

"A favor? Whatever could it be?" She waited expectantly for my answer, her demeanor slightly showing excitement. Whether it was from her mask or not, it was difficult to discern, but I'd like to believe it was genuine.

"You don't have to wear your mask here, no cameras are here to put you at risk."

"Haha, it's fine Ayanokoji-kun. It's better to be safe than sorry," she blew off my offer, adding her reason as to why she refused. From what I can grasp, the contents of her words seem to be the truth. Kushida Kikyo is a rather cautious person yet, it almost felt like she was completely against me seeing it, even though I have once before...

"If you're comfortable with it, that's fine," I commented then replied, "To answer your question Kushida, I have to set up a mixer. I have 3 boys gathered, I just have to gather the 4 girls. Could you bring yourself along with three others?"

I know calling for her aid specifically can prove quite troublesome as she is bound to ask for something in return. However, it makes it extremely simple for me as I could just delegate the task to her. I'm sure people would be more willing if the popular Kushida Kikyo personally invited them, regardless of gender.

While it might be possible for me to gather four girls without Kushida's help today, that's just wishful thinking.

As I said, I'd rather not resort to asking my tutees, and I can't ask Suzune. While I do know Ichinose so I could possibly ask her to play Kushida's role here, I neither have her contact nor know her well enough.

Nene Mori would accept for sure, but I'm unaware of how strong her social reach is within the school. It might be challenging for her to gather 3 people to willingly join.

I could invite Kiryuin-senpai and Asahina-senpai, but something tells me that the Mixer might be very shortlived, possibly the attendees as well...

The point is, she's really the only person who can help me on such short notice.

"Hmmm, let me guess... Is it the three idiots?"

I nodded my head to which she responded, "It's going to be tough for me to find girls who would want to go but sure I'll do it. Because of that though... You owe me a favor in return. Kay?"

As expected, there it is.

"Okay then... What is it?"

"That's a secret!" Kushida closed one eye, bent forward slightly, and lifted one hand in a 'shush' gesture over her lips.

"Got it. See you later Kushida," I began to walk away not waiting for a response until her hand caught my shoulder, urging me to stay in place.

"We still have twenty minutes till homeroom, so we can have a little fun in the meantime, right Ayanokoji-kun? You said it yourself, 'no cameras are here'. We don't have to worry about being caught," Kushida reasoned with a smile that didn't reach anyone's eyes.

"Isn't it still risky? Also, we only have ten minutes if you subtract the walking distance. It isn't enough time to do anything and for you to fix your appearance," I countered, really not wanting to do anything of the sort this early. It's nice the option is available but please, not today.

"Remember me telling you on the rooftop about lending me your dick whenever I ask? That applies to now doesn't it?"

"Do you seriously want to do it now?"

Once Kushida nodded, I broke free from her grip and unjokingly spoke, "Another time it is then. Farewell."

I then ran as fast as I could leaving no chance for Kushida to catch up. I heard footsteps behind me, not bothering to stop for them. As I was almost down the hallway, I glanced behind me to gauge how close she was and I suddenly slipped, crashing on my back, and sliding a little.

I was doomed, staring at the ceiling all because of the random banana peel.

Not even a few seconds later Kushida entered my vision and I got a full view of her underskirt and her face she smiled smugly as if she planned that, which I doubt.

I accepted my fate as she leaned down, grabbed my arms, and dragged me across the floor into the nearest empty room.



And this is how I formed my theory that some people have terrible luck in comparison to others, regardless of their efforts.

The little pit stop resulted in us both getting to the classroom seconds before the bell with a side of uncomfortable gazes.

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Saturday night, moments before the designated starting time, a group of us were gathered, just waiting on one.

Kushida did an excellent job of gathering the girls, finishing it just after school yesterday. She roped in Onodera, someone from our class I don't know all too well, and surprisingly Ichinose and Amikura, despite our varying classes.

Ike managed to make it in time, hell, he got here before me and was waiting nervously. Even Sudou, who was notoriously known for being tardy, was present.

The one absent was Yamauchi. I almost expected him to take the same course of action as Ike did based on their near-equal frequencies. Due to his overly neat appearance that became slightly disheveled, I'm assuming he lost track of time when preparing and had to sprint here.

If we're just talking about greetings, the boys were either super loud or shockingly quiet. Kushida acted the same as usual greeting everyone equally and making conversation during the wait.

Ichinose and Amikura did the same thing, not surprised I was here so I can guess Kushida told them about me.

Onodera and I shared greetings but haven't said much else to each other since we gathered. Once Yamauchi arrived, Ike joked about why he took so long, slinging an arm over his shoulder. We all moved inside our meeting place, the karaoke room.

I've been here one other time with a group around this size but it felt unfamiliar all the same.

I still can't forget everyone's reaction to my singing, it was hurtful, to say the least. What can you expect from someone with a monotone voice?

**(A/N: Do you remember that Gathering with Friends chapter? Where I made Kiyo sing a song perfectly? Forget that existed, I'll fix that unrealistic part on my editing spree lol)**

Other than that, it was a somewhat enjoyable experience but if I had one critique-

It felt bland.

I went there with classmates but I didn't interact with them frequently, and there was a noticeable distance between us. People like Kushida and Hirata tried cueing me into it but luckily, I know more of the people here, and the ones I knew previously have strengthened bonds with me. I hope this mixer is entertaining.

Breaking myself out of those thoughts, I analyzed the room. Compared to the room we occupied last time when I went to karaoke, this one was vastly different. It was similar to a room one might book to sleep in, minus the bed of course. Mats were spread across the floor and the machine was centered in the room and cylindrical, versus against the back wall. The seating arrangement was around the karaoke machine, on the floor with cushions.

Everyone situated themselves in a circle, a visible distinction between both halves. It seems that there was an unspoken rule to gather in gender groups during mixers I haven't heard of. It's that or

perhaps they felt uncomfortable sitting next to people they are unfamiliar with.

I took a seat on the remaining open cushion, which conveniently was one of the nearest to the door. I could leave easier if necessary but I'm not necessarily too keen on the spot due to other reasons, none of which has to do with the people seated near me. Let's just hope the waiter is not sexually attracted to males...

If we ignore that and we went clockwise from noon, we have Onodera, Kushida, Amikura, and Ichinose until 6 o'clock. In the next half continuing in the same direction, it's me, Yamauchi, Ike then Sudou.

"Hey everyone, who's up to sing the first song for the night?" Ichinose spoke up, grabbing everyone's attention to get the party rolling. The thing is, hardly anyone would volunteer first. You could understand that much from surveying the expressions people are wearing. Most are either afraid to embarrass themselves or afraid they might mess up. The only one who might volunteer is somebody who gets pressured or is confident in their skills.

"I'll go!" Kushida exclaimed. She fits the latter to a T, everyone letting a sigh of relief to not have to sing next.

"Shall we go clockwise so everyone gets a turn?" Kushida put the tips of her fingers together, suggesting a format for us to follow.

Yamauchi and Ike shouted in immediate agreement along with the rest of us after. While I wasn't against it, I rather not sing at all but the majority vote rules. Even if I voted in denial, it wouldn't change the outcome, and might even gain me a few glares.

As Kushida began browsing, the rest of us either did the same, wondering which song would be the best to sing, or looked at the menu.

Hunger was nigh inevitable at this time of the day, and the ordering function was awfully convenient, one monitor built in at each seat. This allowed people to pay for themselves easier, and the ability to eat at any given time. We all somewhat agreed to order around the

same time though to make it easier on the employees.

Now as for what I can eat...

Oh, they have ice cream here. I pressed vanilla with chocolate fudge, selected Large, and then touched the order button. I then proceeded to tap my card against the screen as instructed and it dinged, signaling the order was complete. I'll eat actual food later, maybe after the singing was done.

Kushida put on quite the performance, garnering everyone's praise and leaving us amazed, despite ~43% of us knowing her capabilities beforehand.

"You're amazing Kushida-chan!"

"Great Job Kushida-san! You have a beautiful voice," Ichinose complimented her politely.

"Thanks, you guys!"

"Kushida-san! You're even better than the rumors! Are you trying to impress somebody here perhaps?" Akimura poked fun at Kushida.

"Huh? Whatever do you mean Amikura-san?" Kushida said with an 'unaware' smile, asking for more of an explanation. Yamauchi and Ike were listening in with great interest at this point, and while I was intrigued by their conversation, I more or less knew the answer that Kushida would not disclose in her response.

Kushida was indeed trying to impress someone and that was me.

Along with everybody else in the room of course. She is trying her best to be the most likable person.

"Someone like-," Amikura started, and leaned close to Kushida's ear whispering something none of us could hear. After she backed away, Kushida waved her hand, completely unphased by Amikura's guess, saying, "It's not like that silly."

Amikura stopped her teasing with, "Oh really~? If you say so Kushida-san. I guess it's my turn now to sing, hehe."



A few moments later, the room changed color. This light-up feature was cool with Kushida's performance, but Amikura's song had a different mood to it.

Was this rap?

I focused on the singer instead of the background effects and she sat in a slightly different position, mic in hands, with sunglasses for whatever reason. I didn't peg her for choosing a fluffy song but I was caught off guard she chose to sing this genre.



After performing her unique but well-done singing, Ichinose sang a

song similar to Kushida. It's difficult to say which one has a more talented voice and I'm no expert at this at all either, but I believe Ichinose won, by just a little.

Now, it was my turn to break the chain of talented people. I think every boy in this room has little talent in the vocal department so it would continue until Onodera if she is a good singer.

Unsure of what to pick, I selected a rap song similar to Amikura, given my monotone voice. I just have to keep pace and rhythm with it, pitch is something I've long given up. Volume too since I can't even scream loud even if I tried.

It just so happened that the rap was English and the singer with a name similar to that chocolate candy. It was titled, "Rap God," and I decided to go with it, mainly because it was a top-rated song according to the Karaoke machine.

While singing it, I noticed multiple parts were extremely fast-paced, almost at a speed that's hard to comprehend, the lyrics being flown through the screen swifter than the average reading speed.

I have some idea of how the song flowed thanks to the text changing color as it went through but I'm not sure if I achieved the desired result.

The screen showed a loading bar and gave me a straight 50/100. I got the lyrics then, I just fumbled on the notes and noise.

I peered off to my sides, and Sudou and Ike were smiling awkwardly, which blatantly screamed, 'good try'. Yamauchi just had a happy atmosphere around him, the same as he did during the entire mixer.

"Wow, Ayanokoji-kun! You can sing fast and in English no less!" Ichinose praised my performance.

"His English was almost perfect, wasn't it?" Kushida added while Amikura wore an excited yet inquisitive look on her face while responding, "Yeah... It was!"

It seems some picked up my knowledge of that language, while the

others who didn't assume I did iffy. That's understandable due to how the machine graded me.

I thanked them and so the night continued.

Yamauchi made a fool out of himself while believing he succeeded, Ike doing relatively well, scoring in the 60s and Sudou succeeded at a rock song. Onodera was pretty talented too, the machine evaluating her in the 80s.

Everybody has sung once now and pretty much everybody has eaten. Now, I'm not sure which direction this gathering would take.

Would we separate now and bid our farewells?

Would we sing once again and more times after that?

Or would we occupy ourselves with something else that is yet to be known?

I wouldn't mind heading home at all right now, but leaving here feels somewhat off. I feel inclined to spend more time here, and whether it's because of the people here or me just wanting to get another delicious ice cream is beyond me. I'll just wait and see what everybody else does.

One thing that does concern me is the other males. The girls are talking normally, yet the guys are huddled together, whispering something.

"Everyone, let's play a game!" Soon after, Ike announced an idea for what to do next.

"Yeah! Good one Ike!" Yamauchi cheered in praise.

"Sounds fun to me..." Sudou also agreed.

Awfully suspicious to me, and I'm not the only one who thinks so. The other members of the group have worried faces too.

"What's your idea Ike-kun?" Ichinose asked somewhat hesitantly. I'm sure everyone was curious.

"We should play Truth or Dare!" Ike gladly answered and the other two once again instantly agreed with him. It's confirmed, they whispered to prepare this. They could at least make it more believable by delaying and staggering their replies though.

**(AN: Some of this is heavily inspired by something on discord but trust me, I wanted them to play this and wrote parts of it before we played on discord. I swear, ok!)**

"Maybe I shouldn't have asked in the first place..." Ichinose deadpanned at their responses only audible to my ears.

"Is it really that bad? What's Truth or Dare in the first place?"

"You don't know it Ayanokoji-kun?" Ichinose looked surprised at my question as if I was living under a rock. Seriously though, what is it?

I can hypothesize some things based on the name alone but I haven't a clue as to how accurate it was. I thought it would be a torture technique if they didn't mention 'game' beforehand...

After I gave a slight nod, Ichinose being the helpful person she is, gave me an in-depth explanation.

"I fully understand the game now, thanks for the information Ichinose," I listened then thanked her out of courtesy to which she responded gleefully, "No problem Ayanokoji-kun!"

Essentially, Truth and Dare is a game where there are two types of players; the Questioners and the Target.

While you can go in order if you like with the Questioners, the Target selected is randomized.

Whether through the use of spinning a bottle, a name drawn out of a hat, or anything else, it depends.

The Questioners would ask the selected person, Truth or Dare, and the Target would have to respond with one of the two options.

If they choose truth, the Questioners have the opportunity to ask

them anything, and they have to answer truthfully. I'm not sure how they can tell if they're being honest, but I guess it's figured they should be.

Now, if they choose to dare, the Questioners have the chance to instruct them to do anything. Not literally everything or this game might be illegal, but I hope you get the gist of it. Telling them to give you all their money or to jump off the roof is restricted obviously.

The other part of the dare thing is that it could only be one instruction. Forcing someone to laugh and then fake cry is not allowed, you have to choose one or the other. The same technique applies to the truth part too. Asking consecutive questions, even if it's partially related, is unfair.

Now, if I pop back to what's happening currently, We have a slight issue at hand. The trio is all for truth and dare, and surprisingly Amikura is too. That means half of the people present haven't yet made their stance or have voted in denial. With this type of thing, it might be majority rules or everyone has to agree on one thing.

"I'll join too then!" Kushida said after a bit, and that was what sealed the deal. Onodera who wasn't necessarily against it, joined in, same with Ichinose and me soon after.

Now for the ord-

"Before we start, let's set some rules. The people besides the questioner can vote on whether we think a dare is inappropriate or not when somebody says it's not. If it's fine continue, and if not, think of another." Onodera said this, and I think this is the most I heard her talk, besides the song of course.

All of us had to agree and while some of us did so easily, I could tell the reluctant expressions on the trio's faces showed they had something in mind that was halted by this rule. The reason they didn't refute it is due to how it could make them look. Even they know it's dumb to stand in opposition to this in particular.

"Now that that's settled, let's start with Onodera-san and continue

from her right. Hmmm, for selecting, let's spin this glass juice bottle in the middle and whoever is at the end of the cap side is the Target, does that sound alright?" Ichinose suggested, earning everyone's instant approval.

And with that, the game began. Onodera spun the bottle and it kept rotating for 10 seconds or so, finally landing between Ike and Yamauchi. After figuring out who was selected, it turned out to be Ike, who broke into a nervous sweat for whatever reason.

"Truth or Dare Ike-kun?" Onodera smiled gently while Ike was panicking. Thinking about it currently, I suppose it is tough to choose between the two. While Truth is the generally safer option, it could make you seem scared and wimpy to choose Dare. Actually, no matter what you choose, you suffer a risk and this 'fun' game suddenly began as a method to extract information.

"Uh, Truth!" Ike finally choose what he should do and Onodera put her finger on her chin, pretending to think what she could ask. I guarantee you she already has something picked out.

"Ah! What did you plan to ask before we made that rule?"

"...To hold someone's hand..." Ike muttered just loud enough for the table to hear. First of all, she never specified if it was male or female so he could've also meant that we'd die for male. Secondly, given how surprised everyone's expressions are, I can conclude that it's considered weird.

Apparently, it's extremely lewd.

They're laughing while saying it though, so perhaps it's a joke but I'll keep it in mind nonetheless.

It was now Sudou's spin, and it landed on the previous person who spun, Onodera.

"Truth or dare?" Sudou asked her, a hint of nervousness on his face, probably due to the loss of what to ask.

I'm glad I went later as I had more time to formulate my responses to fit questions I might be asked and actions t situations that might

play out.

She chose dare, which I could've guessed due to the nature she showed when scaring Ike.

"Uh, I dare you to... uh... wait give me a second..."

He was indeed clueless about what he could dare.

"Oh! I dare you to say nya at the end of each sentence the rest of this mixer!"

Seems like Sudou had a soft spot for cats besides his dog-like nature.

Onodera gave him a weird look and said, "Okay then nyaaa~..."

A cloud of smoke then came from her head as she put her head down and the tip of her ears were visibly red.

I can see why Sudou wanted this. Cat girls aren't bad at all.

"Ahem. Ike-kun, it's your turn now."

Ichinose broke the 15-second silence that may have continued even longer. I didn't even notice I zoned out as I was overanalyzing how cat ears would look on... actually, that information is irrelevant.

Ike spun the bottle as we all watched its every rotation.

The girls were nervous it would land on them.

Sudou probably was wishing his friend to succeed, but Yamauchi probably wished the exact opposite.

I, not caring what happens in the first place. May the luckiest win.

The bottle reached its final revolution and pointed at Yamauchi, and Ike looked at him in horror and disappointment.

"Yamauchi..."

"Ike..."



I could tell, they didn't think of this in their plan despite the chance it could happen.

Thoughts about what to choose and if Ike would sabotage him or have mercy on him were running through Yamauchi's head.

Ike was probably wondering what to say, and should he abandon his friend for his own sake or save him for... is there a reason?

With a sigh, Ike seemingly made up his mind and questioned, "Truth or dare, Yamauchi?"

"Truth!" Yamauchi exclaimed trying to sound confident but he took a step into a minefield just now, and because it was the path of higher risk either way, he took what he believed to be the safest, disregarding the shame that came with it.

However, Ike smiled, sealing Yamauchi's fate as he looked on in horror at his frie- no, enemy.

Yamauchi had his feet planted on a mine and Ike was the one who laid it down. While none of us would know what would happen if he chose dare besides Ike, we are about to find out the truth.

"Yamauchi, name 3 of your worst fetishes."

A shroud of silence spread across the room and it felt simple enough for it to be broken by a pin drop, but the tension stopped anyone.

Everyone waited for his answer, some less than others, no one showing any signs to protest the question and vote on it. They all left him behind and he begrudgingly muttered something.

"I can't hear you," Ike said, forcing him to speak up louder.

Yamauchi said happily, "Thighs, Breasts, and Butts!"

We could all tell he was lying.

"You shouldn't lie, Yamauchi~" Amikura called him out startling him to which he said, "L-lying? Haha, I would never! Hehehe..."

As he looked around he saw everyone's faces, even Kushida's clearly

expressing their doubt.

"Let me ask again Yamauchi. What are your three worst fetishes?"

"Fine! I'll say them!" Yamauchi gave up and was even enraged slightly at Ike.

"I LIKE MAIDS!"

Nobody showed much of a reaction, as it was pretty self-explainable.

"I LIKE NOSTRILS!"

This time, however, the girls all put a hand up and covered their noses in fear.

"LAST BUT NOT LEAST, I LIKE LOLIS!"

At this, everyone reacted and looked at him in pure disgust and concern.

"Bro, I think you need a therapist..." Ike commented, and everyone else nodded slowly without hesitation. I joined in as well when I saw everyone doing so but I'm confused about one thing.

It was now Yamauchi's turn. He spun and it landed on me while I pondered what the word loli meant.

What is Loli?

Does it mean lollipop? If so I can understand their responses to it.

I'll search it up on internet-sensei when I get back to the dorm for confirmation.

"Ayanokoji. Truth or dare?"

"Dare."

Saying this is better for me than choosing the truth, to be honest. I should be able to complete anything without making a fool of

myself.

If I had chosen truth, he would've had a higher chance to pose me a difficult question like Ike did with him, distracting everyone from what he said.

That is if his brain works like that.

"I dare you to play the hardest song on that piano over there!" Yamauchi ordered me to play the piano in the corner.

I wasn't necessarily expecting this from him but I guess the piano was sitting there unused the entire time. It wouldn't hurt to play as it's one of the few things I enjoy doing enough for a hobby.

"Okay then," I said walking over to the instrument and going through the song list available for grading, which was conveniently digitalized on the monitor right next to it.

"Uh, the hardest song on here is, 'How to impress your crush in 5 minutes' by We Are One. Should I play that?" I asked and he, along with others had a puzzled look due to the song name I think. It was rather peculiar but it was listed at the top so it makes it the hardest.

Yamauchi just nodded and Kushida asked me just before I started playing, "How are you confident Ayanokoji-kun? Have you played piano before?"

"Yes, but only a little. Well then, let me start."

[There should be a GIF or video here. Update the app now to see it.]

**(AN: I suggest watching this while reading or just watching it in your free time. This guy is insanely skilled. Start at 2:14 if you want to skip his intro)**

I pressed play on the sheet music and the first page seemed to be the familiar Moonlight Sonata. I can assume this is a complication of difficult songs mashed up then.

The 1st movement started first creating a dramatic mood in the room as well as a calming effect. Everyone was even quieter than before.

After enough silence, the song suddenly got louder and my finger slammed down gently on each key, following the crescendo written.

Soon after it turned choppy, removing the pedal for shorter notes added an entirely different feel to the song that was Moonlight Sonata.

After it neared a certain point in the song, it swapped from the 1st movement to the 3rd movement. One of the hardest songs indeed.

I pressed the pedal once again the sheet instructed and the intensity stayed, switching to the next song, Etude 10-4 Torrent from what I remember. This song was insanely fast, and it was almost hard to keep up with.

Just 15 seconds later, it transitioned into a different song Fantasia Impromptu. This is one of the easier pieces that sound more difficult. Still tricky nonetheless, needed years of experience to pull it off.

It skipped the rather slow middle section and changed the piece once again into Un Sospiro. The intensity dropped a little and the song played melodiously. This song is similar to Fantasia Impromptu in difficulty but switching hands is the tricky part mainly.

Now there was a slight pause, and it went slow, seemingly nearing its end. Until...

It slowly went into the next song, Prelude in C-sharp Minor. It's a modified piece and has a lot of drops in the sound. It's choppy and has a lot of retardandos and crescendos as well as their opposites. It played the song till the end and I hit the final key and a few seconds after, clapping pursued.

"Woohoo! That was amazing Ayanokoji-kun!"

"You practiced a little!?"

"It was so dynamic I was almost brought to tears!"

"I don't know about anything about piano but that was amazing!"

They all praised my performance and even Yamauchi didn't diminish it as I expected him to he just stayed silent looking in awe.

Not feeling comfortable with t excessive amount of praise I said, "I guess it's my time to spin the bottle now."

Once everyone agreed and was seated properly, and after I finished gliding my hand across the table surface to pick up the bottle and center it more, I started the spin.

As it stopped, it landed on Kushida.

"Truth or dare Kushida?"

"Hmmm, let's see... how about dare?"

"I dare you to hold Ike's hand for a minute."

A mixture of reactions broke out.

Jealously and gratefulness.

Anger and disbelief.

"Hold Ike-kun's hand? I'll do that then."

Kushida herself acted completely normal besides her abnormal eyebrow twitch for a split second.

"Pardon me Ike-kun!" Kushida said as Ike scooted over slightly to the right, making me space for her. She sat down in the open spot appropriately setting her skirt first and holding out her hand. Ike then grabbed her hand and looked in my direction and had a genuine look of admiration for me.

Great, another tool, although it was just a byproduct of the situation.

I was wondering how much stress would be too much for her. I'm

sure this situation would create a lot but she held herself together surprisingly well. The main thing I'm curious about is how often she has to vent it.

When I saw her on the rooftop, I'm not sure if that was the first time relieving herself before she came to this school or not.

It could've been more before that that I am unaware of. As things stand, if she tries to relieve herself from stress more often, it might trouble me if I don't completely understand how frequently she needs to.

I'd say it's every two weeks but if she was more stressed out during that time, would she come sooner? I feel like it'll be more troublesome than fruitful but it's to get a gist of it so when I make a schedule, there's plenty of time in between.

The time was up and Kushida let go of Ike's hand first and headed back to her seat. I'm guessing she's cleaning her hands under the table as I smelt a faint whiff of fruity hand sanitizer...

It was now Ichinose's turn and she spun the bottle and then called out to the Target.

"Ah, Onodera-san, Truth or Dare?"

"Truth Nya~..."

I completely forgot she had to say that, caught me off guard there for a second.

It makes sense she chose truth seeing as her dare was somewhat bad last time. Ichinose picking her is really good luck though.

I can't imagine her asking her anything difficult or rude, even if it's just a game. That's how good-natured she is.

So obviously she'll ask something while being considerate of Ondera.

"What's your gym workout routine?"

Oh, that was unexpected. Onodera in response was visibly excited and started sharing it as we all just listened.

Overall, it was pretty well-balanced and suited for someone who is part of the swimming club. Some things could be tweaked but I rather not say anything.

She would overwhelm me with words and nyas. She probably said it 20 times in her explanation but she was too carried away to really express embarrassment as she did previously.

Now that Ichinose had her turn, next was Amikura.

She spun, it moved and rotated, and...

It landed on me.

I would be fine if I had only got chosen once during this but I knew that wasn't possible. It was bound to happen due to my bad luck.

Since this was happening now, I am somewhat concerned about what Amikura will ask. I should be fine regardless but I felt somewhere deep inside something might go awry.

"What is your type of person? One that you'll want to be in a romantic relationship with?"

I didn't see that one coming. I was guessing she might have asked something along the lines of, "Who do you like?"

Not this.

I don't even know the answer myself.

"I don't necessarily have a type. That's what I think. I'm not attracted to just one type, it's really broad if I'm being honest," I tried to explain in a way that made sense but Amikura, who seemed to be doubtful by my response started asking unnecessary things.

The bad thing is, it was semi-allowed because it was in the realm of the first question that she believed I avoided. I still answered the first question but it can be seen as I wasn't honest, so she was able

to get more specific. It seems as if she came up with this idea beforehand too. Amikura is more intelligent than I previously thought. I should be fine as her strategy is most likely mainly for getting a reaction out of me by teasing.

So that's why when she asked, "Is Ichinose your type?" I immediately responded, "Yes she is."

And how she asked, "Is Kushida your type?" I instantaneously responded with, "Without a doubt."

And when she questioned, "Is Onodera-san your type?" I said without a gap pause, "That she is."

And finally, Amikura pointed to herself, asking, "Am I your type?"

"No, you're definitely not."

"Bruh," I think I heard Ike say in the background.

"Haha nice one Ayanokoji, just teasing me back I see..." Amikura laughed it off understanding what I meant.

"Teasing? I'm being honest though?" Or so she thought, as I responded, denying what she said.

She then started pouting slightly while chuckling, still believing I was joking. I was but I wouldn't say. I feel like for her personality it would be more effective if I don't.

Amikura, just when I thought she was done, went around the table, held onto Sudou's shoulder, and asked me, "Do you like him?"

"No. Why is that even a question?"

"Phew, just checking," she responded and walked back to her seat and plopped down on it.

"Ok Kushida-san, your turn now."

"Thanks Amikura-san!" Kushida said as she spun the bottle.



She's going to land on me, I feel it coming already. She'll then make me do something or ask me something bad.

As it landed on me somehow 'miraculously' again, I just sighed and said, "Dare," before she asked.

It may appear rude but most people won't take it that way, but instead someone who got unlucky and was chosen 3 times. They pitied me. Besides maybe Yamauchi.

It was only right that I chose dare when Kushida did so before. I'll stand my ground and not chicken out.

"Oh, nice! I dare you then... to tell everyone what you love about them individually! Outloud, I want to hear! Doing this would make everyone closer right?"

She had to say that thing at the end or else it would appear she was one-sidedly torturing me. This will help everyone grow too if they hear their strengths right? That's beneficial for me, especially seeing two classes here...

She tried to make me feel embarrassed by her request but little did she know-

"The boys too!"

I felt something snap just now but anyways, 3 extra people doesn't hurt. It just bothers me they're the same gender. The guys had a super conflicted expression evident on their faces. They are clearly bothered by it too but don't want to refute Kushida. It is her dare after all.

"Got it..."

I turned to the first person at my side, Ichinose. I grabbed her shoulder and started my speech.

**"Ichinose Honami. I love you."**

Despite her knowing it was a dare, she blushed regardless, probably from embarrassment. I suspected most people would anyways.

**"Your strong-willed yet compassionate personality along with your always being there to lend a helping hand. Not only that but your leader-like qualities, not just anyone can lead a class. Your grades and from what I hear, athletic ability is also. To top it off with your beautiful strawberry blonde hair and well-endowed body, I love you."**

Going into detail at the end was risky but I have been somewhat truthful, right? She was bright red and I moved on to the next victim from Kushida's dare.

**"Amikura Mako. I love you."**

She didn't necessarily get as embarrassed as Ichinose due to her nature but she chuckled, probably to fortify her walls for what I'm about to do.

**"You have a playful yet likable nature and not only are you able to lighten up the mood at pretty much any time, but you also have outstanding physical strengths apart from that. You seem to be a good student too. If I'm to compliment your body I'd say you have plenty of nice features, including your blue hair, style, and proportions."**

I didn't listen to her teasing as I moved on to the culprit who started this.

**"Kushida Kikyo. I love you."**

She smiled at that, and I just continued my onslaught.

**"You are friendly to everyone, reaching out to people you don't even know without missing a beat. Your happy nature spreads similar feelings to those around you and you can help nearly anyone feel better. I feel like I would even be happy with the opposite of this though so I'm not sure... You have a bombshell figure and captured a large portion of first-year hearts, not only due to that of course."**

I moved onto Onodera, grabbing her shoulder, and peering into her eyes.

**"Onodera Kayano, I love you."**

She just stared at me blankly with a nervous look though, probably about what I'll say since she saw my praises to the other girls.

**"You are relatively cheerful and show your emotions surprisingly well. You're not afraid to share your likes and dislikes and I find it cool how you get fired up over exercise and swimming. You are the most athletic female in our class and probably one of the tops in our grade. You have fiery red hair, and I believe it suits your personality as you show your ideas freely. Your body is nice to see as well."**

Now I left her. I looked at Sudou now and this is where it gets embarrassing and difficult. What the hell do I compliment?

**"You got a rocking set of abs on you Sudou~?"**

No, let's not say that.

**"Sudou Ken. I love you."**

He had a disgusted face and I am cringing internally too.

**"You have an explosive personality and people believe you are a bad guy but if they got to know you, they'd quickly find that's not the case. I've heard rumors you are almost the basketball team ace and you are just in your first year so good job on that. I wish you the best in the future and hope you reach your dream. You're a good friend Sudou."**

I stepped away from him and moved towards Ike...

**"Ike Kanji. I love you."**

He was almost laughing before but he visibly cringed when it was directed at him. I don't blame him.

**"While you might appear to be average at both academics and physical things, you have great conversational skills. You alone are able to somewhat sway the mood of the class, much more than you believe. You're a great friend Ike."**

I stood up finally walking to Yamauchi.

**"Yamauchi Haruki. I l-love you."**

I stuttered there because I almost threw the ice cream I had before.

**"You're a good friend,"** I said patting his back and I went to my seat.

Everyone just stared at me, like I was an alien.

"What?"

"How are you not embarrassed!"

"Why did you compliment everyone so thoroughly but not me?!"

"Why did you sound so serious?"

"You didn't have to grab our shoulders! Kushida-san never said that!"

Oh, she didn't.

Then they all in unison said, **"Ayanokoji-kun."**

***"You really are a pervert, aren't you..."***

Well, that's messed up.

The mixer ended shortly after and I headed to the dorm, their words still lingering in my head. I stepped into the room and Suzune was there sitting on my bed. As she already had her eyes affixed near the corner since she heard the sound, she stared straight at me.

**"You kept me waiting, didn't you?"**

~Author's Note~

I split this chapter into two, expecting the next part to be within a few days with the SS following.

I didn't do it because I was lazy and wanted a chapter out; I did it because I was lazy and wanted a chapter out.

Anyways, I'm sure you could tell it's the meeting with Suzune if you read the beginning of this part somewhat and I'll make a smu-ahem, the story you'll look forward to! Anyways after volume 1, I'll edit more photos for it and blah blah blah. Then I'll speed past Volume 2 because it's hella annoying and then, Island organizing time for me!

I'm learning AI art as an apology so take this first image I made:



Yeah, I have no clue what it is either. I tried making Hiyori but it didn't work...

I'll get better under the guidance of my mommy.

I did: Take this!



Check out the other fic, should be released soon!

Anyways bye bye, see you at the next one!

I'll add more pics later!

If you have questions or suggestions for me, come join my discord server! (I need to write more.)

**<https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>**

No way i made this chapoter this long ago, the hell > ???



# Graduation

Reads: 15802 | Votes: 224 | Comments: 241

**I, just gotta tell you how I'm feeling.**

**Gotta make you, understand.**

**I just updated this fic.**

**I'm feeling quite alright~.**

**It took two gruesome, really long months.**

**Hope I didn't make you cry!**

**Please don't tell me bye~**

**I hope I made it up to you.**

**With this lemon!**

**~Chapter start~**

One might expect to take a quick rinse after getting back to their dorm since it was a long day. Not only was there a high possibility of drowsiness but also the likelihood of your hygiene deteriorating. While I would have preferred to clean myself and catch some sleep, I already had something planned prior.

I had to fill in Suzune.

She was curious about Sudo's canceled expulsion and I only provided her was a simple explanation before. However, she wanted to know what else happened, and I can't necessarily blame her since humans are, by nature, curious creatures.

If we didn't have such a trait, we wouldn't have learned this much or come this far.

I could've avoided it but what would the point be? Despite her change in personality, Suzune still holds an immense stubbornness, especially to stuff like this. I rather not sour our current relationship either as she is immensely helpful.

For class matters and other things...

**"You kept me waiting, didn't you?"**

And now this led here.

I arrived at the dorms 30 minutes past the appointed time, and this was definitely not since I ordered another sundae right before the entire group left.

Perhaps it was, perhaps it wasn't but this hopefully accomplished something else...

Now the question is, did Suzune have a key card made like Haruka, Chiaki, Maya, and Airi? Since when? I could delve into the topic of security similar to before but let's disregard that.

"Hi, Suzune. Didn't mean to keep you waiting," I answered to the serious tone her voice had, a tense atmosphere in the room. She sat on my white blanketed bed, dressed in her school attire, including the black thigh highs and white pleated shirt. Her face was shifted into a frown and she had a glare actively staring into my soul, a gaze I haven't seen in a while from her.

She carried her school bag with her as well and I am uncertain why she did so...

The question is, why was she so angry? I'm speculating here but perhaps she got the card tonight since she got tired of waiting. However, Suzune is usually patient with stuff such as this, hence my confusion.

I could just ask her how she got in but she'll probably just respond with, "A key card," given her mood.

Instead of her answering my previous remark, she remained silent and watched me like a hawk. I took off my shoes and placed them neatly by the door then set my bag on the counter as I walked in fully.

"Do you want any tea?" I asked, following basic etiquette.

"No thank you. Rather, tell me in detail why Sudou remained in this school," she stated, or more so demanded. The way the air is shaking around her is rather concerning but I suppose it's fine.

"You're certain you don't want anything to drink? I can make a coffee instead as it may help us stay awake for this bland topic." I proposed a different option, delaying what she asked slightly more. There wasn't a reason for pushing back the conversation but...

"That's fine then. I'll wait for now," Suzune replied with a slight delay, then took the option I left for her.

Working well so far...

I started brewing the coffee in a different way than most people do. I have yet to own a coffee maker since I don't necessarily see the point to buy one so I made it in a saucepan. Boiling the water, I set a measured amount of coffee grounds in then turned to ask my visitor her preference.

"Would you like sugar and creamer in the coffee?"

"No thank you," Suzune stated, and while I was partially surprised that people can enjoy something so bitter. While I left her coffee alone after I finished the straining process, I added sugar and creamer to my own then took a test sip. The original is healthier but I don't drink coffee much anyway. This is only the second time in my life and the taste was just as good as the tutorial said. I followed it the first time but have it done by memory now. But still...

I guess Suzune just likes it black.

I placed the mug on the coaster directly next to her, and then lowered and propped myself on a nearby pillow, the table separating the two of us.

We sat in silence for a bit, sipping our coffee. Her reaction was welcome as a look of surprise crossed her face as a little crept into her mouth.

The type of coffee ground wasn't the most common one that is often used but a discreet brand that I think would suit my taste. And that it did. After a minute or so passed, I sensed a change in her body posture, as if she was readying for something.

Knowing she was about to ask again, I decided to speak before the inevitable.

"Sudou was a point short so all I did was purchase him one from Sae-sensei. While it was expensive costing 100,000 points, it was mentioned "anything" can be bought in this school on the first day so I just went with such."

As I said this, she sat in thought. Since we were short on time before, I only mentioned Sudou being saved after I consulted with our teacher. Now, I just told her all she could know. If I was indirect, should would surely have more questions, drawing this conversation out longer than it should take.

I'm only alright in telling her this since I am aware she can be dependable and might be suitable to lead the class. If she ever chooses to do such a thing, it's more beneficial to know more than less but this is only part of what I want to accomplish tonight.

"You can buy points from the school...? Isn't that cheating? No... considering the cost, one may only be able to afford one at most every other month, and I suppose other schools have an extra credit system this one lacks..." Suzune answered her own question out loud while muttering.

Since I mentioned a trusted adult too, most of the other questions such as if the school allowed such a thing and who did such were not said.

"Did you use the points Nii-ch- Er, the Student Council President provided?"

Ignoring her unnecessary correction, the answer was an obvious, "Yes."

She was there and witnessed it so it makes sense she would be aware of the 100,000 I was supposed to receive. It was five times that by the Manabu's whim but that bit of information was not needed for her ears.

"Why were you late for class then Kiyotaka?"

She's already done with that topic? The speed she went over it almost seemed like it was just a cover, how peculiar.

"I got locked out on the rooftop."

"With Chabashira-sensei?"

"Yes, I then called for Chie-sensei and she got us off soon after."

Her mood physically darkened more so than before.

"You didn't do anything strange with sensei did you?"

"Strange? I'm assuming you mean in that way and no, I did not," I replied. It was technically the truth, nothing weird happened while we were waiting.

The only thing I can think of is Sae-sensei being flushed, sweating, and panting.

That was surely from the sun, which was beating down on us though. My ability, or more so curse, didn't activate once surprisingly.

"What did you do while waiting then?"

"We sat in silence while staring off the rooftop."

Suzune took a short moment of rest after the bombardment of questions toward me then sipped her coffee. Her gaze met my own until she continued her interrogation for whatever reason.

"Why do you have another teacher's phone number?"

Oh, that can be awfully suspicious.

"Don't worry, I'm not betraying the class. She insisted I add her to my contacts and I suppose it helped this time. Sae-sensei's phone was dead, and Chie-sensei was the only staff member I could call. Otherwise, I would have to possibly call you or another student to inform a teacher. It was more efficient this way."

Despite the headache talking to her gave, it was indeed useful.

Wait, wasn't she in front of her class...?

"That's not what I meant, but understood. Anyway, why do you call both by their first names? Shouldn't you treat them with more respect?"

"They both requested that I do so."

"I haven't met Hoshinomiya-sensei but have heard she is rather friendly so that makes sense, but Chabashira-sensei? I find it hard to believe she asked you to do such a thing."

"A lot of our other classmates call her that too. Most even say Sae-chan-sensei as a pet name, and that's even worse is it not?"

"She visibly flinches each time she's called as such but when by you, don't you notice no reaction?"

"I have seen such but maybe since she gave permission, she's alright with it."

"That's my question. Why did she permit you?"

"I'm just speculating but maybe it's due to my demeanor. I'm not as energetic in that way as other makes so perhaps she was calmer due to the lack of emotion behind it?"

Suzanne let out a sigh as I finished up and was mulling something else over in her thoughts.

Her body mannerisms were everywhere and I struggled to read her. She went from grumpy and suspicious to happy and trusting. That wasn't all though. Shy to determined, and back and forth between the two. It's as if she want to do something and steeled her nerves only to lose the bonding which held herself together.

Seeing the usual stone face of Suzunr like this was rather amusing yet I haven't a clue why something felt amiss.

Deciding it would be best to follow what my instincts are saying as well as assess the storm she has in her head, I spoke up after the long 5-minute silence.

"Is that all Suzune? It's getting rather late and it's not really proper if a girl stays in a male's room for too long, especially at this hour. People might get the wrong ideas if they see you."

Her face contorted into one of surprise from my sudden words but before even lingering on what I said too much, she moved on.

"Kiyotaka-kun, you know it's not very nice to keep someone waiting right? Kushida posted a picture of all of you together 5 minutes after our appointed time earlier. You were still there not having left yet. Why did you lie to me?"

Since when did Suzune use social media? And she checked Kushida's profile no less at some point.

Instead of letting me speak my rebuttal, she continued with her words.

"What can you give me in return? Rather, can I make a request? If you comply I'll forget about this."

A threat? She planned this rather well, I'm glad to see she's growing. But that's beside the point.

Should I comply with her request? Should I squeeze myself out of it? I have countermeasures after all. I mean, the most that can happen if I refuse is that our relationship can become strained. That's something I don't want.

Before that, I would like to inquire what she is asking for, even if I'm certain she won't say.

"What is your request Suzune?"

"I'll tell you after you answer what I've asked of you."

Here, I could go into a debate that I don't feel comfortable going into something like this and make her tell me through other means. I will not choose to go that route though since I already have a clear idea of what she might want to ask. At least the gist of it that is.

So in that case, I answered her initial question.

"I accept."

"Then follow my orders for the rest of the day," Without missing a beat Suzune said something I somewhat accounted for but at the same time didn't expect.

A vague list of what I expected was to give points, expose my assistance to Sudo to the class, or mainly, something sexual. It's not my ego telling me the last one either but why else would she get extremely nervous before bringing this topic up? It had to be something she felt uncomfortable with but was willing to create a situation where it was difficult for her to not get it.

Considering her request right now, it could be aimed because of sexual reasons. She could still request points but the 2nd option would be difficult unless we message it in the group chat at 10:45 P.M. In other words, right now.

As previously mentioned, I'm almost certain that it's sexual.

Suzune drank the last bit of coffee in her mug before abruptly standing up. Not moving much of a distance at all, only a couple of feet back, she propped herself on the bed.

"Kiyotaka-kun, let me stay the night," she asked me and I nodded my head in acknowledgment. While I'm not too keen on listening to what she says, I planned on getting her to stay in the first case. The earlier was to test her will and assess the matter that was lingering



in her head.

At that time, she unbuttoned three buttons under the collar of her white dress shirt, revealing her cleavage slightly. Where I expected there to be fabric, I was met with the sight of bare skin with a partial side of her breasts. She wasn't wearing any bra at all and I'm assuming she came here like that unless she took it off in my room.

"Sit here facing me."

Suzune, whose face was full of nervousness still, stretched out her arm, pointing to the cushion she sat on prior at the table. She did so in a manner in an attempt to be confident and I'm sure why she used so few words was in fear her voice would crack from the pressure. More importantly, why such a peculiar location? Wouldn't the bed adjacent to her be more ideal?

I stood up, and walked in front of her, taking another view of her figure once again. With her jet-black hair, crimson-red eyes, and well-structured face, you can tell she's a beauty from afar. When you are this close though, that fact becomes extremely more apparent. Even amongst this school, where almost every girl is pretty, she definitely is amongst the top of them all, if not possibly the first place.



(Totally night yep yep, I'll generate another image later)

Enough gawking her at eye level though.

I sat down on the cushion as instructed and as expected, her legs were right next to my face. She still wore her black thigh highs that came with the uniform she was wearing on the weekend for whatever reason.

Her shoes were by the door and the stockings were gripping her thighs tight enough to the point where I could see through, her fair skin partially visible through the fabric. If that wasn't enough, due to the positioning of her legs, I can see the black panties she wore without trying to stare much. Good thing she didn't come commando here...

Suzune's expression changed without warning from one of worry to one of determination. Not wasting time, she immediately tapped her foot on my lap, moving it back and forth, only the tip of it making contact with my pants. Ever so slowly, she moved her leg closer to my upper inseam, until her foot reached my crotch and she started stroking it with her feet.

It was still soft though so if anything it felt kinda ticklish. If I get hard with jeans on, it'll be a repeat of that other time with Kushida and the others. It's extremely uncomfortable. Not the wandering and judgemental eyes of the others, but the cramped feeling down below when it happens. In order to avoid that, I let my thoughts wander to school matters.

A minute or so passed and a frown grew on Suzune's face as she muttered, "Why is it... Let's try this..."

Instead of stroking it through my pants, she decided to get closer contact. Using her feet, she managed to unbutton my jeans and open the fly, and from there she lowered my underwear. The movement was a bit clumsy since humans aren't made to use their feet for such precise movements but it was fine I suppose. I don't know why she didn't ask me to take off my pants myself though.

She paused for a second once she saw in its flesh again, her breath caught in her throat at that moment, before placing her stocking-covered feet on my flaccid member. This was better than the

previous method she tried. Not only that, the grooves of the fabric created extra friction which I think helped more. If it was bare, there's a chance it might not have felt as good.

Despite the feeling though, something about this is puzzling me. While my nether regions have slightly enlarged, I feel irritated for some reason. I pushed that to the side and focused on her face as she did this. She seemed slightly happy yet she had a small frown, and she was showing signs of fatigue. I can understand this positioning must be awkward for her and just as I thought that she shifted herself slightly closer to me and began stroking with more force.

"Get hard for me Kiyotaka..." she whispered with a seductive tone and since I had to follow what she said, I put more effort in. My member became erect soon after and her mood visibly changed to a lighter one.

Using one foot this entire time and pushing my shaft she changed her movements once again. She brought her other leg near and cupped my rod between her feet and moved up and down, using her arms to support her on the bed. This was lightyears better than the previous but compared to the blowjobs I received, it was a fourth as good. If those took 10 minutes or so, we're going to make no progress. She's going to surely tire out around then is she not?

Continuing for a few minutes more as we sat in silence she frowned.

"Do you not like footjobs?" She sounded a bit confused as she asked me this, stopping her movement.

Is that what this is called? In all honesty, I just wanted to try different things and since she started this I thought it wouldn't hurt to experience it.

"As for liking and not, I'd say the feeling is satisfactory, but I don't necessarily feel the stimulation as much this way. I think that's why it's taking a while," I explained, answering her.

"I see... Please strip and lay down on the bed then," Suzune instructed, patting beside her and I stood, taking off my jeans fully

then unbuttoning my shirt and pulling it off.

I moved towards the bed, and positioned myself as she said, resting my head on the pillow, looking upwards.

Suzune, took off her panties, folding them up and placing them on the bed, then crawled over, before sitting directly on my member. Due to her weight, it pushed against my body and before she made any movement she spoke, "Aren't your abs more defined than the time I saw them at the pool?"

After she questioned that, she used her index finger, tracing it on the outline of my stomach, and applied pressure to asses the firmness of it. I left her question unanswered and I was partially confused myself. Surely, I did up my workout regimen recently but not my abdominal ones?

I was then brought out of my thoughts as I felt a wet feeling on my crotch. Isn't she seeping a bit much down there? Suzune seemed to notice it as well and slid her hips back and forth in an attempt to distract me from it I believe but her flustered expression says it all.

She closed her eyes after a bit and continued grinding her garden against my intruder. To match that nicely, her face was beet red, and she let out light moans I could tell she attempted to hold back. Since I was doing absolutely nothing, I decided to put my hands to use.

Since she was leaning forward, with her arms on my stomach to help with her movement, I reached for her shirt and quickly unbuttoned it. At the feeling of her top being disrobed, she kept her eyes closed but a slight smile breezed across her face and that was my sign of consent.

Since her shirt was slightly open already, it wasn't much of a hassle to strip her, even with the movement. The shirt buttoned down, I pushed it off her shoulders and watched it drop to the side and admired the sight of the topless Suzune I've seen only once so far.

As I said before and I will say it again, I'm not particularly enamored by breasts so the size of them holds little value to me. It

really just depends on what suits the person's features and medium... Suits Suzune's body extremely well.

I raised the arms I had by my side once again and started kneading her mounds in a circular motion that caused them to press against each other in the middle. I then switched the rotation direction, clockwise for the left and counterclockwise for the right. From there, I just repeated this for a bit, and I can tell her breathing rate quickened.

After I thought that was enough, I removed my hands and then pinched the pink tips at the peak of the two neighboring hills. Once I had a firm grasp, I spun her nipple between my fingers and her eyes shot open as her body jolted slightly. I could tell it wasn't an orgasm, I think it was just from the sudden pressure I caused.

She stopped momentarily but then proceeded to push her lower lips against my crotch, drenching it in her fluids, ever so slowly closing her eyes again. The back-and-forth motion was finally getting to me and I believe her as well.

It felt good at the moment but the aftermath would surely be better. Due to her rubbing me with her feet earlier, I'm closer to ejaculating since the longer span of stimulation I endured. It seems like Suzune is more sexually sensitive due to her orgasms happening more frequently than my own.

However, it's near impossible for two people to have them come at the same time every time. Unfortunately, Suzune hit hers first, and due to it, she couldn't grind back and forth as she did before. I was quite possibly a minute away from hitting my climax but it's alright.

Suzune was catching her breath but quickly recovered her sense and got off my lap and got off the bed then crouching down near the perimeter of it. I think I understand her intentions and sat up then moved towards the edge of the mattress. From there, she moved between my legs, her face near my standing dick.

She got her hand white hand and grabbed my shaft, and began rubbing it up and down. She then licked from near my base and slowly made her way up until she reached the glans, licking there a

few times. If she was lying down she wouldn't reach the top unless she pushed herself up a bit.

However, her position allowed plenty of room to successfully catch my tip in her mouth and as she did, she pushed back a strand of hair with her free hand, while glancing upwards at my face.

From there, she began moving her head up and down while doing the same with her hand. The two movements worked in alternation, when the hand went down, her mouth went up and when it went up, her mouth shifted down. Not only that, she persistently coiled her tongue around it and since I was already near climax earlier, the floodgates bursting was inevitable.

Her mouth, which was halfway down my member, halted as it tightened to prevent a leak and I could feel her swallowing the semen that came from my dick as if it was a treat. After a bit, she took her lips off my rod and since she made eye contact with me nearly the entire time, she tilted her head upwards slightly and then opened her mouth, showing nothing in there.

I appreciate her taking my room into consideration during this process. If she didn't drink it it might have ended up on the carpet or the table and that would've been troublesome to clean.

After Suzune regained her breath, she walked over to the bag she brought with her and came over with a condom in hand.

Why does she store condoms in her school bag? I haven't a clue.

She opened the sealer around the rubber and then once throwing away the cover, she grabbed the condom, and using the tip of her thumbs, she stretched it over the top of my penis, and slowly moved it downwards. It reached down three-quarters of the way and was slightly tight but that may just be how they are built.

More importantly, though, the fact that she put a condom on can only mean one thing.

Penetration sex.

She is willing to lose her virginity to me, something that I think

means a lot to her.

Once she put on the condom, she pushed me down, my back hitting the mattress as I stared at her face. If I thought she was nervous before, her expression is screaming one of that and worry right now.

Nervous about losing virginity possibly- wait. Am I certain she hasn't lost it already? Never mind, I can't think of any person she has affection towards besides maybe her family.

I guarantee you she didn't lose her virginity with them as that's not fitting of the elegant Suzune and Manabu. I think. Based on the way they act, especially the former, there's a chance they have a, "keep the bloodline pure," mindset.

Still, I highly doubt that, and if I continue this line of thought, something is going to shrink and it's not Classroom of the Elite's popularity.

Moving on, Suzune was now on top of me, her entrance nearly inches away from touching my rod and that few was dwindling by the second. I could sense the contact that our two reproductive organs made just now.

I could see her readying herself by gritting her teeth and she got the first inch in with a pained expression. Already?

And with that, the intruder finally penetrated into the walls of the garden, and a bright pink, as well as pure azalea, was deflowered.

Also, isn't it safer to do it lying down for both parties? Especially if it's the female's first time.

Just as I thought that, the worst happened.

Suzune who was still trying to take in more slipped.

If that wasn't enough, the predator attempted to devour the whole peach that had fallen to the ground.

The way her feet were positioned and her focus on dealing with her



pain caused her to slide which subsequently made her lose her stability as she was trying to insert it slowly. She full-on collapsed and groaned in pain due to the sudden motion.

Suzune then flopped down on my chest and clenched the bed sheets while gritting her teeth to deal with the pain.

That is what I would say, but she seemingly fainted before she can make contact with my chest. That was rather unlucky...

Is she ok?

I slapped her face slightly and she woke up with a pained expression as she tilted her head upward to look at me in a daze. She propped herself up after realizing what happened in a hurry and stared at the place where our bodies connected and gasped in shock.

The firmness of the ripe peach walls prevented the animal to eat the full fruit in one motion it seems.

She fainted from the sudden motion but was probably shocked that the motion only caused her to go halfway on my rod, not the full length. Apparently, her inner walls were too tight currently and she couldn't physically lower herself more. And when she tried to go back up, she couldn't due to the sudden weakness in her lower body.

Deciding to give her a helping hand, I sat up and lifted her slowly off my member, which had small droplets of blood falling down on it.

I would've assumed Suzune's hymen would've broken from physical activities but it surprisingly didn't. Once I had her off, my hand on her obliques, I placed her on the edge of the bed laying down. I then got off the said bed and walked over to her, placing my hand just under her dangling legs and pushing my body out until my tip pressed against her entrance once again.

"I'll move slowly, let me know if you're in pain Suzune," I informed and watch her nod a bit before I drove my penis into her ever so

slowly, trying to deal with the overly tight vaginal walls. Once I reached the previous length we were at before due to a resistance I felt blocking me, I pulled out my dick until my shaft beside the tip was out then I went back in. And so, I worked to penetrate deeper, little by little.

I repeated this process again and around the third time, sliding in and out was relatively easy and by the 5th, I reached about 2/3rds of the way inside. Suzune who was suffering before had a heated expression again, similar to one she had when grinding against me. It seems she was starting to enjoy it now and so, I thrust all the way to the base and her head went up as she let out a freakishly loud moan.

Following that, I heard a squealing noise. What... Oh, I see.

And from there, I continued thrusting in until I felt near my climax. Suddenly though, I heard a small ripping sound that was slightly muffled by Suzune's moan and my dick felt freer.

Well, that's unfortunate.

On the bright side and almost on cue, Suzune's insides coiled around my member harder than ever and I put my dick in as deep as I could before quickly pulling it out. From there, I came on her stomach chest, and face. Her body convulsed more so than earlier, and she fell limp on the bed. She was awake though, just seemed visibly exhausted as her chest was heaving up and down, and she was covered in a thin layer of sweat. Not only that, her eyes were unfocused and her tongue was lolling out of her mouth.

As much as I would have preferred to do so inside of her, I'm not risking a possible pregnancy. As mentioned previously, I heard a ripping sound which I assumed to be the condom. That could've been bad.

I took off the torn condom and placed one of the ones I purchased the other day on, and luckily, It was a better fit than the others Suzune had, not that she bought unusable ones. Just these T-rex brand condoms work better it seems.

I quickly checked the time and noted the time, 11:54 PM. I then dropped Suzune's legs and let them dangle and backed up slightly to move out between her legs. Once I did so, I moved to her right side and picked her up in a princess carry, and laid her back down in a proper sleeping position. She regained her breath slightly and now had a slight look of confusion as she thought of my actions.

Don't worry, I'm not letting you sleep yet.

I went up on the bed then on top of her, our faces near each other as well as her breath brushing against my face. I aligned my rod to her entrance and then began to ravage her again. Prior to me attempting the motion myself, Suzune wrapped her arms around my neck and lowered my face closer to hers where she kissed me passionately. We didn't have to ask for permission as our tongues began to intertwine with each other.

Of course, I persisted to ram my dick rampant inside of her throughout this process. I could feel bursts of breath from each time I thrust in, as if she held it each time in preparation for each thrust. Just in case, I separated my lips from her at the optimal time and let her catch her breath.

I thought she would come back when she caught it enough but she tried speaking something instead, albeit broken up.

"Kiyooo, gnhh, Don't hold back! Ahhh, more!"

I felt as if I froze for a second. I was still moving my lower body but I ever so slowly looked up at the clock that was on the wall. 11:58 PM.

Suzune, when asking for the repayment, mentioned day and not night. Technically, the night can be considered around 8:00 PM to 5:00 AM.

The day is before 8:00 PM but since she used day when it's nighttime, it was directed towards the date, not time. The day ends exactly when the clock hits 12:00 AM, two minutes from now.

That's an order and it's within the day...

I hope nothing goes wrong but since she said it, I have to do it, although I can pretend not to. I can do it for a minute I suppose? No, let's try this. I'll go 100% now, not 50%. That applies to speed, erection, and stamina.

So I immediately increased the speed at which I went in and out of Suzune, eliciting far more moans. I quickly covered her lips with mine in order to silence them just a bit.

And my size which was already considered large by others grew around 25% bigger, and both Suzune and the condom became tighter than when she was a virgin, or that's how it felt.

And now, control. I tried to make myself ejaculate around the same time as her but didn't get enough stimulation the first time. If it's like this though, I feel like I can last 30 minutes at full speed.

And so that's what I did.

12:06 PM

She started losing her voice from the number of times she screamed in ecstasy.

12:15 PM

Her vaginal walls have tightened 5 times by now?

12:23 PM

She's getting even quieter since her moans are muffled. Huh? Did she fall asleep?

12:29 PM

I was nearing how long I could last myself. Suzune passed out several minutes ago but her body was still showing response so I proceeded to plunder her dungeon without remorse. I felt something beginning to rise and I was about to ejaculate after Suzune had done so around 11 times.

That condom is truly resilient, it hasn't broken yet at all and so with

that, I struck my member all the way inside her vagina, stretching it. I was going fast before and had difficulty going all the way in so I sufficed for 3/4s of the length. Then I released my load inside and waited a few moments for it to stop. Once it did, I pulled my still erect rod out of the unconscious Suzune, then a thud.

I took off the condom quickly and threw it out in my garbage then tucked my friend with benefits under the covers as she curled up while still panting despite her being asleep. I covered her face for a second then picked up a pillow and then...

### ~In the Hallway~

I know it would be frowned upon this late at night, but I happened to get to his room a while ago. Normally I would've just entered but...

I heard moans.

Yes, female moans coming from outside the soundproof room somehow.

I immediately was alarmed by such a thing. I'd be rather concerned if somebody wasn't

I was frozen stiff by the door, my curiosity stopping me from fleeing instantly.

Was he... doing that with someone?!

No...

Maybe he's watching porn and has a kink to connect it to speakers and blast it.

I feel sorry for his roommate then but that's beside the point.

I couldn't intrude no matter how curious I was. If he was doing either one of them, things would grow eternally awkward between us once again, worse than the aphrodisiac incident. We still haven't

mentioned it, and just sat in our study sessions quietly.

They all know they are fond of Kiyotaka-kun romantically and are warring with each other over it while somehow keeping a relatively friendly relationship. I'm the bystander, who kind of just laughs or looks at them incredulously at their shenanigans.

I advised the girls not to carry out such a forward scheme, but I ended up helping them due to their desperate want to do so.

Finding him doing the deed with someone would ruin the three of our relationships.

Seeing him masturbate would do the same.

So I waited, listening to the moans.

And waited, listening to the creaking of a bed.

And waited, listening to the plapping sound.

And waited, listening to what I believe was the climax.

Until finally.

Who knows how long later...

Utter silence.

After waiting a couple of minutes for any more sounds, I eventually stood up in front of the door and nearly collapsed in front of it, my legs vibrating with nervousness.

I lifted the spare card to the door lock, and it clicked open. Turning the knob and pushing forward, the door creaked open, obnoxiously loud.

I stepped into the lighted room and saw Kiyotaka-kun standing over the bed, completely naked. He only had a pillow on one of his legs.

It took me a little while to process that what I believed to be a leg, was actually his reproductive organ.

He was masturbating with the pillow?!

The only reason I found out about such a thing was due to the tip that stuck out of the end of the pillow. The size of it to poke through is downright arousing- terrifying.

I am in his class, so of course I remember the pool incident. He was big, very big.

However, I assumed he was partially erect.

If he was 10 inches or so there, maybe he would be 12 inches when it was fully grown. Yet, my calculations were incorrect.

*It*, was 10 inches when not erect at all.

Males double in size, sometimes more, sometimes less from what I've read online.

I was certain, what was in front of me was at least 12 inches, perhaps pushing to 20 max.

Seeing both of his feet planted on the floor just confirmed it truly was his member.

He turned only his head in my direction, and I was snapped out of my staring session. Hoping to make the situation lighter, I laughed to the best of my ability to make light of the predicament I'm in and said, "Huh? Kiyotaka-kun? What are you doing, making pillow babies?"

"No, that's not-," He immediately tried to refute but knowing I should escape as fast as possible, I was not willing to listen.

"Well, sorry for interrupting, have fun I guess? Good night!" I cut him off, apologized, wished him luck or whatever, and bolted out of the room straight towards the staircase, slamming the door behind me. My room is on the eighth floor, but there is no way I can stand still right now in an elevator.

My thoughts were clouded and moved at insane speeds, making me slightly nauseous.

I couldn't understand a single thing that occurred.

As I retreated into my room and shut the entrance, I leaned against my back against the door and slid down on the matted ground.

There were only two things I understood from that situation.

He has an absolute monster hiding down there, one much larger than I thought was possible.

Also, he was alone. He was by himself and I felt relieved by that strange fact. That only meant the one thing I constantly convinced myself wasn't the case, was true.

I'm aware the other members of our study group have feelings for him, and I imagined myself the outlier among them but...

I, Ken Sud-

Jk.

I, Chiaki Matsushita, without a doubt, see Kiyotaka Ayanokoji, as a man too.

~Kiyotaka's POV~

Who breaks into your room without permission only to make fun of you, gives you no time to explain, then leaves right away?

Honestly, I expected that from Haruka instead but either way, I'm glad she didn't notice the large bump on the bed. Suzune is fast



asleep and didn't wake up from the unexpected visitor.

Anyways, it was bad enough that she was under the assumption I was using a pillow to do something lewd but at least she isn't the type to disclose that information or the type to spread it casually.

Otherwise, I would've invited her in and spread it myself.

*She was by the door for the past 40 minutes after all.*

As I flipped the blanket off the sleeping Suzune, I saw her in the fetal position. I laid down behind her, getting myself in a comfortable position on the bed.

From there, I thrust inside of her, causing her to release a moan as she woke up from the sudden pleasure.

Suzune, we're going to for a few more rounds.

You're the one that told me not to hold back.

## **VOLUME 1 END**

### **~Author's Notes~**

This is the ending of volume 1! Hope you enjoyed it! Anyways, there will be a special chapter after each volume, whether you want to read it or not is up to you as it doesn't hold too much significance to the story. After I post that here, I'll go back, improve the mistakes that were pointed out as well as add more and improve some images I edited.

With that said, pressure me into writing, especially discord peeps yep yep. I like procrastinating a lot for some reason even though I enjoy writing.

**You can join Discord with this link : <https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa>**

(Go into the comments for each one to get the link, I'm still saddened Wattpad doesn't do links properly.)

Anywho, If I don't get a chapter out for a week for at least one of my fics, I'll make an AI for anyone of my followers that message me so I can repent...

^It's around 1.3 years later and I have failed severely.

# Vol 1 SS: In Their Eyes

Reads: 2116 | Votes: 81 | Comments: 150

**My apologies for the stupidly long wait, this chapter should help refresh memories of this without you having to back-read all the other chapters (if you would even do so for this dumpster fire)!**

**Essentially, this chapter is some scenes from Volume 1, from another's POV with multiple extras that were never shown either!**

**Let's begin and I hope you enjoy this yapping!**

## **L U C K M O N O L O G U E**

### ***Kiyotaka Ayanokoji POV:***

What is luck?

Quoting the definition, it is "success or failure brought by chance rather than through one's own actions."

I often am told my luck could be extremely great when all I see is a curse that clings onto me.

What's "Lucky" and "Unlucky" depends on the person defining it. Everyone has their wants and needs. If angry girls, misunderstandings, lawsuits, police trouble, and possible hospitalizations for the rest of your life are what you want, you would be lucky to have my curse.

I've never been one for attention though, and my "luck" does the opposite of being discreet. I now have to purposefully show my talents to be seen as favorable otherwise there's a high chance I

could lose my place in society and rot in jail.

How else would one get away with tripping on a banana peel, something only seen in comedy media, and landing head-first into the bosom of a woman who was somehow braless that day?

Rather specific for someone who doesn't have lewd thoughts right? I'd rather not talk about that run-in with the nurse who's losing her job after taking "care" of the fainted Sae-sensei.

I've hardly ever been lucky. The only partially good thing is that this curse causes others who are sexually attracted to my gender, whether straight, bi, or gay, to sometimes start the accident. I'm not happy about the contact, but at least I'm not the sole perpetrator of all the possible sexual harassment cases.

There's luck involved in every single thing. Even if you pass tests with 100s for years, one could say you were lucky and blessed with talent or another could say you were lucky to not have one of those questions that everyone is bound to get wrong.

If I go back to the rooftop when I appealed Sudou's expulsion to Sae-sensei, we talked about a hunter catching a deer 9 times out of 10. He was lucky that nothing else interfered, or he was lucky the deer didn't decide to go in the opposite direction and completely ignore the bait.

Going from a different perspective, the deer was unlucky to become the prey.

Someone else may even think that the deer was lucky to have benefited from nature, or that the deer even felt fortunate to be alone and not with its kin that could get hurt.

There are countless ways to look at luck, a positive and negative side to it all. Skill can influence the probability of success or failure, but in some cases, luck determines nearly all of something, like the lottery.

Is it possible for someone to win the lottery, using all their luck, and the next minute, they get the ticket robbed and they die?

Of course, it is, although unlikely.

I for one, don't believe in something like karma, and luck balancing out. While it does check out for the famous golden rule due to the human psyche at times...

Everything is randomized, Newton's Third Law of Motion can't be applied to luck.

...For obvious reasons, you can tell just by looking at the name.

If my misfortune was extreme, why have little lucky situations happened so far to me?

A childhood most would see as inhumane.

I have to change most of what I plan just to hope that misfortune doesn't trip me over.

One of my driving motives in the White Room was to gain enough skill to use this bad luck as a good thing, or at least make it occur less. Both haven't been as successful as I would have liked.

Those around me are inflicted with misfortune... that a few of them may see as good.

Wait, wouldn't that mean most people who fell into an accident with me first were subconsciously wanting such an occurrence?

No way.

...?

Well, I'm unlucky, that I have bad luck.

I have bad luck because I'm unlucky.

It's hard to explain what it is and why such things keep happening to me when the probability should be getting slimmer and slimmer...

So, to those listening to this...

What is luck?

....

*'Baby don't hurt me.'*

...

I think I've developed schizophrenia due to this bad luck.

## **B U S T** SUCCESS ?

### ***Yuka Kuwahara POV:***

It was 7:00 am, and I had to board a local city bus to travel to my office. While I might be dressed up in quite a strange outfit for my nurse job, I do not need to dress up in scrubs at all later.

Today is a presentation day for me, meaning I have to look as formal as possible. I just hope my appearance doesn't get ruined on this bus...

I held onto the ceiling handlebar, looking idly out of the window, glancing around at the people now and then. All the seats were taken up and many of the passengers wore a red uniform, screaming the name of Koudo Ikusei High School, one of the most promising schools in Japan. I'm not one to be upset easily but I couldn't help but feel jealous of their chance to get into such a school.

Not that I wanted to go to a school like this or anything, I had enough schooling with college too after all. I never want to go near a school again if I'm being completely honest.

The bus halted as my thoughts wandered and more passengers flooded the bus, all standing due to the lack of seats. It was nothing

to be bothered by since I had to do the same, but there was one thing in particular that caught my attention.

A student sitting in a priority seat, and an old lady standing beside him, her stance shaky. Isn't this the opposite? I'm not a person too critical of such things in normal cases, but the wobbling of the woman's legs and the relaxed look on the strong teenager's face irritates me to no end.

Wanting to start the morning off on a good note, I couldn't just leave her standing unsteadily out of good conscience. Taking the first move, I began talking to the blonde teen, a smug and confident aura oozing out of him from all angles.

"Don't you think you should give up your seat?"

Asking out loud in a way I'm certain he heard me, the youth sat there completely ignoring my question.

"You there, can't you see the old woman having trouble?"

Why do I feel a weird gaze on me...?

Taking a glimpse behind me I saw a black-haired boy with a liquid secreting from his mouth staring at me...

Before questioning the nature of such a look in my head, the high schooler I was talking to responded to me.

"That's a crazy question, lady," he spoke evenly, straight off the bat, diminishing the notion he would give up his seat with ease. He opened one eye after he spoke, glancing at me as if assessing my reaction.

"Why should I give this seat to an old woman? There's absolutely no reason for me to give it up."

There are a multitude of reasons though...

"Isn't it natural to hand over the priority seat to the elderly?" As I questioned, I raised my eyebrows, confused as to how he could say that so blatantly after seeing the unsteady elderly. It seems my

confusion is leaking out as well, as he continued with a lengthy rebuttal.

"I don't understand. Priority seats are just priority seats, and there is no legal obligation for me to move. Whether or not I move should be decided by me, who is currently sitting in this seat. Will you give up your seat because I am a young man? Hahaha, that's a stupid way of thinking."

A narcissist? A high school student is one already? May he be one of those well-off or entitled kids I've seen sprouting up a lot lately?

"I am a healthy young man. Certainly, I don't feel that standing up would inconvenience me. However, it is obvious standing up will consume more physical strength than sitting down will. I don't want to do such a useless thing. Or maybe, are you telling me to be more lively and energetic?"

"What kind of attitude is that towards your elders?" I questioned, and after saying such, I realized it could have come off the wrong way. Respect for the elderly like the woman I'm trying to get a seat with, not so much for me in particular due to my still young age. Typically, any adult would be treated well anyway, but given that I'm requesting something, I'm in no position to be expecting it for myself.

"It's fine, it's fine..."

The old lady walked over to me, calmly patting my arm, speaking evenly to resolve the matter.

Perhaps ending this request to the important acting teenager was best put away, seeing she was somewhat alright with it too. Extending this debate with the stubborn boy would just cause more stress for all of us I guess.

Just as I was about to walk away from the boy, a shoulder-length Brown-haired beauty suddenly spoke. with

"Um... I also think that the lady is right."

Does she agree with me? Also what in the jiggle physics?



It's like she's an E Cup or bigger when another side of me says she's a D-cup...

Ahem, I got a bit off-topic there ehe.

Either way, with two people pressuring him now, hopefully, we can get a seat for this elderly woman.

"This time it's another pretty girl, apparently I have luck with women today."

Normally, I would feel partially elated to be seen as "pretty", but his demeanor does nothing to make me feel that way. That last sentence irritates me too, seeing as he is joking around knowing we are speaking of a serious matter.

"Won't you give up your seat? It may be none of your concern, but I think it will contribute to society. The lady here would be cozier if she sat in this awfully hot weather." The brown-haired girl said and soon after peered at him with an inquisitive look, hoping for a positive response. She really was cute...

However, much to our disappointment, he wasn't so easily swayed, and as an alternative, snapped his fingers in our face and said his side of things.

"Social contribution? I see, that's an interesting way to put it. Giving seats to the elderly may be a way of contributing to society. Unfortunately, I am not interested in contributing to society, I only think about my satisfaction. Oh, and also. In this crowded bus, you're asking me, who's sitting in the priority seat, to give up my seat, but can't you ask the other people who are staying silent and leave me alone? If someone truly cares for the elderly, I think that 'priority seat here, priority seat there' would be a trivial concern."

Our intentions didn't reach the boy, and his brazen attitude didn't change at all either. But my temporary comrade in morals stood up to the boy and didn't crumble, calling out for all on the bus to hear. I can't deny it though, he is intelligent in forming a large formulated response on the spot.

That doesn't change the fact that I want to use the "Defense Against a Person in a Chair" techniques I learned.

"Everyone. Please listen to me for at least a little bit. Can anyone give their seat to the old woman? Please, anyone!" she bowed, adding more emphasis to her speech just now.

How is there so much compassion, courage, and determination in those few words? It's rare to see such genuine intentions.

But sadly, not one person on the bus stood up, and nearly all either looked away awkwardly or showed no outward reaction. Just as I could feel the kind girl scream again, a new voice resounded throughout the small chatter on the bus.

"You can take my seat," an ANHS student with a curtain cut announced. Why was his face so apathetic and bored-looking though?

Oh...?

...

Did a gloomy teenager really just give up his seat?

"Thank you!" the female student exclaimed, seemingly delighted by the resolution of this conflict.

He walked over to us and kindly guided the elderly lady who gave her thanks for the seat but something scared me abruptly.

It looked like he was about to stumble, although such a sign was gone within the blink of an eye.

Good thing he didn't fall, otherwise the old woman would've toppled down with him...

As he made his way back towards the middle to stand, it felt partially awkward as we just stood in silence. Deciding to be the adult I am, I started the conversation.

"Hello, I appreciate you two for helping me back there! I am Yuka

Kuwahara, nice to meet you," I introduced myself enthusiastically. I did sound like more of a kid though...

"Hi! My name is Kikyo Kushida. It's nice to meet you as well Kuwahara-san! I am going to attend ANHS in Class D!" The girl known as Kushida followed along and introduced herself too.

Thank god, if they stayed in silence leaving my introduction to fall on deaf ears, I might have cried myself out of existence later... Ah, this much stress isn't healthy! I'm supposed to be a nurse! I need to give people hope!

Wait, now that I think about it, the boy has yet to-

"How about you?" Kushida continued, trying to pull the teen boy into the introduction circle.

"Kiyotaka Ayanokoji. What a coincidence, I'm in the same class as you. A pleasure to meet you Kushida and Kuwahara."

Ayanokoji...?

I'll keep that in mind.

"Yup, that's great Ayanokoji-kun. You're right too, coincidences can be freaky." Kushida said in a joyful tone, her eyes wide open as she pumped a fist upwards, finishing the sentence.

I couldn't help but notice the darting of the eyes of the brown-haired boy, Kushida seeming to notice as well. While our attention was turned away, the bus stopped, causing all of us to slide and fall. Or me so me first.

I lost my footing, my head colliding with Ayanokoji's chest, pushing him back like a domino. As if the floor was cleaned to a frictionless polish, instead of falling forward on top of him, I did a roll like a cartoon character, heading straight by where his legs would be. On my way down, I could only grab a glimpse of his head slamming against the metal floor, hitting Kushida's ankle, and causing her to slide as well.

I closed my eyes, bracing for impact, and let out a small scream

putting my hands in front of me to catch myself. My scream soon cut out and something rough pushed up against my lips but I felt only a little pain. It's possible my face directly hit the floor and is numb right now from the shock of it but as I opened my eyes and looked ahead, I could see the abdomen of a male whose shirt got untucked.

And my face or mouth to be more precise, was right on his crotch. As confusing as it is too, I swear I could feel something hitting my shoulder on one side. Pulling myself up, still dazed from the impact, I once again got another feel of it as my assets brushed against it.

That's a viper right?!

Wait wait wait!!!

Did I just sexually harass a minor?!

Surely it's fine, it was accidental right?!

Wait, why is Kushida sitting on his face?

"Ahhsn~!"

Why did Kushida moan?!

She opened her eyes immediately and stood up immediately and even the friendly Kushida had a very small glare at Ayanokoji it seems...

But I was the one who knocked him over! It's not his fault!

Rather why is he motionless on the floor like that? He was knocked unconscious from the impact right? If he wasn't he wouldn't be hu-

As if nothing happened right now, he re-positioned himself on his feet, staring at Kushida and me.

It was like this was a frequent occurrence for him.

I have to apologize! All the bystanders probably know that I caused it too!

I lowered my head, screaming "I'm SORRY!" to hopefully receive their mercy. However, as I said this, I heard two other voices, warranting not only me but the others to look up. We were all sorry and apologized at the same time, extremely close to each other's faces.

We all leaped back, realizing we were way too close to one another. I looked between Kushida and Ayanokoji, but I couldn't seem to notice the crowd, who watched us all like they saw a UFO land.

"Hooo, I see. That was quite the scene for you three. You managed to catch this perfect person's attention for 8.73 seconds. Bravo," the narcissist clapped after spitting out something that made him sound more retarded than important.

The bus doors opened and without even having to peer out, I saw the prestigious Advanced Nurturing High School, where Kushida and Ayanokoji would be going. Rather...

We all sighed and Kushida stuttered, "I-it's alright, can we all forget this? Nobody was at fault."

Ayanokoji and I shook our heads up and down in a nod, glad that this situation was closing up. Since the bus wouldn't stop for long, we all waved our farewells as I wished them luck in their high school career. However... Something felt wrong leaving with just that.

Quickly sliding out a slip of paper from my breast pocket, I held it out to Ayanokoji, just before he was about to turn around.

"Call me once you get out of school (☎), the number is 778-330-2389~!"

I winked at him, showing a mischievous grin as he gripped it, staring at it, then me. He proceeded to leave without a word...

As voices of exclamation surrounded me, I could only scoff and think about one thing...

Was it a...

SUCCESS ?



*~Kiyo POV~*

Is this what Matsuo warned me about?

I was in the process of being groomed and I hadn't even stepped foot into the school.

Later that night, despite the obvious blocking outside, I tried to call it.

And it went through.

It slightly baffled me, leaving me wondering if Kuwahara had some bypass method until I recognized it to be an automated call.

Music?

"We're no strangers to love."

Is it an English song? I didn't ping her as the prankster type but apparently "her" phone number was a strange hotline.

Having not listened to much music besides classical, I decided to leave this on. Who knows, maybe something was waiting for me at the end.

Perhaps the song is a cryptic message...

...

No, never mind. It looped.





## R E V E R S E L A P P I L L O W ...

### *Chiaki Matsushita POV:*

The first day of school flew by faster than one would expect. Although it was an elite school, noticeable by its having its own island, the classroom felt quite normal. It is nice that it feels nostalgic and was probably designed like so but...

I felt slightly uncomfortable.

Around 15 minutes before, everyone was at the opening ceremony listening to Principal Sakayanagi give his speech. While all of them were bored, even those super goodie two shoes you see on TV, I didn't expect to lean back far enough for my chair to break.

Yes.

My chair collapsed, need I remind you?

Everyone who was close by saw this with ease and even the principal halted his speech due to the loud screeching and noise. Teachers came over to ensure everyone was alright.

Not only did I break a chair on the first day in front of everyone, but I also yelped in a weird voice when it happened. I'm sure it's normal to flinch and sometimes scream at such but I could've sworn I sounded like a bleating goat.

It was instinctual and my voice cracked, okay?

Now I could be associated as a heavyweight girl who screams like a goat.

To be honest, I never really minded rumors all too much and I wasn't necessarily self-conscious. It's just that... will I make friends easier this way?

"Hey!... Matsushita-san?"

A blonde gyaru came over to my table and greeted me, reading my name tag on the table. With a slight nod of affirmation, she continued and introduced herself as well.

As we talked for a few minutes, with more girls joining, my previous worries about making friends disappeared.

"Oh, Matsushita-chan, are you okay? I saw your chair break in the auditorium..." A brunette named Satou said the topic I'd rather avoid.

"Yes, I'm alright. Not hurt one bit!"

"That's good to hear! Good thing that boy caught you!"

Ah...

That...

"Wait caught...?" Another girl called Mori piped in asking a question. Actually, now I am also curious due to her wording...

"Yeah! As the chair collapsed and Matsushita-chan fell back, that boy scooted his chair a foot forward and cushioned your fall!"

...



What the hell?

I thought I just fell into his lap, but looking back at it, he was kind of close back.

"For real...?"

Just to verify, I needed to ask again.

"For real, for real."

When I fell and looked up at his face from his lap, he was completely emotionless. I never thought he purposefully saved me since I assumed he was irritated with me but was just trying to hide it.

I guess I am quite thankful that I wasn't much of a bother then.

"Anyway, how was the lap pillow Chiaki-chan?"

...

Why'd you have to switch to my first name as you dug deeper...

## **A G O D ' S S O L I L O Q U Y**

**??? POV:**

I am Haruki.

Some call me Yamauchi.

Before my great eyes.

I have come to find.

A sight splendidly divine.

An ice princess cries.

Not out of sadness.

But a pleasing ecstasy.

Yet the student there.

Was Kiyotaka.

Here I stood with tears dripping,  
That it was not me.

Yes, I'm Haruki.

Not that Ayanokouji.

That emo bastard...

He fell in her skirt.

Sniffing Hori's Sweet Coochie.

Not I... the only...

**Yamagod.**



## GYARU ' S HUMILIATION

### *Kei Karuizawa POV:*

My newly formed friend group and I decided to go to the club fair. In some way or another, Ayanokoji and the serious(ly loud) raven-haired girl, Horikita, tagged along.

I didn't mind this, I just had to make sure to be more observant so as to not be caught off guard by a mishap. Like how she mistakenly moaned in the classroom.

Being in a group with someone like that is social suicide, even I, who was somewhat... desolate... before high school, knew that.

Anyway, club fairs were never really easy on my mind, hence why I always avoided them. And yet, my research made me attend otherwise. The best way to keep friends is to know what they like and what better to find that out than a club fair?

It's also my first time being to one of these and it's a high school one at that so of course I feel slightly giddy.

At least I was slightly giddy until I felt bored.

I opted for my phone, sending multiple text messages to myself.

No, I'm not lonely! Doing this makes it seem like I am trying to invite someone over when all I am doing is noting down what my group is doing!

*Maya-san seems to have a minor turned-major crush on Ayanokoji.*

*Chiaki-san and Satsuki-san have a teasing side to them, although I feel like all three of them do...*

*Hirata noticed the teasing and he smiled wryly with a pained look in his eyes...*

*Wait, was it because he was getting swarmed and couldn't help? How thoughtful of him!*

*Horikita-san seems to have a fondness for Ayanokoji and is trying to separate Maya-san who is glued to him.*

As I sent all these messages to myself, the gray responding text bubble repeated, making it look like I wasn't being ignored. Not that people would look at my phone, but just in case they did!

Wait a minute, could what I'm doing be seen as rude??? Well, it was only for a couple of minutes so I think it's fine. Hearing a chime ring throughout the club fair, I saw a petite purple-haired girl walk across the stage to the mic. Powering off my phone, I turned back at the people I came here with and smiled lightly, before tur-

What the hell?!

Horikita and Maya-san were falling to the floor, the second one making a wet shoe on the floor noise... with her face.

Ayanokoji is being pulled along. If that wasn't the end of it, the rest of my group began falling like... like.. Dominoes!

I didn't even realize what was happening until I turned back around out of shock and saw Chiaki-san smiling while giving a Terminator-like thumbs up, her other hand pulling Satsuki-san down. Satsuki-san also desperately searching for something to hold onto, grabbed my leg, and I also fell.

As I fell, I saw Hirata falling too, but somehow he got swept up and taken away by a wave of girls before he got close.

Closing my eyes, I braced for impact with my hands out in front of me and what came wasn't the pain I was expecting, but a loud clapping sound and something rippling in my hands.

Opening my eyes, partially frightened, I saw the current events that took place in front of me.

The recoil I got was from spanking Chiaki-san whose butt was right in front of me as I was seated upright. Chiaki-san also kissed Ayanokoji. Satsuki-san moaned crazy loud and I saw a hand on her breast. Looking over at Maya-san, she also had a hand on her butt. There seemed to be someone else under Ayanokoji's head... was that



Horikita giving a boob pillow?

Oh... why do I feel like I'm being lifted a little? Looking down for the feeling I felt, I noticed green pants with a protrusion that was against my...

Wait a minute, where's my skirt?!!!

Looking frantically around I saw a white, ripped piece of cloth in Satsuki-san's hand.

My pink panties were hidden slightly just by my blazer at this point...

CHOTTO MATTE?!

GREEN BULGE???

"WHY ARE THE SIX OF YOU FLIRTING SO OBSCENELY IN PUBLIC! IT'S INDECENT!" She yelled with a blush. "SEPARATE NOW PLEASE!"

Before I could even process more of what was happening, the six of us scrambled up to our feet.

Everyone, including me, was deathly embarrassed.

Wait, no. One of us has a face that clearly says, "I have no regrets."

Or I guess that was Ayanokoji's usual face.

Wait, what is he...

HE'S STRIPPING TOO???

Taking off his blazer in a quick fashion while everyone was looking, he jumped now and threw it at me while saying, "Think fast."

It slammed into my face.

Adding onto that, he took fast steps toward me, getting closer and closer without losing pace.

Why was he being so weird...

An expression that showed utter seriousness, throwing something at me and coming closer... Is he... Is he bullying me.....?

I couldn't even mentally brace myself as he walked closer. Would he hit me?

I wasn't sure.

He turned around after tilting his head, a cutesy act that completely wiped away my previous thoughts.

Wait, why did he box me in between Maya, Satsuki, and Chiaki???

...

AH!

Taking a hint, I got his blazer and tied it around my waist the bottom part, my legs covered till my knees now.

I looked at my ripped skirt on the floor nearby before looking at Ayanokoji in a new light.

Wait, couldn't he just have told me to unbutton my blazer and use it? Did he want me to use his blazer for... perverted reasons???

Never mind, I'm not so sure about his image again.

A small part of me knew that he would've looked even stranger telling me to undress too, but my thoughts were everywhere at the moment.

He even drudged up my fear...

When he looked back at me, the first action I did was look away with a small exhale.

Even if he helped right now, he technically caused this with his luck. Yeah, and he kissed Chiaki and fondled everyone else!

I looked back at the 4 who were also victims and they all were

dazed

...

When I got back to my room later that night, I apologized to Ayanokoji in my head.

Knowing I would be too embarrassed to face him next week, I decided to drop his blazer in his lobby mailbox with a thank you note.

### ***Kiyotaka POV:***

I did some shopping and then began heading back to the dorm. I routinely checked in my mailbox and saw my blazer with an envelope.

It seems she did return it, fast at that.

Opening the envelope... with the peculiar heart, I read its content and surmised it to be...

A thank you hate letter.

I mean, what else am I to think?

"Ayanokoji,

Ignore the sticker I used to seal the envelope. I only have heart stickers, it's not like this is a love letter or anything.

Anyway, thank you for your blazer, I returned it. I didn't have time to wash it since you need it for school tomorrow. You're welcome. Please don't try smelling it like a pervert though, I already sprayed perfume on it to hide anything you were trying to get.

Bye.

From Karuizawa Kei."

...

I rather she had kept it and washed it than get accused of doing

such a Yamauchi thing to do.

The worst part is, since I arrived back at night, I couldn't wash it either.

The next day, I wore the required blazer and sat down in my seat, Karuizawa glancing at me and then beginning to talk again to her classmates. At least she didn't glare.

However, someone else was doing the glaring.

Namely, my seatmate, Horikita Suzune.

"Good morning Horikita, what's wrong?"

"Ayanokoji, why do you smell like Karuizawa-san?"

...

"Horikita, did you have to say it that loudly?"

I quipped back but answered as safely as possible, knowing the majority of the class was now listening.

It was resolved but knowing it's not even the first period yet left me uneasy for the day to come...

Please stop glaring at me...

## **N E N E ' S E N C O U N T E R**

***Nene Mori POV:***

Swimming competition!

5 men...

(No I won't edit them around Nene like the Piper Perri meme.)

Water dripping off their bodies...

A handshake...

THE ONE PIECE IS REAL!!!

...

I didn't sleep enough!

I can't let anybody know my thoughts right now, I'd be ostracized!!!

If you know, you know.

Well... the things that could happen though.

Like, Akito cramping and near drowning, and Hirata forsaking the race and going to save his comrade!

Or even...

Someone giving CPR!!!

There are so many cliches that can happen at the pool!

A lot of school rom-coms have a CPR scene, or maybe a wardrobe malfunction.

Well, it's a bunch of men swimming right now, I can't imagine their swimsuits coming off...

””

If they go fast enough???

'Kami-sama, answer my prayers once again... Make a shirtless man, pantless...'

As I stared between the stopwatch and back at the race participants, I got ready to time it for Ayanokoji.

In 3...

2...

1...

NOW!

Pressing the button, the 5 participants jumped in and began to swim to the other side of the pool, where we, the people with the stopwatches, stood.

It's kinda amazing that people can swim this fast, it's almost like watching a shark dash to its prey.

Everyone was keen on watching them.

They didn't even notice the floating swimsuit in Ayanokoji's lane.

My nose was bleeding in anticipation.

Also, it's not like you can see him mooning the world either, the splashes and movements making it impossible.

And then he reached the other side, I stopped the timer and watched him pull himself up.

A shotgun went off.

It felt like a sneeze but had the recoil of a shotgun. This led me reeling back towards the floor to which he caught me.

I felt a certain weight on my stomach and heard a lot of gasps and chatter...

At this point, I wasn't even focusing on that, it was more like I was worried I might do something I shouldn't.

As soon as I was set down, I sprinted to the restroom to calm myself down.

I did glance back to see Hirata using his body to help Ayanokoji cover-up.

It was so tempting to play it cool.

And say something like, "Nice cock."

That or something like, "Please be gentle," "Ah...?!" or "It's not like you're big or anything."

I wiped the blood from my face and cleaned myself up. I then went to my locker and sighed with relief.

"Good thing I didn't bring this," I stared at my locker, seeing a glint of light shine off the metallic surface and a small smile formed on my face.

Kami-sama...

Let's wish for more times like these~!



## T - R E X ' S S P R E A D I N G

### *Class A:*

It was the standard day in the first year's Class A homeroom.

Save for one student.

"Hey, I think I know something that can cripple Sakayanagi-san more!"

"?"



"Care to explain what you're imagining?" As a voice sounded out behind the two, the one who started the rather strange topic, had the blood rush out of their face

"...!"

'Fast! How does a person with a cane have a higher stealth stat than a ninja???'

"Fufufu..."

And that's how the green-haired boy in Class A named...

Green Yamauchi?

Takahashi?

Eh... Let's just go with...

...Whose name was forgotten, would become the first of Class A to leave the school.

Leaving him on that note, Arisu's mind dug into the topic, and having heard rumors herself, it was quite obvious.

Ayanokoji Kiyotaka... you took the school by storm by thinking with your heads...

"Masumi-chan, keep an eye out on the Pervert Prince's movements..."

"Do it yourself, you damn loli," the purple-haired teen said, faltering and wryly staring at Arisu's cane. "No never mind, I'll do it."

"You were thinking something rude just now, weren't you?"

"Whatever do you mean," Kamuro said while puckering her lips to imitate a whistle as she looked away.

'I'll remember this...' Arisu turned back to look out the window, leaving this at that.

...

Kamuro Masumi frowned at that and also stared out the window, seeing their brown-haired schoolmate she had to keep an eye on. Taking a small glimpse at Arisu Sakayanagi, she felt unearthed...

'Why'd I feel a shiver just now.'

### ***Class C:***

The T-rex also reached some ears in Class C but...

"The Pervert Prince just got worse, he flashed and mooned everyone in his pool class apparently," Manabe Shiho was gossiping to her friends.

"I heard it was an accident because he swam too fast."

"I heard that he was... well endowed..."

"I heard that it looked like that, only because he was getting off on it and... erect."

"Hey, Ishizaki-kun. Do you know his size?"

The small girl group then brought in the boy who was having a cold sweat the whole time and contemplating leaving the classroom.

"The hell..."

Ishizaki was hearing these rumors for the first time and was silently cursing the culprit who did, flash their class.

"Komiya-kun, do you know?"

"..."

And eventually, the whole class, besides a few who had earbuds in and were desperately ignoring what was happening, was chatting

about it.

And they concluded...

He was a pervert and may have been on drugs, but he was big at that moment.

Ryuuen finally chimed in after arriving a little later too.

"Stop that gay talk, it's pissing me off. Albert, show them your worth."

"?!!"

As utter silence filled the room, everyone couldn't help but look to Albert, semi-expecting to see something that they all knew they shouldn't.

"Bro."

People were muttering around the class that this was a stranger. The class was also doubting Ryuuen's sexuality.

Would *he* also get into accidents?

"You don't need to show the men that shit."

hah...

"Hey, who the fuck let out a sigh in disappointment?"

As the class clamored a little more, they all went silent again.

The classroom door slid open and a silver-haired girl entered the class with a smile.

...

She went to her desk but was looking around in confusion at why the class was so tense and awkward.

Ryuuen decided to speak up first.

"Anyway, don't talk about that again or else I'll beat the hell out of you."

...

And around 10 minutes later...

"Ibuki-san, what was Ryuen-san talking about before?"

Ibuki dodged the question with panic on her face.

Hiyori asked everyone in the class but they also did the same.

She went to sleep that night, confused, but left it at that.

'Maybe it was a classified secret.'

### ***Class B:***

...

No one talks about the dick sizes of another student at school, especially not in this class where gossip doesn't occur much.

The majority haven't heard the rumors, if anything, this class's good demeanor is what you would expect of a standard prep school.

And those that did...

"His swimsuit came off? Is he okay???"

They didn't immediately think about sexual things.

Which should be the norm.

However, due to the nature of how the rumor spread, it made the norm something else.

"The pervert prince had his swimsuit off in swimming class!"

Yes.

Pervert made them immediately imagine something sexual.

Why was it shared like this...?

Well...

Founder of the Kiyotaka Fan Club: Nemo.

A big fish and a certain genius enthusiast.

"We need to show that he was asserting dominance!"

Bruce: "Seems legit."

Sumo Mayhem: "For real."

And that's how the rumors spread within a day, a lot of cultured people picturing Ayanokoji Kiyotaka, t-posing over his competition, and his prey...

(Image that may not pass Wattpad's NSFW Detector (it's just him shirtless)): <https://imgur.com/DV3dMXo>

**S P A N K W O R T H Y , W A S I T ?**

*Chie POV:*

This sucks.

It's been 5 days since then, and not a single call from Kiyo-kun. I should probably just go into the system and get his number myself. I get it though, there's not much to talk about. My class also has my number but only one of the girls calls me once in a blue moon asking about the class or reminding me not to drink.

I don't drink that much at all though. Only when I feel down, neglected, or for some other reason.

Speaking of, up until a couple of days ago, I could still feel the hand...

Or rather the impact my rear faced.

Being a teacher here really is impossible. There are no people my age and the ones that are are co-workers or strained relationships.

It's been so long that I even got intrigued by how it felt to be disciplined like a little kid.

...

It's bad.

Well, it's not that I would do anything against the law. Being friendly to them makes me feel young again.

Kiyo-kun usually runs away the second he sees me too, I've got an idea this time...

As I turned the corner, I saw a lone student walking down the hallway. The brown hairstyle was unmistakable. And so, I followed him.

He began walking a little faster.

I copied the pace.

It became a light jog.

I also jogged lightly.

Now at the entrance of the school, he began running out of it.

I followed after.



Well, I can't say I followed, as I got tired and I couldn't keep up with him even if I had all the adrenaline in the world.

I think this is good progress though. I made him develop a sixth sense for me.

Ahhh, I'm content with this.

Hopefully, my message got across.

Please call me soon, Kiyo-kun...

*Manabu POV:*

At that moment, I confronted my little sister, Suzune, about her position.

It would be for the best if no one knew of our familial connection, especially for a while given her current class standing, Class D.

However, just as I was about to 'check' her, a bored-looking student came by, both of us delving into a fight that mainly was us sizing each other up.

So many techniques, reflexes, and the body that shouldn't have as much power as it seems to have...

Now, who was he to my sister? Classmates, I could gauge but...

"Is he your friend?"

Knowing her train of thought, I could only expect what would come next. It's a given, and likely the main reason she was put in a class of defects.

No one would thrive in this school by themselves. Teamwork is needed to move up and that's true both in this environment and in the workforce.

This isn't a fantasy world, not one with any magic.

Pyramids can't be built by one person's hands.

A cure for cancer won't be made efficiently with just one person, even if they do somehow make it in their life span.

And that's why, Suzune, was defective.

So I prepared my answer to her next few words, getting ready to say it.

"He's... he's not my friend. He's my friend with benefits."



"As always, you're mistaking solitu- what?"

???

I almost wanted to urge her to repeat that but I was sure I heard it properly.

It was nonsensical though.

Suzune, the one who disliked even the idea of friendship around 2 weeks ago (seeing as she was still put into class D), was many steps further than that.

I was frozen, staring at her with concern, confusion, and intrigue all at the same time.

How much has she developed?

And why has she done so?

Taking a small glance to my right, I could only see why as the emotionless eyes stared back at me.

This guy... was capable of a lot more than he let on, even putting aside his physicality.

But rather, a Horikita being easy enough to do sexual things with a person they met less than a month ago?

The emotions seemed to be there too, with no signs of blackmail at all.

**My little sister might have more experience than me...**



huh...

*This isn't good for my mental health...*

Which leads me to think.

Did she truly mean friends with benefits?

"Do you even know what that means...?" I spoke with genuine concern but part of me also spoke from contentment, possibly because of her new outlook towards companionship.

"I-it means really good friends Nii-san!" Suzune replied, still obviously nervous around me. Well, isn't it good she hasn't done promiscuous things in this short time?

It's good, right?

"That would be best friends, the other thing is something else... although I wouldn't mind it."

In the last part, I only said to Suzune, lowering my voice to avoid

the third party here now.

And yes, It's the truth.

This boy can change her so drastically when she's been dead set on her ways for the past 5 years.

This man has an extreme amount of potential, I can imagine him going far.

He can become a full-fledged elite of society if he chooses to do so I reckon.

Given his aura, I don't imagine him coddling Suzune either. That means she shouldn't grow dependent and meet many breakthroughs herself.

I look forward to my last year that will occur here, and the tales of the two years after I left.

As I walked away, the boy grabbed my shoulder, leaving me to look back.

"I'm curious about what you said to her, but can I ask for a favor?"

...

That was my loss, I didn't expect him to blackmail me for camera footage of his teacher...

Perhaps he truly is a pervert?

## **A C A S H I E R ' S C O N C E R N**

### *Store Clerk POV:*

It was your average evening, not very much happening. It was late

and near curfew so the store was desolate and I was preparing to close it in around 30 minutes...

The only person in here besides me right now was a raven-haired girl in the hygiene section of the store looking at items on clearance. Not wanting to stare at them, I logged onto my phone to make myself look busy, just swiping through some shorts...

I found a rather distasteful weight loss commercial that popped up in my feed...

Feeling slightly irked, I looked up and saw the teen coming towards the counter. Quickly fixing myself and putting on a smile, I greeted them with the standard, "Hello, how can I help you today ma'am?"

"Just this please."

"Got it," reaching out, I grabbed the small box the small box they put down to scan and I was met with another shock that night.

Condoms.

???

I know we sold them for really cheap and all but this is the first I've seen someone buy them in a month or so now.

Why does a school supply condoms when they don't like sexual activities? Teenagers are hormone people, we don't want a pregnancy scenario by neglecting the problem.

Even more alarming though was...

"Would the XL fit...?"

...

She even asked me???

Yes, she handed me XL condoms.

She planned to get busy and active shortly, it seems with some hung

guy.

"Over 18...?"

"No, I'm not, no freshman is 18 at this school."

...

Seriously? I'm at my last wit cause I'm referring to a minor when talking about this and it's strange enough she was willing to ask about it. Most of them are quiet and wear face masks and hoodies but she brazenly walked up to the counter.

"Erm, over 18 centimeters I mean?... (7inches)"

"I never measured it but I think so."

...

It's off-putting that my imagination is running haywire right now. Why is she talking in the first person like they are for her???

"It reached around here."

As she said that, the raven-haired girl got her hand and put it under the collarbone to make me only react with...

Holy fuck.

You didn't have to make a gesture, and that also made me wary about your current health.

The way she's doing it so confidently makes me feel as if she's boasting too.

This is hurting my self-esteem...

Well, now I don't have to worry that I incorrectly assumed someone's pronouns in 2024.

Ma'am seems to be correct for her, but I need to be more careful in the future...

"...Then yes, the XL should be just fine, ma'am."

Don't show anger, don't show anger. It's kinda hard for me to keep calm right now. I can't get fired since I own this convenience store but ANHS could still do something to remove me.

I kept smiling at her and she nodded, letting me scan it. As I handed it back over, seeing she brought her bag for shopping, I saw her demeanor crumbling.

It seemed she was trying to keep a front this whole time, but right now, she started panicking, her blush likely visible from a mile away.



"T-Thank you," She said, taking back her point card and placing the item in her bag before booking it outside the store.

I felt almost satisfied that she truly wasn't boasting but trying to

keep calm.

But for putting me through that...

"Have a fun night, it's good you know protection is important!"

Ah, she almost tripped at that.

Oops.

Around 20 minutes passed after the embarrassed girl came and the store has remained empty since.

For the before scenario, I truly do wish her fun cause it quite seems like her body would be aching after.

Youth love is good, but it always makes me feel old. I'm only pushing 25 right now too...

The store doorbell chimed, a lone male walking into the store now.

"Hello, as a heads up, the store will close in 5 minutes from now," wanting to get home and needing to inform him, I spoke out to which he nodded before asking a question.

"Ah, where is the condom section?"

SERIOUSLY???

"A-ah."

Same gender, I can get but his asking me, a female, without a single doubt in his gaze caught me off guard. That and the fact that someone else was looking for condoms.

"They are in the back corner of the health section."

Wooo, keep calm, the day is almost over.

Nodding, he walked to the back of the store and came back 2 minutes later.



"Excuse me, is there any other size?"

As he asked me this, he laid out 4 boxes on the counter that I wanted to slam my head into.

Not another weirdo...

"Sorry, we are out of the Extra Small at the moment, more should come in the next shipment this Thursday."

Staring at him straight on, he stared back at me with a blank expression.

Ok. No jokes with him, but at least show a little reaction! He didn't look mad or even ashamed when I said that. I broke eye contact first, feeling out of place even though I wasn't the one purchasing sexual stuff.

Pushing past the absurd situation, it's true though, the only other size we would have is Extra Small. He brought Small, Medium, Large, and XL to the counter so that only leaves out the other.

"Is there nothing above this?"

He pushed the XL size forward, leaving me dumbfounded again.

"Nothing for humans, no."

I stared at him and felt him wince besides his expression not changing.

???

Surely not.

I may as well check for him though...

"Give me one second, I'll help check,"

Going around the counter, I went to the health section with him following me. It feels really strange but It's almost necessary.

Reaching the area, I stared at them all, the situation slowly getting

to me.

Moving the boxes around to see if there was another brand or a different size hiding, It seemed like the student had to have fit one of those sizes.

Oh, we did have an extra small in stock.

As I looked, he also helped expedite the process and was the first to stop and inspect something.

Curious, I peered over and he nodded and held out his hand to me.

"This one seems sufficient."

...

...



Why does such a thing exist?

"Got it..."

Despite the continued awkward atmosphere, I took the held-out condom box and went back to the register to scan.

Beep, Beep, Beeeeeeep.

Expired Barcode...?

You've got to be kidding me.

"Can I not purchase it?"

Please let this night end already!

"No, you are fine to get it, It seems like an old item, you can take it free of charge for the inconvenience. Have a good night."

"You too..." he said, grabbing the box and walking out with it in his hands before accelerating from 6-40 in a second.

...

I had to wipe my eyes to make sure I didn't see him teleport.

Curfew is rough...

I talked a mile a minute just then and lost some money but at this point, with how cheap they were, even if they were 5000 yen, I wouldn't care. I was at my wit's end.

It's over...

It's over though...

Phew.

Those two, especially the boy, stressed me out more than I have been in weeks. Putting the closed sign on the door, I couldn't help but chuckle to myself now at the events that just occurred.

Don't think I'm not going to cry myself to sleep tonight though.

...

?

Hm?

What's this?

Leaning down, I picked up a card off the floor and stared at it with a blank expression.

"Ayanokoji Kiyotaka...?"

Looking at the image of the person on the card, it was clearly the boy who was just here.

Did he drop this by accident?

...

Crap.

Crap.

WHAT THE HELL??!!

There were two cards.

One being his student ID which lets him use points.

The other is a room card for room 401.

This means he can't get back to his room tonight and therefore has to go to either the front desk or come back here where he saw it last.

Begrudgingly, I stayed around, turning the lights off to show the store was closed. 20 minutes later, he arrived back at the store, sweating, leaving his clothing disheveled.

I opened the door and handed him his two cards, hoping he wouldn't say anything besides a simple-

"Thank you."

Yes, like that.

"Get back to the dorms now before you get in trouble."

"Hai."

Turning to sprint again, I began to close the door until I... slipped forward?

I never hit the floor though, but did feel an impact.

"Ouch..."

Looking up, I saw the boy also tumbling as he tried to catch me.

This turned out as him giving me a sudden lap pillow.

"Thanks for breaking my fall,"

To which he nodded once again, both of us standing.

I waved bye to him and blurted something out while I did so.

"Yeah, you're definitely a T-rex."

I don't know if he heard it or chose to ignore it but he ran again, leaving me to finally lock up the store for the night.

...

...

...

I think I'm going to do more than cry myself to sleep tonight.

## K A M U R O ' S S U D D E N V I S I T O R

### *Masumi Kamuro POV:*

That Pervert Prince.

He truly lived up to his name.

Sure, I was spying on him since I saw a commotion at the store and I was told to, but then I went to go try some clothes that interested me.

Lo and behold, the timing backfired. In the changing stall, I was in, Ayanokoji Kiyotaka walked in, paused slightly then continued doing something else.

"Sorry, just came here to get something," he said and ignored me for the next few seconds before reaching down and picking up the glasses on the changing room bench.

As he stood to go back out, peeking on the other side of the curtain, I hit my limit.

Sure, all I had missing was one thigh-high, but still, had he entered any later, I would have been in my undergarments.

I can't believe he had the balls to continue searching around in here after seeing it was occupied too.

And so...

Lifting my leg, I struck my heel down aiming to hit him right at his shoulder blade.

As tedious as he is, he dodged it by a hair's breadth without even looking back when it happened.

My leg missing completely made the continued motion caused me to slip on the tiled floor, falling backward.

As I prepared to have the wind blown out of me, he also fell back. He pulled my legs as I slipped and slid under me.

Only my heels touched the floor, my back, head, and rear covered from the impact.

***THUD***

The wall reverberated behind me with the loud bang from his... head hitting the wall?

Still doesn't make me any less angry.

I balled my fist and slammed it behind me, right into his groin as I pushed away and stood up on the opposite side of the room.

He then also stood up like nothing happened.

I thought it would be more effective, but I felt more flesh than skin just now...

Not giving it a second, he then bolted out of the changing room,

leaving me to look at his back and also the hole in the wall from his head.

He was out of my hands now but...

"Pervert!"

I could still play this card.

Quickly putting my other stocking back on, I went out to search for him, but he was gone. Completely gone.

On one side of the store, people were squeeing and shouting Shizuku, looking for her.

On the other side of the store, there was a boy people were avoiding like the plague, and in the middle, a narcissist was ranting about how many stares he was getting and how he deserved it while posing.

Deciding to leave the clothes on a nearby bench, I also went out of the store and decided to look for him but still, no brown-haired boy in sight.

...

God damnit.

That damn Loli put me up to this and I got fondled whilst in the middle of changing...

He was more dangerous than I thought.

Fuck, I don't care if I get expelled at this rate, I need to shed some blood.

Ayanokoji...

Next time, it's on sight.





## **R Y U U E N ' S M Y S T E R Y P A C K A G E**

### ***Kakeru Ryuuen POV:***

Just before homeroom, I kicked back and leaned on a chair.

"Boss, I brought a package you got."

"...?"

Since Ishizaki has a dorm room on the same floor, I ordered him to be on the lookout for deliveries I may receive. Some sick pranksters may steal or exchange the package otherwise.

The strange thing is, I don't recall ordering something any time soon.

"It was in front of your room."

"Well, open it for me then."

I leaned back further and closed my eyes, hearing the tape rip off the box and some rustling.

He was taking it out?

I opened my eyes and gave a side glance and looked in confusion.

...

The whole class was also looking at the thing taken out of the box, something Ishizaki held high.

"Frills? What's this?"

I'm gonna kill someone.

"Boss, did you order a magical girl outfi-"

I stood up and punched Ishizaki in the gut, taking the cruel prank and getting ready to rip it up.

"Ryuuen-kun?!"

...

Hiyori walked into the classroom and stared at me, a hand covering her mouth. Ibuki who was behind her, looked mildly disgusted.

"It's not what it looks like."

"I'm sorry to interrupt... ah, hope you have fun with your cosplay then!"

"NO, IT'S A FUCKING PRANK?! SOMEONE GAVE ME THIS!"

Hiyori then walked across the classroom and looked outside the window.

Ibuki walked over and stared at the dress I now ripped in half, then looked down.

"Huh, why is your name on the package then?"

"..."

"Boss, it's okay..." Ishizaki muttered this while placing a hand on my shoulder. I delivered him a leg sweep.

"Shut the hell up, Ishizaki."

"Ryuuen, you cosplay? I wasn't expecting this..."

Our ugly teacher now walked in and commented too.

"MOTHERFUCKER! I'M GONNA HANG WHOEVER DELIVERED THIS SHITTTTTTTT!"

...

Later that day, an anonymous user, Taco, sent a photo to the community school board of Ryuuen holding the magical girl outfit.

A new magical dragon boy was born on this day.

### ***Kiyo POV:***

I think it's about time I rid myself of this...

I stared blankly at the magical boy outfit the girls made me wear on our outing.

I remember planning to give it to the person down the dorm hallway so I'll do just that.

Folding the outfit in, with the white thigh-high boots that came with it and all, I placed it into a box.

Taking the box, I stepped out in the hallway and headed towards the room number I recall seeing them come from. Honestly, I don't mind if I give it to a different person, I just need it off my hands.

I prepared a delivery sticker that said the tenant's name too.

I hope Ryuuen uses this better than I do...

A N A N G E L ' S E X C I T E M E N T T O W A R D  
C O S P L A Y

*Hiyori POV:*

First the brown-haired boy... then Ryuen-kun?

I've heard that cosplay was growing, but was it really that fun?

Should I try it out? I don't know since all the items are so expensive...

Wait...



"..."

"Maybe a girl does fit it better...?"



*"Yeah, that's better...?"*

*Hm?*

*Why'd my heart flutter for a second...?*

Maybe I do need to try cosplay. Going to a mirror, I decided to take a photo of myself... then inspect it.



No, cosplay won't work for me I think...

I'll stick to reading as my number one pastime.

#### **C H I E ' S P H O N E C A L L**

#### ***Class B POV:***

*The class was going close to as usual. Chie-sensei was on time and began*

*teaching, despite the usual long lunch break she has.*

*A few minutes into the lecture about geometric proofs, she was interrupted, much to the Class's excitement.*

*Proofs weren't hard so to say, but were tedious.*

*Chie-sensei was talking until suddenly...*

***"Daddy Daddy do, I want all of you-"***

*Their teacher was scrambling for her phone with no embarrassment in her eyes, but excitement.*

*And in a second, they fished it out and answered.*

***"Kiyo-kun!"***

Her energy levels peaked. As the other side said something, she covered her mouth in a slight giggle.

And then a little bit after, she was rebuking them, like a girlfriend waiting for their boyfriend to stop playing games.

"Not even a, "Hi," to your favorite teacher, you're really straight to the point, aren't you? And here I thought you would take me up on the offer I messaged you but wait!" Chie-sensei went on with a dramatic gasp, "You didn't even open it, you meanie.~"

***"...?"***

***'Offer makes it sound like a date...'***

The other side speaking again, Class B's teacher began pouting and it formed a giddy smile.

"Ouch, how blunt~. Good though, check them! Anyways, what are you doing on the roof alone with Sae-chan? Was what I mentioned last time actually correct!?"

Chie then winked at the whole class, leaving them even more concerned.



Listening to it a little more, she let out a remark of affirmation,  
"Hai!~"



And then the other side hung up in an instant.

...

"Did he really have to hang up that fast...?"

...

"Alone on the rooftop with a teacher?"

"Why would he have our teacher's phone number...?"

"She flirts with him over the phone?"

"Don't be silly Watanabe-kun, she does that with everyone!"

A collective 'True,' was thought around the class.

"What was that ringtone though?"

"The offer?"

"Who is Kiyo-kun though, don't tell me it's..."

"PERVERT PRINCE!"

"Stop the name-calling Chihiro-chan..."

"O-okay Honami-san!"

"He's not so lucky with this one huh..."

Some giggles resonated around the class and now Chie looked confused herself.

"Hey Siri, message Kiyo-kun, I'm cumming!"

The chatter died down as they bored their eyes into their teacher now.

"Chie-sensei..."

"..."

"Hm? What's the matter?" Chie-sensei said, staring at the class with

a look of innocent confusion.



"Ok, I need to climb the stairs for Kiyo-kun now, I'll be back soon~!"

**S T R A W B E R R Y M I X**

*Honami Ichinose POV:*

It was evening but there was a little event planned.

A mixer.

It was more like a hangout for the most part since the majority wasn't interested in dating in the first place. The only real similarity was that there were an equal number of boys as there were girls.

It was pretty exciting to try something new like this though, Kushida-chan asked me to join and I brought Mako-chan with me too. Otherwise, there was Onodera-san, Sudou-kun, Ike-kun, Yamauchi-kun, Ayanokoji-kun, and of course, Kushida-chan who invited us.

It's good to get to know people from other classes too! That was the main reason I attended other than I found the idea as fun.

Karaoke, some eating, and then, the main staple of it, Truth or Dare.

Ike-kun suggested it which made me and the girls slightly worried but Onodera-san came up with a majority vote rule to see if a dare would be allowed if inappropriate.

Ayanokoji-kun didn't know what the game was so I explained to him the basics and we got going. He must've been raised in a sheltered place or maybe he's not much of a game and movie person.

The questions went like so...

Onodera-san spun the bottle and the one at the cap side first was... Ike-kun!

She asked him what he was planning to do without the majority vote rule and what he planned was to hold someone's hands...

This made a good amount of us chuckle as we pretended to be flabbergasted at first.

"Ok... Holding hands is bad..."

Ayanokoji-kun who was sitting to my left muttered that and I couldn't help but smile at his innocence.

Sudou-kun's spin who was next in order, landed on Onodera-san, who chose dare.

This took him a while to come up with, but he then asked Onodera-san to say "Nyaa" at the end of each of her sentences...

It was a strange dare but given his expression after, it seemed he thought it would just be funny if a tomboy like Onodera-san did that.

Sudou-kun, despite his rough exterior, seemed to be pretty relaxed and nervous.

Woah, Onodera-san is glowing shades of red I didn't know that was possible!

The nyaa was cute, I think this is called Gap Moe.

Ike-kun spun next and he landed on... Yamauchi.

...

They both seem really upset.

"Hey Honami-chan, I've read a fanfiction before with people playing spin the bottle and two people similar to Ike-kun and Yamauchi-kun ended up making out. The ikeman in the group, someone like Hirata-kun, watched till the end until the kissing two decided to go back to one of their rooms and continue the session, the majority of the others leaving in disgust before such. It was truly cursed," said Mako-chan.

"..."

I was at a loss for words...

I think she was teasing me again.

Ah, Yamauchi-kun picked truth and...

"Yamauchi, name 3 of your worst fetishes."

...

It makes sense for this to come up as things get spicier, like in dramas!

I just wasn't expecting it so soon!

Yamauchi-kun muttered to which Ike-kun asked him to speak up.

Were these two really friends...?

"Thighs, Breasts, and Butts!"

... That makes sense I guess? I was almost expecting something stranger.

Not that I mean any harm to him, but it was surprising!

"You shouldn't lie, Yamauchi~" Amikura teased as I tilted my head.

He was lying?

"L-lying? Haha, I would never! Hehehe..."

... Yeah he was definitely lying...

And the shocking truth came out.

Maids, which could be slightly understandable I think?

Nostrils... Onodera-san pulled out a face mask out of nowhere.

And Lolis...

No one had the brain cells left to clarify if he meant real-life ones or anime ones, but it was still weird either way...

What frightened me most was that Ayanokoji-kun looked undisturbed. Even that didn't get a reaction out of him.

"Lollipops..."

Oh, he's thinking something completely different, maybe that's why.

As we moved on quickly, ignoring the past events, now Yamauchi-kun spun.

We all sighed in relief as it landed on Ayanokoji-kun. At least Yamauchi-kun didn't swing that way I think.

Ayanokoji-kun chose dare and was made to play the hardest song on the piano, which he somehow completed.

It was amazing, to say the least.

He mentioned he took calligraphy, tea making, and piano lessons when we asked him about such.

His family must be either quite traditional or rich, he had a good upbringing.

And now, Ayanokoji-kun's turn to spin! Landing on Kushida-San he-...?

"Hold Ike's hand for one minute."

It's nice to know he's a good friend, Ike looked elated, while Yamauchi was foaming at the mouth.

??!

Why did Kushida-San ooze killing intent for a second?



That is what that was right?!

I must be imagining things, Kushida-San wouldn't do that...

And so, she went over and held Ike's hand with a smile and as the minute was up, she returned to her seat.

Hm? What's that fruity smell?

Ah, my turn.

Since it landed on Onodera-San, I asked for her gym routine, knowing she is quite athletic. She was energetic talking about it, and the "nyaa" was slowly getting less surprising.

"What is your type of person? One that you'll want to be in a



romantic relationship with?"

Mako-chan asked Ayanokoji-kun a truth!

And it's quite a big one at that!

"I don't necessarily have a type. That's what I think. I'm not attracted to just one type, it's really broad if I'm being honest," he said, which felt like it fit his mysterious personality.

She doubted him though, and others did too, the truth question having to keep going.

"Is Ichinose your type?"

Huh?!

"Yes, she is."

...That's sweet.

"Is Kushida your type?"

"Without a doubt."

That makes more sense.

"Is Onodera-san your type?"

"That she is."

His range is quite big, it's admirable that he isn't picky at least.

To finish it off, Mako-chan pointed to herself, asking, "Am I your type?"

"No, you're definitely not."

...

"Bruh," Ike-kun immediately blurted out.

We all chuckled a little bit at the current antics

"Haha nice one Ayanokoji, just teasing me back I see..." She laughed it off hardly affected.

Mako-chan is strong, she's hard to tease back!

I've failed multiple times, hardly anything gets to her.

"Teasing? I'm being honest though?"

She broke into a playful pout, still not convinced.

"Do you like him?" Mako-chan wanted done yet it seems and went over and pointed at Sudou-kun.

"No. Why is that even a question?"

Mako-chan and Sudou-kun let out a sigh of relief and so the game continued.

It landed on Ayanokoji-kun for the 3rd time, his unluckiness was kind of sad.

It didn't even land on me once!

He went for a dare this time around and Kushida-San...

"Oh, nice! I dare you then... to tell everyone what you love about them individually! Outloud, I want to hear! Doing this would make everyone closer right?"

Was surprisingly harsh???

"The boys too!"

It got even more intense?!

"Got it..."

Ah, he turned to me first!

Mentally bracing myself, I was ready to take his fake confession.

**"Ichinose Honami. I love you."**

Ah... this is still quite embarrassing, I think my cheeks are turning red...

**"Your strong-willed yet compassionate personality along with your always being there to lend a helping hand. Not only that but your leader-like qualities, not just anyone can lead a class. Your grades and from what I hear, athletic ability is also amazingly high. To top it off with your beautiful strawberry blonde hair and well-endowed body, I love you."**

!!!

Why'd he go into detail?!

Either way, this left me wilting back, blanking out for the rest of them.

It was certainly a confidence booster and it made me feel fluffy inside to an extreme but it was so rattling!

As I finally came to, he was just finishing with Yamauchi-kun.

**"Yamauchi Haruki. I l-love you."**

I feel bad for Ayanokoji-kun right now.

**"You're a good friend,"**

?!!

That's all???

I think he gave up.

"He didn't know any compliments for him, Honami-chan," Mako-chan whispered in my ear as I looked at him with pitying eyes.

This was almost like a punishment for all of us with how awkward it was right now.

The fact that Ayanokoji-kun pulled this all off without a slight warp in his expression...

...

"What?"

As he let out that question, all of us jumped in at once.

"How are you not embarrassed!"

"Why did you compliment everyone so thoroughly but not me?!"

"Why did you sound so serious?"

"You didn't have to grab our shoulders! Kushida-san never said that!"

Yeah! It did make for a better confession but it was too intense.

We all then spoke in unison to him.

"Ayanokoji-kun."

*"You really are a pervert, aren't you..."*

He knows no shame...

"Ike-kun, Yamauchi-kun, you two are ones to talk,"  
Mako-chan then said what we were all also thinking.

She can be so blunt sometimes...

Well, this was fun, I did get to know everyone here better!

As we walked back to the dorms, Ayanokoji sprinted there for some reason, saying someone was waiting for him...

!

Wait what?!

Surely he doesn't mean...

"My boy, he's graduating tonight," Mako-chan joked while wiping a fake tear.

"Nah, it's probably just him not submitting homework on time and he has to call Sae-sensei and explain himself," Yamauchi-kun commented.

It seems really unlikely for both but the first one...

"Well, who knows?"

As we all did some idle chatter, I returned to the comfort of my room, and around an hour later, I received a text message...

"Oh yeah Honami-chan, he's getting Buuusyyyyyyy in there. Listen to this!" Mako-chan randomly said this and sent an audio file.

!!!

Hopefully, she's just joking, there's no way she would spy on Ayanokoji for this, how would she know his room number too?

The audio file probably just is her saying she pranked me.

Clicking on it, I saw a 15-second clip and played it.

"AHHNN-"

I stopped it.

...

Busy he was...

Why did that voice sound so familiar too..?

That night, I was unable to sleep, too awake thinking about what I just heard.

I need to rebuke Mako-chan later...

## S U Z U N E ' S S T A T I C D A Y

### *Suzune POV:*

I...

Can't move.

...

I can hardly even talk...

Last night and... this morning??? Was nice.

But...

I'm glued to Kiyotaka-kun's bed.

My legs feel like they are asleep.

I feel like I'm even half asleep despite the clock by me saying it's past 11:00 A.M.

Regarding how I even woke up, it was due to the smell flooding the room right now.

Eggs and herbal tea.

Mustering the strength, I rolled to my side to peer into the kitchen from the bed and I saw his back, him presumably brewing the tea.

This is unfortunate.

And yet...

I probably wouldn't mind it happening again.

I felt comfortable right now.

Stable.

At ease.

There was a pain in my legs and lower torso, but seeing him unmistakably preparing something to eat for two when I knew he was likely tired too, warmed my heart.

Is this how a married couple feels?

I can push past the pain with this fleeting feeling alone.

Maybe he could hold back next time though, I regretted asking him not to.

Kiyotaka-kun, noticing I was awake, turned back and greeted me with a simple, "Good morning Suzune."

"G-good morning Kiyotaka."

I peeked at him but my mind started to go a mile a minute.

This is embarrassing...



...

Really...

Embarrassing.

"Are you feeling okay?" I heard his voice ring out again and noticed I was staring at his every move.

He was bringing a tray of food with two cups of tea and two servings of scrambled eggs to the table.

"Aside from a little pain, I'm feeling great."

After setting it down, he walked over to me and lifted me into a sitting position on the bed. It doesn't seem like he believed me fully.

He then brought over a plate of eggs and held out a spoonful for me to eat.

...

This was simply too much.

"I could do it myself..."

Scooting across the bed slowly, I brought my feet to the floor unsteadily and stood up, with wobbly legs.

Taking a few steps...

Ouch...

"See, I can stand just fine!"





"..."

"Why are you staring at me like that...?"

As I said that, my legs gave out and I was speeding towards a

faceplant.

"Take it easy."

And I was caught.

I couldn't even feel mad and flustered at this point. Smiling slightly, I vowed to savor every moment this day would bring.

**This *alone* , made the aftermath worth it.**

***~Author's Notes~***

Heya!

...

I am sorry.

I will be taking a break from my disc addiction every other week in case I didn't upload a chapter for one of my stories in that time too.

I yap too much so I'll just drop the link: [discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa](https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa)

I hope you all were fond of this late chapter, and take care peeps~!

(I felt gay when writing some of the female's POVs but then again it's Kiyō as the boy so is it truly gay? Anywho, this fried my brain



\( ° ▽ ° )/

# I Spy...

Reads: 1808 | Votes: 68 | Comments: 37

And now, after almost 2 years, volume two will begin! (Good lord.)

~Kiyotaka's POV as usual~

As the first month of April flew by, so did May and June.

Plenty of mishaps happened during that time.

Peering at Suzune who was sitting at the desk next to mine, it was clear that she healed well these past couple of weeks.

The date was July 1st and the classroom buzzed with chatter as we waited for our teacher, Sae-Sensei.

It still sounds weird every time I say that.

The reason for the liveliness of the class was that today, we would get more private points to use, or we at least should have this morning.

It's either that we didn't gain any class points, which would have given us private points each month.

Or that something was happening with the school's internal system.

The door slid open and our teacher walked into the room, and we would get our answer soon enough.

"Good morning, everyone. You all seem more restless than usual today," Greeting the class, she stood behind the front desk and glanced around the classroom with... judgmental eyes.

They softened far more than when we first met her though.

"Sae-Chan-Sensei! Do we have zero points again this month?! When I checked this morning, I didn't see a single point deposited into my account!"

Ike brought up what everyone was talking about, him wanting to know the most likely. There is the fact that he hardly saved anything from the first 100,000 we received so he was certainly low on funds. I could see Yamauchi paying full attention to what Sae-Sensei said next.

Eh, that's the reason for the discomfort. I called her a similar thing those two did but at least it's by her request...

"Oh, so that's why you are so restless?"

As she countered with a sarcastic obliviousness, Ike in turn continued pressing the matter, desperate for the currency provided.

"We worked ourselves half to death this past month! We passed the midterm, so why are we still at zero points?! No one's been late or absent, and no one's talked during class, either!"

That's an expected thing to do in school though so a reward shouldn't be expected. However, given ANHS's S-System, it has to mean something as classes are punished upon merit.

Would they factor that in and provide bonus points for behavior?

The answer is no. For the month of May, the results that were shown had no change in any class points. No points were lost either, truly showing how every class was on their toes.

Class D had zero points to begin with so we couldn't lose any but the class was still well-behaved in hopes of a slim chance of extra points.

The midterm is a different matter though, as it can establish effort was put in and decide class rankings more simply.

If Class D truly is the class of defects, how would it be possible to beat and become Class A if we are lacking in test scores? Even if exams award 500 class points as an upper limit, Class A would just widen the gap even more.

There must be another method to earn class points, the other way the school providing false hope to become Class A and get the rewards for such is out of place.

The question is, do we have to find it or will it be revealed?

Anyways...

After Ike said his piece, Sae-Sensei then replied.

"Don't jump to conclusions. Listen to what I have to say first. You're correct, Ike. You have all worked harder than ever before. I recognize that. Naturally, the school understands full well how you all feel."

Ike seated himself after our teacher said this and we all waited for what Sae-Sensei would do next.

"Without further ado then, here are this month's class point totals."

Unwrapping the large poster she walked into the classroom with, she stuck it to the whiteboard and it showed the ranking of the classes along with the numeral value of each class. Class A was listed at the top, and Class D, our class, was at the bottom.

Each class had nearly 100 more points than they did last month, ours changing to 87 from 0.

Coincidentally, our Mid-Term average was also 87 points.

Had I gotten scores higher than all 50s, thus may have raised by a point or two but for Sudou's same, Suzune and I aimed low.

Class A was raised to 1004, 4 points higher than everyone started

with, and still in the lead by nearly 350 from Class B.

"Huh, this is a way to increase the class total?"

Suzune muttered out loud next to me, talking to herself and trying to formalize her thoughts.

She should notice soon enough the direct correlation so I left her be.

As for the others, they focused more solely on how we gained class points and not the distance that widened between our classes.

"Yahoo! We have 87, I'm surprised we actually got class points!"

Ike jumped for joy as he saw that our class wasn't as pointless as before.

On the contrary, Suzune was ready to shoot him down a notch along with the others.

"It's too early to celebrate. All the other classes increased similarly if not a little more than us meaning we didn't close the gap at all. This is the reward first-year students receive for getting through the midterm I believe, every class seems to have gotten just below 100 points."

Suzune deduced such and the rest of the class pondered it, some out loud and some in their heads.

Prompting Suzune who seemed to be waiting for a question, I spoke.

"Are you disappointed because the gap between the classes has widened, Suzune?"

"Not necessarily, we managed to get something this time, after all."

A faint smile was found on Suzune's face as the class sat in silence, she not elaborating on the said thing and the others refraining from asking as they saw a rare expression they didn't want to spoil.

Hirata, the class's "leader", answered in her stead, fortunately.

"I believe that Horikita-san is referring to the deductions we incurred throughout April and May. In other words, we didn't see a reduction in points for talking in class or being late."

The sharp-witted Hirata hadn't missed a beat. Splendid.

"Ah, is that so? I suppose that even if we got 100 points, a lot of deductions would've brought us down to zero." Ike, after this simple explanation, raised his arms in victory. "Wait. But then, why didn't we get any points?"

... I felt something bad approaching...

"There's been trouble and the first year's point distribution has been delayed. I'm sorry, but you'll have to wait a little longer," Sae-Sensei announced, sending a glance my way before looking back at the class.

Something has delayed it and it wasn't an error to boot, since it was only for the first years.

As Ike argued and asked for compensation, she said it was out of her hands.

"Once the trouble ends, you'll be receiving your points. If there are any left, that is."

Something regarding Class D and a different class seems to have conspired if all classes are involved.

Can someone be scheming about class rivalry already...?

Before Sae went into the class, I had a query to ask.

"Sae-Sensei, how many class points would a class lose if a student was expelled?"

She looked kind of concerned by the certain quiet along with the others but answered nonetheless.



"Being excelled costs 300 class points, why do you ask?"

My classmates felt eery by the question, probably Suzune the most so.

"For little reason."

Sae nodded, not really to force much out of me, and then began the class.

Her reaction proved that it wasn't as serious as expulsion at least.

But it was something that could lower the class points by at least 100?

Keeping this in mind, the class proceeded as usual, lunchtime now arriving.

...

When I first came to this school, I never suspected I would be invited or share lunches with people on a daily.

Sometimes it's with the trio and Sotomura, or other times it's with my study group, Maya, Airi, Chiaki, and Moth...

Ahem, Haruka.

I forgot I could annulled that deal she made...

Either that or it's with Kushida's group at times too.

I've only had one on one lunches recently though and that was mainly with...

"Kiyotaka, I've brought you lunch today."

"Oh, thank you."

Suzune.

Over the past couple of weeks, she's been bringing me lunch she prepped herself for me to eat.

I have no complaints but when I asked her for a particular reason, she said it's the least she can do since I am helping her get to Class A.

I'm only helping though, not carrying her...

She also mentioned that the ingredients are free ones the school supplies and that she always had extra servings she ate as leftovers anyway.

She and I have been staying back in the classroom, eating in silence, or making small talk about class matters for the past week straight.

Due to my upbringing, socializing, especially with the opposite gender like so, seemed like a far cry away from the life I had imagined as I first stepped foot into this school.

It's not that I was incapable, it was just a matter of comfortability. With how much it's been happening lately, I find myself pondering if this is how things should be.

Realistically, right now I should be even more isolated than that of the original image I had.

I had a multitude of "slip-ups" making my reputation with the other gender possibly worse than that of Ike's.

It hasn't gotten to Yamauchi's level but it's peculiar that I am slightly below an Ikemen like Hirata. I'm not oblivious to the fact of there being a popularity ranking along with other polls the girls do, Kushida showing me a few as well.

Despite what I've accidentally done, which I could easily catch a case for-

... Wait, I'm surprised there's not one already...?

Anyway, despite that, I'm still viewed rather favorably, only noticing a few people openly avoiding me. What I've shown for my abilities must have indeed helped me situate myself nicer.

At the moment though, my grades weren't the best.

I had a 50 in all my subjects still, only doing so to cushion Sudou who was in a tight spot.

As lunch continued and I wondered if I truly deserved this high school experience, I couldn't help but feel like this past month was too smooth sailing.

"Kiyotaka, say Ahhhhh."



Suzune nearly blew that worry away as I was met with a spoon of omurice which I gratefully accepted, looking over the fact that we were literally eating the same thing she had prepared.

The feeling was impossible to shake though...

Moments like these, where I thought my luck peaked, usually

spelled an approaching disaster that would strike soon.

Returning Suzune's sharing in kind, I also held out a spoonful of food for her to eat while thinking such.

...

...

Sitting in my dorm room now, I was mentally frowning at the person who sat before me.

"Ow, buy some carpet will ya?"

Sudou Ken.

He had randomly barged in whilst holding a copy of my key card.

Those things could be deadly had I been with someone else in here, I may have to invest in a bolt lock with a physical key...

"Anyways, save me Ayanokoji!" Sudou yelled, seated now but his face still flushed from him running over here."

Speaking of, at the end of the school day, Sae had called him to her office and he came straight hereafter.

Is the storm rolling in already?

He wasn't getting to the point with his words so I asked him a couple of things to understand the scenario.

"Why'd you come to me first? Wouldn't Ike or Yamauchi be better for advice?"

As I asked the question, the cringe ate a little away at my being but Sudou responded with...

"I can't ask them for this, they're stupid."

...

"That's quite the way to be talking about your friends..."

"You know it's true though."

Nodding by moving my head a millimeter, I got up and went to make tea for him and me as I felt like this talk would be on the extensive side.

Waiting for the hot water to heat up, I tried to poke a little at the problem of the matter.

"What's the problem you need me for?"

"That's..."

\*Ding dong\*

Another visitor?

Before I moved to open the door, it opened by itself and Kushida poked her head through the opening.

"Hi Ayanokoji-kun! Oh, Sudou-kun's already here, nice!"

Do they all have my room card...? I was aware my study group did but the number now is almost surpassing 10 people with it.

Waving slightly, I took out a third cup as Kushida found herself a seat.

The tea was prepared now, I brought it to the table as the three of us sat down, Sudou who wanted to meet us here, talking.

"You know when Chabashira-sensei called me to her office earlier today...? Well, it's... Uh... I may be suspended. For a long time, actually."

...

"S-suspended?"

Kushida was confused by the sudden bomb drop, while I was kind of glad it wasn't expulsion at the very least, as Sae's confused expression in class led on.

Regardless, either would completely get rid of the class points we have made thus far. How had it come to this though?

"Did you insult Sae-sensei, by any chance?" I asked, genuinely curious. I had assumed she had been softer lately but she did look quite irritated when calling Sudou earlier. The guy in front of me also wasn't in the best of moods when his basketball practice for today was canceled.

"That's not it..."

"Did you threaten to harm or kill or then?"

"What? That's not it either though?"

Frankly, I was just gauging his reactions. I already was aware it probably had to do with the private points that were delayed, which happened before this meeting.

Kushida however...

"Oh, I got it Ayanokoji-kun! He viciously beat Chabashira-sensei up and then he spit on her!" Kushida cried, aghast, seemingly truly believing what she said.

...

"That's horrible. What kind of image do you have of me, Kushida!"

"Haha, I'm only joking! Sudou-kun wouldn't go that far."

To be frank, too, Sae-sensei is stronger than she looks as well. That, or maybe it was just her grip...

It was hard to separate myself from her during that time she fell unconscious, almost superhuman level.

Staring at Sudou who would've normally denied what Kushida said, he shifted his seating position, evident that something she said was a partial truth.

"What happened?" I asked.

"To tell you the truth, I beat up some kids from Class C yesterday. The suspension is probably my punishment."

"..."

"..."

"..."

"May I ask why?"

"Just so you two know, it wasn't my fault, okay? The jerks in Class C started it and tried to pick a fight with me. I just responded to the situation and turned the tables on them. They framed me and said I started it, they're a bunch of liars," Sudou harshly explained quickly, and it was easy to tell his mind was all over the place.

This suspension probably hurt him the most in the way he would be unable to partake in the basketball club activities he enjoys so much.

This plot seemed vaguely familiar, almost like something that was attempted on me a week or so ago.

"Did Komiya and Kondou start this?"

Purely speculating, I asked Sudou this and his face turned into one of irritation to shock.

"How did you...?"

"They also tried to pick a fight with me about... something I'd rather not say... a week or so ago too. They did this with you about basketball I'm assuming?"

"Yeah, that's exactly it. I was nominated a regular player and they got jealous and invited me to a special building. This guy named Ishizaki was there too with them and they threatened me to quit basketball so I beat them up."

Well, it was clear that they were doing this on purpose and it wasn't Sudou's fault entirely. It would've been easily avoided had he

controlled his temper though.

I'm also glad they didn't ask about what they picked a fight with me for, it had to do something about how they pulled more "bitches" than me and that I should leave the school cause no one likes me.

While I was slightly offended, upon noticing it was just a childish threat, I walked away, back into an area with cameras where they stopped in their tracks clicking their tongues.

They even did a similar thing after...

I'm assuming Ryuuen didn't like my gift? At least he was clever enough to go for an easier target like Sudou after.

As Kushida and Sudou went back and forth, clarifying he wasn't at fault, I interjected.

"We need proof to verify he is innocent, the reason why the case is still open is because the school doesn't know for certain what went on."

"Ohh..."

"You can't do much else without evidence that you are innocent, otherwise it would be a battle of pointing fingers and nothing would get resolved. The outcome would be you taking the majority of the blame since they were beaten up. Did they manage to hit you?"

"Hell no, I wouldn't let them get a hand on me."

"Due to this and your reputation, it makes you prone to being the guiltiest, even if you claim it otherwise..."

As Sudou looked down, Kushida was also at a loss of what to do, drawing blanks.

"Let's just come out and ask those three Class C students to be honest. If they feel like what they did was wrong, then surely they'd feel guilty about it. Right?"



"Those guys aren't idiots. They won't be honest. Goddamn it, I won't ever forgive them! Those damn nobodies!"

Sudou picked up a ballpoint pen from the table and, with a loud crack, snapped it in two.

That was my pen...

"It's either we get them to confess and they bear trouble, make them drop the case, or we find something like a witness," I gave three ways that could solve the case but doing any of them was easier said than done.

"Huh, how would we make them withdraw the case though???"

"Blackmail, which could worsen it even more, or making a deal of sorts. Perhaps offering a certain amount of private points would satisfy them. Following that we could make a contract to ensure they withdraw their case."

"Isn't that easy then?" Sudou looked deep in thought but his mood turned for the better upon hearing a simple way at face value to get out of this.

"They may charge more than we can give though, it should only be a last-ditch method, right Ayanokoji-kun?"

"Exactly," I agreed with Kushida who stole the words out of my mouth, then continued, "Which is why finding a witness is our best solution for now. Did you see anyone there Sudou?"

"I think so? When I was fighting those guys I felt something...odd. Like someone was nearby, watching me."

He didn't sound entirely confident.

"So there might be an eyewitness?" I asked.

"Yeah, I think so. I don't have proof anyone was there, though."

It was rather risky in general to assume we could find one in time if there ever was one.

Despite the special building not being used too frequently, there were still hundreds of people that may have happened to go there.

Would this be a time I talk to Horikita Manabu and see nearby cameras to see who might have seen it? There are not many cameras in the building but narrowing down the people in question would help a lot.

The fact that the case was still open almost attributed to the fact that there was a witness, but the school was leaving it up to us to figure out. Was this simply lazy of them, or could it be attributed to the survival of the fittest mindset this school promotes?

Certainly the latter.

However, it likely won't be something I can take for free. He may ask for a favor later on, or rather ask me to join the student council.

This is also a last-ditch scenario, but I rank this higher than having to use private points that may number in the 300,000s.

The question we all had now was...

"So, how do you intend to look for this eyewitness?"

"We could ask people one by one. Asking each class as a whole seems more efficient though..." Kushida thought out loud, until Sudou, made a request.

"This might sound kinda shameless, but... can you guys not tell anyone about this?"

His demeanor was that of an apprehensive puppy now, opposite of the mad dog that was snapping pens earlier.

Kushida of course, was surprised by this, and I as well.

"H-huh? You don't want us to tell anyone???" Kushida asked with nearly visible question marks floating around her head.

Sudou then went on to explain how if it started spreading, it would get to the basketball team and could jeopardize his position.

I stayed silent at this, aware that holding it back like this would be the worst thing to do in this situation.

"Won't the students in Class C talk about how you were violent, Sudou-kun? That would work in their favor I think, since they are trying to be the victims in this matter..."

Indeed, trying to cover it up makes Sudou look guiltier as long as impeding the rate at which a witness would be found. This would inevitably make him lose the trial, meaning whether the basketball team hears this or not isn't of concern. Hearing that you won such a trial and were falsely accused would instead lessen your enemies in the basketball team, painting you in a better light.

Word would get out eventually, that is to say, that the school doesn't announce it.

Logically speaking, they can't withhold a reason for the points that won't be deposited for this long, correct?

As Kushida and Sudou continued talking, I quietly drank my tea which eventually made Kushida accept Sudou's plea.

If she hadn't, she wouldn't truly be the kind and understanding girl she makes herself out to be. I also wouldn't be able to nod my head when Sudou asked, "Do you two promise?"

"Un, I also think it would be better if you kept your distance a little Sudou-kun... It would be bad if they tried accusing anything else," Kushida agreed then suggested the next thing to lessen our loads.

"But, if I dump this on your guys-"

"I don't think it's being dumped on us though Sudou-kun. We want you to rely on us, we are your friends after all! I don't know how much we can do, but we'll try our very best, okay?"

Kushida truly knew how to tug at people's heartstrings and control the topic of the conversation. It would make it far easier if nothing else happened so this step was necessary to ensure.

"All right. I know this is a bother for you guys, but I'll leave it to

you," Sudou backed down and gratefully accepted Kushida's support.

"I'll be heading back to my room now Ayanokoji, I'm sorry for barging in here. See you tomorrow too, Kushida."

Sudou said, walking out the door, and sliding the duplicate room card into his pocket like it was second nature already.

"Bye-bye, Sudou-kun!"

He definitely wasn't in the best of moods, a melancholy look on his face could be seen as he closed the door.

...

"Well, bye Kushida," I said, leaving the room seeing that she hadn't left it already.

"C-chotto! I have something I want to talk to you about Ayanokoji-kun!"

"Oh, is that so," closing the door, I put the door stopper in front so at least a considerable amount of force would be needed to open it.

As I turned back to glance at Kushida, she was glaring at me her previous cutesy smile gone.

It's crazy how she's able to control her face to that extent no matter how many times I look at it.

Perhaps I should ask for pointers at some point?

"Fuck you..."

...

Ah, she was back to a smile again.

"Anyway, you didn't seem very enthusiastic about helping Sudou-kun, Ayanokoji-kun..."

"Your face just a second ago showed you weren't in the best of

moods either Kushida."

"Ehe, that was because of you and your little jokes, Ayanokoji-kun!"

Despite her tone being polite and her face smiling, I could almost see her anger leaking out through that smile.

"Please don't taint the pure Kushida like that."

"Ehe~, fuck you~!"



Oh god, now she's double-downing on it.

Well, this is why she kept on saying "we" before to Sudou. She was fully trying to drag me in without consent. For the most part though...

"I thought I made it obvious I was going to help," I commented, replying to her question.

"I really can't tell what you are thinking when your face doesn't do much Ayanokoji-kun..."

I could've hit her with another, "Same to you," but I held it inside instead.

"We just have to find the witness. It would be simple if they're in our class when Sae-Sensei announces the case, all we have to do is search for people who show an unsurprised or reserved reaction."

Kushida, finally dropping her act for sure this time, then responded to my idea.

"I sit in the front so it looks like you'll have to pay attention. Why do you think the suspension will be revealed anyway?"

"The school can't just not give a reason as to why the points are delayed. To ensure partial fairness as well as the chance of wrongfully punishing someone, they can't hide the case. All first-year classes will probably announce it."

"And if they don't?" Kushida seemed partly convinced but she wasn't willing to believe it would go that easily.

"We'll look the long way and think more about that if that comes."

As the conversation died down, Kushida brought up the topic I was hoping she wouldn't bring up.

"It's been over a month since I last got rid of this stress... It's about time you help me right?"

...

"Fine, but there are other ways to relieve stress besides sexual actions..." I mentioned this as I walked closer to Kushida who sat on my bed already.

"Such as...?"

"Meditate, it's important to know how to be calm."

"..."

"...You don't have to death stare me like that."

Hmmm, another way is...

"Tickling also helps," I grabbed the sides of her stomach and began simulating the tickle torture lessons the white room taught me to extract information without harm.

It was an awkward moment when Kushida sat there, her glare deepening to the point where it was near telling me to...

"Kill yourself."

Oh wait, that's exactly what she was thinking.

"Let's just do a massage then, your body would have higher efficiency and you'll relieve a lot of stress this way too."

"Can you just whip it out already?"

"..."

No. I'm not in the mood too.

"Just trust me..."

Kushida huffed a sigh and proceeded to lie down on her stomach over my bed, waiting impatiently for me to begin.

This was probably the best thing to do. Ike, a die-hard Kushida simp, resided next door and would probably recognize his moans since he imagined them enough times in his head.

Placing my hands, I began at the base of her back and slid my hand up gently in an alternating pattern to the top of her back to loosen her muscles. After slowly applying more and more pressure, I switched it up to moving in circular motions, until Kushida abruptly sat up and began taking off her blazer and white undershirt.

"What? The cloth is irritating me."

It was also getting in the way for me but the way she did it so casually was mildly confusing. Despite us having done a thigh job and oral on each other, both times had clothes on so this was the first she bared her skin towards me.

As she laid down again, I continued the massage as I started, able to apply proper pressure now, not having to worry about her clothes riding up with my hands.

"Unclip it."

Unclipping her bra strap, I worked with the full surface area of her rather stiff back. Her upper back especially seemed impossibly stiff.

Using the circular movements with my palms now, I worked my way from the top, putting extra attention to her shoulder region along with her shoulder blades, I moved down the rest of the way. After I completed sets like this around 10 times, I switched to the standard image people have of massaging, karate chops.

Albeit, I used the palms of my hands in a cupped fashion, lessening the single point to the karate chop applied force. Either way has a positive effect on you if done properly, but the way I'm doing it at the moment allows Kushida to relax more while the chops are a bit more on the jarring end. On the flip side, I needed to alternate between this and the circular motions to ensure I was effective enough with this.

After a total of 30 minutes elapsed from the time I started, I began slowly applying less pressure the cool down it and stopped.

"..."

At some point, Kushida had completely passed out and she now was breathing and exhaling slowly on top of my bed.

The nice part is... she had a small smile on her face which I could only assume was her natural one.

I almost prefer that to the "sweet" one she does whilst acting...



As for whether I should leave her like this...

I decided to allow her 30 minutes until I would wake her up.

While I waited, I simply browsed through my phone until I heard some movement.

The uninvited kind though.

I stood up and headed over to the door to turn away the person who had opened it partially. After they gave it another little nudge, the door stopper hardly worked at all and it opened the rest of the way.

The person standing in front of me was...

"H-hi Kiyotaka-kun! Are you busy at the moment...?"

Chiaki stood in my doorway, asking the respectable thing besides her being one of the others who had a duplicate card for my room, casually held in her hand.

"I'm a little busy right now..."

"Ah, I see-"

All of a sudden, a noise reverberated from within the walls of my room.

"Yo, ever heard of Jerkmate? It's fun, addicting-"

Without a word, Chiaki smiled lightly, grabbed the door handle, and waved before closing it with a small click.

Outside the door, I heard footsteps sprinting down the hall, receding and I couldn't help but think she got the wrong idea.

Why does she always come to my bed room at times like these?

My next-door neighbor then shouted, slightly muffled but clearly said, "Fuck... I had it connected to my speakers!"

Kushida was clearly awake now, her eyes darting across my room as

she sat up on my bed, staring at me while rubbing her eyes.

After she finished, all she had to say was...

"You have Ike as a dorm neighbor...?"

Yes, that I do.

Also, she saw that she was topless but was blatantly showing them my direction without a care in the world.

Doing light arm movements, she nodded silently.

Reaching towards the bed, she grabbed her top and clipped it on and then walked over to the table, dressing in her shirt and blazer like before.

Just before she skipped to the door and left the room, she made a request.

"Can we do this same time next week, Ayanokoji-kun?"

...

"Sure..."

And with that, a large smile formed on her face. The door was then closed, isolating me in my room alone.

...

...

...

I might have just found Kushida's kryptonite...

...

The next day had arrived and passed quicker than felt normally possible. The stark difference in the class was that Kushida was

even more energetic than usual, and her friends and even Yamauchi and Ike noticed it as well.

"She's even more angelic!!! Ahhh, my heart is melting~!"

"How can she be so bright?!"

"Noooo, the school day is nearly over! Who knows if she'll be like this tomorrow..."

Something like that.

Speaking of, Sae had left the room temporarily during the last period and we were waiting here until she returned.

Suzune looked at Kushida who expressed her hate for the former in the past and couldn't help but feel she won the lottery of sorts.

As Sae arrived back into the room a few moments later, the class quieted down and waited to be dismissed for the day.

On the contrary, they would have to listen to some shocking news instead.

"I have an announcement for you all. There was a bit of trouble the other day, an incident between the student sitting there, Sudou, and some students from Class C. In short, there was a fight."

There was an unsettling calmness before the class erupted in a mixture of confusion, anger, and shock.

"The issue hasn't been resolved already..?" Hirata, the classes stuck in the closet ikeman asked a reasonable question.

"The complaint came from the students in Class C. They claim the fight was one-sided. However, when we spoke to the accused, Sudou said that their claims were false. He insists that the Class C students called him over there and started a fight."

"It wasn't my fault! It was self-defense I tell ya!" Sudou argued but the rest of the class looked at him unconvinced.

He was panicking, knowing his plan of keeping this quiet was all but a far-fetched dream now.

"There's no evidence though, am I wrong?"

"I don't have any yet..."

"So in other words, we don't know the truth yet either. Therefore, the school has put the decision on hold for now. Their response and the punishment will come when we find out who was at fault."

Sudou stayed meek at this, as the class almost began to clamor again, Sae-sensei speaking again.

"If you would like to help Sudou, there is a way. If there is an eye witness to the fight as he believes, please raise your hand. You may be able to help the class along with Sudou."

But alas... Sae's words made no hands rise, making her close the topic, a bitter smile forming on her face.

"It's unfortunate, Sudou. Turns out there are no witnesses in this class."

As I observed everyone during this period of time, I only noticed two, acting differently than they should be at this moment.

Rather one, since Yamauchi staring at Kushida doesn't count.

And...

Bullseye.

She was looking down while everyone else was staring at what was occurring.

While this could be because of her introverted nature, this was different.

She was visibly flinching each time she heard the word witness, although it seemed to be just an eye twitch.

The pink-haired girl with glasses I was familiar with, Airi Sakura.

After Sae had left, Kushida calmed down the class of their Sudou slander and got them to look at him positively. I began treading back home, whilst sending two messages.

One a simple greeting to organize a meeting in a few days.

The other, arranging a study group after school.

Yet, only one out of the usual four was notified.

I needed to resolve this before something else transpires simultaneously...

### **~Author's Notes~**

OKie dokes, hope you all take care everyone~

Dropping this like usual~: [discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa](https://discord.gg/5y7k67Pzsa)

and bai bai!!!